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AUGUST 1965 PDC 35¢

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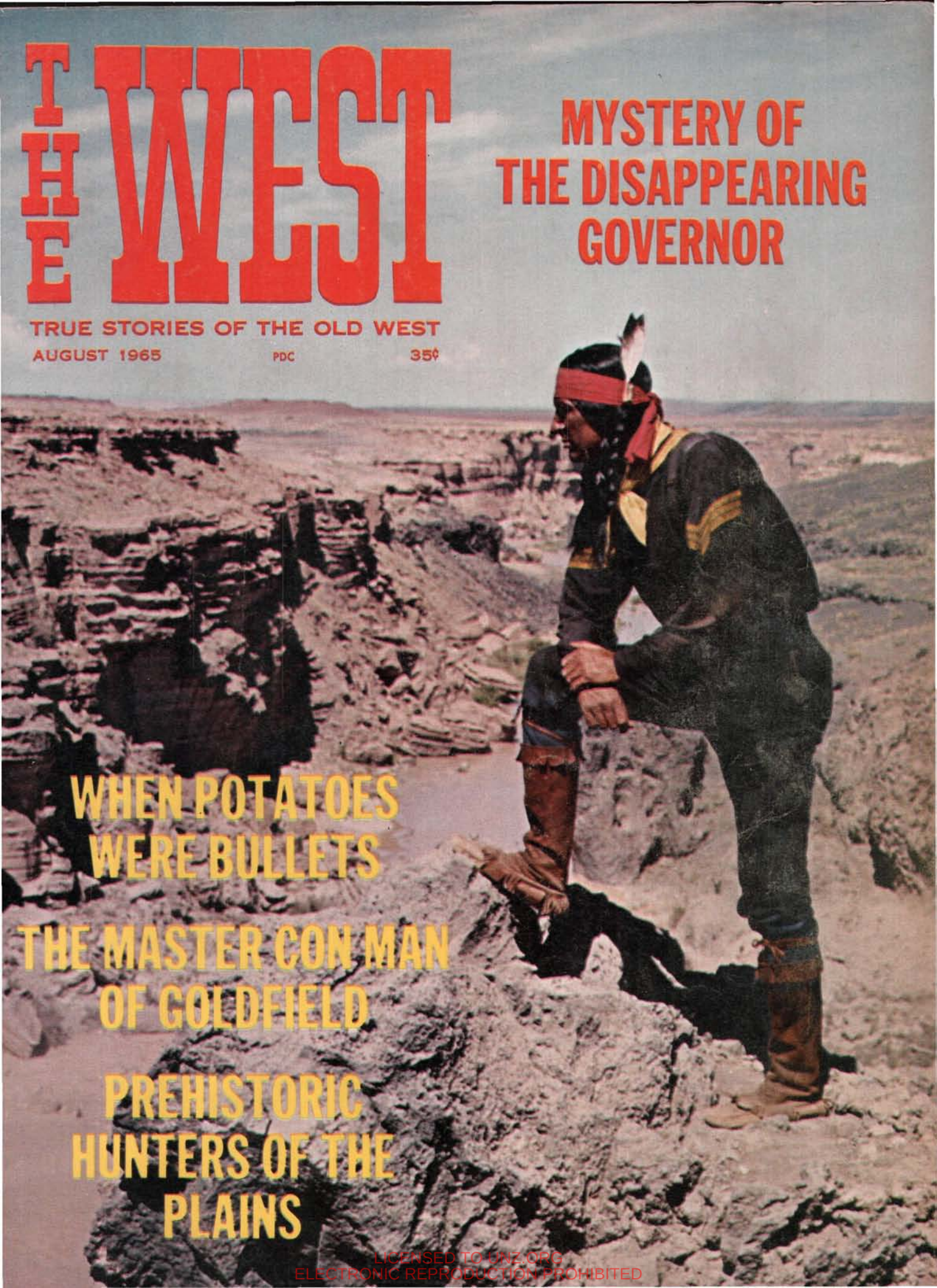

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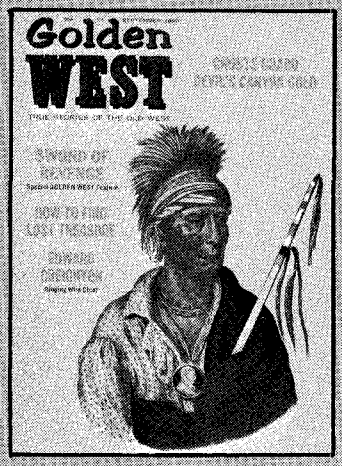

GOLDEN WEST for September features a colorful Penn Print of the Ioway Chief Not-Chi-Mi-Ne

Don't miss these top-flight stories of the Old West inside

HOW TO FIND LOST TREASURE
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The story of Lieut. Howard Cushing, U. S. Cavalry

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This little woman was a genuine heroine of the West

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The author followed an ancient trail to bloodstained treasure

September GOLDEN WEST on sale June 29th!

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT

A Frederic Remington Picture. Century Magazine, July 1891

IT WASN'T the redskins nor the rattlesnakes nor any other animal (bad men included) that made life miserable for our pioneer grandmothers on the Plains. At least, that was the message Grandma Maude Prettyman left for us in a rather long and rambling diary, which for legal reasons can't be published. According to Grandma Prettyman, the most obnoxious troublemaking and terrifying thing on the Plains was a very small insect—the common fly.

Nobody knew where they came from. You could go on the prairie and never see one, but start to build a sod or any other kind of house, and when the four walls were up and the roof on, the interior of the house would be a mass of flies and their terrifying companions, the biting gnats, so small they could get through a mosquito netting. The fight against the fly and the gnat was a never-ending battle for Grandma Prettyman and all the other pioneer grandmothers on the Plains.

It was a losing battle, according to Grandma Prettyman. She might seem victorious in the daytime, but when night came the flies and gnats hovered over the beds in a buzzing cloud, while the biting gnat went to work on any human flesh found. The only surcease came in the winter when the freezing weather killed these pests off. The Indian, the rattlesnake, the wolves—these were things Grandma Prettyman said she could see and fight, but no living soul had eyes that could take in all the swarms of flies at one time. This diary is still in the Prettyman family and I was permitted to read it.

The argument about the east and west boundaries of the Old West has taken a new turn. Bill Spaulding, Cheyenne, Wyoming, writes: "Dear Milt: If you are going to include Minnesota, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin in the Old West, what about British Columbia, the Klondike and Alaska?" The answer is simple. The Hudson's Bay Company was as much a part of the Old West of the fur trappers and mountain men as the ruins of the cliff dwellers in New Mexico and Arizona was to the Southwest. The Klondike and Alaska are also a part of the wild and woolly days of the Old West and must certainly be included. The next thing we know some reader will be wanting to know why the northern states of Old Mexico can't also be called a part of the Old West. We'll answer that if and when such a question comes to our desk.

It still cheers us mightily to get the large number of letters from teen-agers. We wonder just how wrong these purveyors of gloom are in picturing the younger generation as a band of scrawny and wild-eyed coyotes, running and yelping in all directions, not knowing where they are going or how crazy they are acting. We get no feeling like that from letters received from these youngsters. With all due respect to age, and we are at the point where we expect respect, these youngsters seem to have a far more realistic picture of the West than the old timers. These youngsters have no deep-seated and unreasoning prejudices. They view it all in an intelligent and objective manner that is certainly refreshing. We wish you could sit behind our desk and read some of these letters.

Another problem seems to have solved itself. For a period of over a month we haven't received a letter calling us Eastern tenderfeet trying to play big Westerners. Well, if there ever was a large chunk of the Old West in one bunch of individuals, it certainly is in our staff. The editor was born and bred on the Western Plains and is never comfortable and never feels at home if he is across the Mississippi going east. I think this letter from Bill Spiceman, Hutchinson, Kansas, tells how our problem was solved. "Any person with an ounce of Western air in his lungs can tell in a second while reading THE WEST that the editorial staff knows the West as few people do." ●

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TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

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THE MAIL POUCH

LET THE letters come. Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings by calling attention to boners either we or our writers pull. That keeps the editors and the writers on their toes. We welcome any legitimate corrections. Then, too, we like letters that give incidents of the Old West, either the writer's experience or those handed down to him by his parents, grandparents, or old-timers. These provide the special details that the stories often lack.

PYRAMID LAKE

Dear Sir:

Your recent article about the Pyramid Lake War, reminded me of the time I spent in that area. Driving north from Reno, along typical Nevada desert countryside, the first view of the lake is a surprising sight. Surrounded by barren land that seems to be made up completely of sand, dirt and clumps of sagebrush, with hills and mountains rising in the distance—harsh deserted hummocks and stark craggy mountains —you go around a slight curve (a rarity) and in between two hills you suddenly see this large expanse of bright water. Even though you know it's going to be there, it comes as a surprise, and looks fresh and cool, particularly in the summer, with the sun beating down.

Yet the lake itself looks less beautiful as you approach it. The rock formations are interesting but grotesque. The pyramid shaped rock that gave it its name is the most distinguishable feature. It isn't until you go along the lake for some time that you realize what makes it seem so odd. Here is this beautiful, cool-looking water in the midst of dry, sun-drenched country, and it seems to be deserted, barren.

You would expect clumps of cottages along the shores, residences or camps of residents of Reno or Sparks, but there are none. Then you notice that there is no one swimming as far as you can see. No docks or floats, no one sailing small boats, no one fishing along the banks, no power boats. The lake seems as deserted as the rest of the countryside.

At the southern end of the lake is a little Indian town called Nixon. It has a general store, a church, and a few buildings. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs a line along the western side of the lake, not as close as the road which follows the lake's curves. The RR runs straighter. There are two other villages on the eastern side of the lake, Sutcliffe and Pyramid, neither of them very big. The Paiutes are polite and friendly. They run their lives, in general, according to their old customs, and appear much like today's Indians everywhere.

The Paiutes are generally agricultural, but the land around there isn't good for farming. Some of them work as hands for some of the ranchers nearby, but the land around the lake belongs to the Paiutes, or the Government, and the ranches are next to the Indian land, not on it. The land is too poor to provide much feed for cattle, which have to be tended and often fed, quite carefully, though there are a few successful big ranchers. But the range land there supports a comparatively large number of wild horses. This provided an occupation to the Indians, as they made up a large percentage of the riders who engaged in the annual roundup.

These wild herds were the breeding grounds for many of the cow ponies used in the area, and the tough, speedy little "quarter horses" so popular there. This roundup of the wild horses was quite apart from the annual cattle roundup. Unfortunately, in the past few years, the herds of wild horses seem to be decreasing, and the Paiutes' role in the roundup is growing even smaller, as they've been partly replaced by small planes and helicopters.

Incidentally, the map with the article in the last issue shows Pyramid Lake and next to it, to the east, another lake. This is Lake Winnemucca, named for the old chief, but it is no longer a lake. Today it is a dried lake bed, as dreary and desolate a sight as you'd wish not to see. It's a shame that the only memory of Chief Winnemucca, a great leader of a century ago, is this barren mud flat and a little town with the same name. It is the county seat of Humboldt County. The county has an area of 9700 square miles and a population of about 5700.

At any rate, I found the article interesting. It brought back a lot of memories.

Sincerely,
William Patterson
7550 York Drive
St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued on page 73)

ALL STORY CONTRIBUTIONS should be addressed to Maverick Publications, Inc., 33 South Grove Street, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

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There were many unsolved mysteries in the Old West, but this one remains in a class by itself

MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING GOVERNOR

by George A. Moffat

A DANK AND SHIFTING MIST hung over the levee on the Missouri River at Fort Benton on the night of July 1st, 1867. The river steamer *G. A. Thompson,* tied at the water's edge, rolled uneasily in the restless and rising waters of the Missouri River.

Midnight came and the eerie stillness was broken only by the lapping sounds of water against the sides of the river steamer. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, appeared a ghost-like form in white. It darted noiselessly to the stern and a moment later the dull splash of a human body hitting the water was heard.

Jim Freeman, the crewman on watch, ran to the stern, staring down at the waters. Suddenly he shouted, "Man overboard." This dread message instantly brought other crewmen out of their quarters. Boats were lowered and the waters of the river searched, but in the misty darkness nothing could be seen. This activity continued into the dawn but nobody was found and to this day no corpse of the person supposed to have gone overboard has been discovered.

A search of the river steamer that night disclosed that the bed in the cabin occupied by 44-year-old General Thomas Francis Meagher, acting governor of Montana Territory, had been slept in, but no trace of the governor was found. His clothes, wallet, watch, and other personal items were on the table next to his bed.

These are the salient facts of the strange mystery of the disappearing Governor Meagher, a century-old mystery that has never been solved, and which today remains a subject for lively controversy to many in Montana. Solutions have been advanced, some strange and weird, but the answer to what happened to Governor Meagher that night has not been found.

In trying to ferret out the answer to this baffling mystery, and you probably will try to do just that, keep in mind that everything about the case is largely conjecture. Also keep in mind that whenever a well-known person disappears there is a hullabaloo of wild and often irresponsible cries about foul play. This creates some confusion and clouds the picture as a whole.

The vocal concern over the disappearance of Governor Meagher spread far beyond Montana, because the case had rare elements of prominence, motive and color.

Yet some of the conjecture is based on certain facts. For one thing, Meagher was considered a victim of "an unfortunate habit," which was a timely, local euphemism used instead of saying that he was known not only to take a sociable drink now and then, but on occasion he got roaring drunk.

Another item which gave rise to speculation was the fact that an action of his, in a legal matter a short time earlier, had aroused the enmity of the Vigilantes, an important group at that time and place; they had reportedly vowed to get rid of him.

When no corpse was found there were two opposing camps on the question of what had happened to him: those who believed the young general had imbibed too much and had fallen into the muddy Missouri, and those who believed that the Vigilantes had done him in.

Other factors have to be taken into consideration. Thomas Francis Meagher was a brave and experienced combatant. He had escaped death often enough in the past to prove he could capably repel attackers. On the other hand, he had escaped death and threats often enough in the past so that the inexorable law of averages might have caught up with him. Take your choice.

IN A TIME and region full of colorful characters, there were few with the legitimate, documented background to compare with the missing Meagher. Born in 1823, the son of a wealthy Irish Member of Parliament, he had been a leader in the rebellion of 1848, known as "Meagher of the Sword," because of a speech he had made inciting the oppressed to use that weapon to overthrow their tyrannical oppressors. To the Irish, of course, that meant the English.

Meagher, the young rebel, already a hero to his embattled compatriots, was captured by the soldiers of the Queen, tried for treason and sentenced to death. They didn't use halfway measures with people convicted of treason in those days: Meagher was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. But the young Queen Victoria—at that time she'd only been queen for 11 of the 63 years she was to reign—gave in to public sentiment, and commuted the sentence to exile for life on Van Dieman's Land, now known as Tasmania, the barren, comparatively unknown island south of Australia.

While being transported by ship to a point about as far away from England and Ireland as could be found, young Meagher managed to escape into the Atlantic in a small open boat. He started out for any land he could find, but with "the luck of the Irish," or the deserved good fortune of a never-give-up fighter, he was picked up by a ship. It could have been headed for Britain, but fortunately for the young patriot, it was on a westward voyage, its destination: New York.

When Meagher landed in New York he was 29 years old, and a hero to the New World's Irish population as well as at home. When the war began between the Union and the Confederacy, Meagher organized a unit known as the Irish Brigade, which he led with characteristic dash, bravery and distinction. The unit fought as part of the Army of the Potomac, under its green banner with a gold harp, and made an enviable name for itself. It also suffered extremely heavy losses. When the long, bloody war ended, its leader was a 42-year-old, out-of-work general.

Meagher had gained considerable renown, was popular, and had bravely served his new country. He was entitled to a reward, but so were many others, and patronage then was a problem as it is now. The only opening that seemed available for his talents was as Territorial Secretary in Montana.

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VOL. III. NO. 72. MISSOULA, MONTANA, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1913. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PLAINS MAN CONFESSES MURDER OF GOV. MEAGHER

Frank Diamond, Believing Death at Hand, Makes Confession That Will Startle All Montana

ADDS BESIDES SLAYING MONTANA'S GOVERNOR IN 1865 FOR $8,000, KILLED TWO OTHERS IN EARLY OREGON DAYS

Says He Was Responsible for the Murder Which "Big Nose" George, the Famous Montana Outlaw, Expiated on the Scaffold in 1882—Diamond Arrested By Sheriff Kelley and Is Now Being Brought to Missoula Jail—Failed to Deny When Officer Takes Him.

That he assassinated General Thomas Francis Meagher, former Governor of Montana territory, and eminent soldier, author, orator and statesman of international fame, whose death has always remained one of the mysteries of Montana's early history, was the astounding confession of Pat Miller, alias Frank Diamond, made on what he believed was his death bed at Plains Tuesday.

The self styled assassin claims that he got $8,000 for the murder and that the Vigilantes, Montana's famous volunteer law-enforcing organization, were anxious "to get rid of Meagher."

Diamond, as he has been known for a number of years, is now in custody and will be brought to Missoula on train No. 6 arriving here at 10:45 p. m. by sheriff W. L. Kelley, who left on train No. 3 this afternoon as soon as the Sentinel had laid the confession before him.

Two other murders, for one of which another man was hanged Diamond lays at his own door.

For nearly 50 years, the body of General Meagher has lain in the muddy Missouri undiscovered and despite the general belief that he stepped off a river boat near Fort Benton in the darkness of the night, there have ever since his death been frequent rumors of foul play.

Diamond's confession was made in the presence of three citizens of Plains—Jack Thompson, Dr. Coles and Frank Hannmon—and was kept secret yesterday because it was expected the man would die during the night. Today he showed signs of improvement and the witnesses to the confession concluding that he should be taken into custody, advised a representative of The Sentinel, who promptly laid the matter before the authorities, resulting in Diamond's arrest.

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"I Killed Him on Steamboat."

"I killed him on a steamboat and threw him in the river and swam ashore." In these words Diamond accuses himself of being one of the greatest criminals of the west. His other two victims were Bill Clark, whom he says he killed near The Dalles, Oregon, in about '74; and George Mitchell whom he killed in 1883 and threw into the Willamette river in Oregon.

He says that the crime which "Big Nose" George, the famous Montana desperado, hanged by the Vigilantes, expiated on the scaffold, should also be charged up to his account, but adds in his confession that "Big Nose George was a murdering —— —— —— and deserved to be hung."

Well Known in Missoula.

Diamond, who is 67 years of age, is well known throughout western Montana and has worked intermittently in the woods and at odd jobs around Missoula.

Talking to some friends after he signed the confession, he said he shot the former governor first and then threw the body in the river.

Supplementing his formal confession, he made a detailed statement of his alleged crime and judging from the minuteness of the detail and his vivid recollection of dates, places and incidents, his auditors are convinced that he is telling the truth.

His unexpected recovery has terrified the men to whom Diamond made his confession. They frankly state that they did not rest easy until he was behind the bars. As he told them that nothing but the presence of death would have wrenched the story from his lips which have for almost half a century been silent and that he would have no hesitancy in taking any man's life to save his own. The blood money Diamond received for the murder of Meagher, he says was given him by Axel Potter.

The Confession of Pat Miller, Alias Frank Diamond

"I killed Thomas Francis Meagher near Cow Island on the Missouri river. Meagher was governor of Montana and the vigilantes had to get rid of him, and Axel Potter gave me $8,000 for the job. I killed him on a steamboat and threw him in the river and swam ashore.

"I also killed George Mitchell in 1883 and threw him in the Willamette river.

"I also killed Bill Clark near The Dalles, Oregon, in about '74---shot him.

"Big Nose George was hung in '82. I should have been hung instead for the crime, but George was a murdering --- -- - ----- and deserved to be hung.

"Thomas Irwin is the only man that knows me, and he is a rancher and lives near Perma.

"Frank Diamond."

GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

DIAMOND FAILS TO DENY CONFESSION BUT SAYS HE WILL EXPLAIN AT HEARING

Special to The Sentinel.

Plains, May 29.—"Jesus Christ, what a thing to come up after all of these years. I've had a lot of things that happened in the old days I want to forget." These were the words of Frank Diamond when Sheriff Kelley of Missoula placed him under arrest this afternoon for murder he said "based he committed half a century ago.

Not only eye keen, and his dark visage contrasted in a black frown, Diamond failed to deny any part of his confession.

"Yes, I made a confession," he said when sheriff Kelly questioned him.

When Kelly asked him the question direct whether he had murdered former Governor Meagher of Montana territory Diamond answered:

"I'll tell you that when the hearing comes on. I'll explain it all." But those close words Diamond would not say of course.

Sheriff Kelley before again time was to take the little town which Diamond has always allowed room in for the driving he would take to jail was sent for.

John L. Finnerman, proprietor of the Plains saloon, who has known Diamond for 30 years, wrote the confession from Diamond's dictation, in the presence of Dr. Coles and Frank Hannmon.

The confession was made on Tuesday. Prior to that time Diamond had died nearly 10 times, on a protracted coma. Thompson tried to usher him on. Diamond according to Thompson, pounded on the door to come in. He was awakening to the fact points have and refused to take a drink. Others declare he was out under water he was attacked with a raging mind caused by weakness of the heart. He was carried into a back room and cooled for ten and ten. He found himself too weak to arise and then called on his friend Thompson to smile at the disturbing. He directed the confession given above while a physician was working on him. Both the physician and the physician believed his statement had merit.

When attacked this afternoon he was not wearing a pair of bigger ones. His clothing was old and ragged. His face was pallid and emaciated although he was apparently not as haggard as when sick and under the remorseful stress of terror.

Sheriff Kelley took letter proceedings to return with the prisoner to Missoula, declared that he had taken every precaution to protect his man against all rescue and that a thorough investigation of Diamond's story will be made by authorities. Diamond expects to be formally charged at once with the murder of a man who was killed under his instructions of

PEACE DELEGATES TO SIGN TREATY AT ONCE

London Conference Expected to Close Tomorrow Declaring Peace.

By Associated Press.

London, May 29.—It is practically certain that the treaty of peace between the Balkan allies and Turkey is to be signed tomorrow at the Foreign office by the peace delegates of the various states concerned.

Delegates Turkey has been authorized to sign the document to determine to the wishes of the Ottoman government, but the Turkish secretary and those in high posts feel the other three allies, Bulgaria, Servia and Greece and Greek hands to add a condition to the treaty as drafted by the Ottoman envoys dealing with the cession of Adrianople and the carrying into be negotiated after peace shall have been concluded.

Bulgaria to Sign With Turks.

Bulgaria objects to the addition of the proposed new clause, but is willing to have the door open for further discussion, and she has determined to

(Continued on Page Two.)

MISSOULA TO HONOR MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR COUNTRY

Decoration Day Will Be Fittingly Celebrated in the City Tomorrow.

Rush will be Memorial day speakers at Missoula will pay tribute to soldiers in harmony with the nation at large on the first day brought aside for that purpose.

Special services will be conducted by the members of Fred Whitehorn Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Fred Stewart, veteran Rough Rider, and the auxiliary corps of the ladies of the G. A. R. and the Women's Relief corps. Services will also be held by the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Every one every officer, banker, the postmaster, and all public officials are to close in Missoula on Memorial day. A double header baseball game will be played at Dornblaser field between Butte and Missoula. The first game will be called at 2 o'clock. President Hemphill of the Missoula Athletic club has announced the regular baseball game will be held between Butte and Missoula there is to be another double header baseball game on the following day.

(Continued on Page Two.)

THE CAREER OF GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

Thomas Francis Meagher, patriot, soldier, orator, author, statesman, and governor of Montana territory, who was born in Waterford, Ireland, on August 3, 1823. His father had made a fortune in the New Foundland trade and had been returned by the people of Waterford to a seat, being the most coveted honor and one that the representing his district in parliament. Young Meagher received his education under the instruction of the Jesuit fathers. He graduated from college in 1843 and spent several years in travel in the continent.

Became a Leader.

Meagher upon his return to Ireland found his career in the midst of that movement which was led by Daniel O'Connell. He delivered one stirring address during the year that he returned to Ireland. Meagher soon became a leader in what was known as the Young Ireland party. He was imprisoned in consequence of the celebrated

(Continued on Page Four.)

SENATE HEEDS THE PROTESTS FROM ABROAD

Tariff Discrimination in Favor of American Vessels to Be Dropped.

By Associated Press.

Washington, May 29.—Senator Simmons, chairman of the finance committee of the senate, had a conference with President Wilson today after which he declared that the committee would drop the provision providing that a per cent differential in favor of American vessels on goods imported in them, the provision was on account of the protests of foreign nations.

Senator Simmons also declared that expressions of foreign opinion to the effect that the provision amounted to a discrimination against foreign vessels in favor of American vessels in the case of shipments which would be sent in such cases the provision would be unjustifiable. The president upheld this view.

Chairman Simmons also took up the question of valuation of cloths on new materials and manufactured articles, saying that in his mind, time and not from the standpoint declared it presents the greatest issues on these questions. Senator Simmons said he had not changed his mind and would recommend that the house provision be adhered to.

World Fair Merchant Marine.

Chairman Underwood said in future

(Continued on Page Four.)

NO FEAR OF VIOLATION OF JAPANESE TREATY

TOKIO GOVERNMENT DISCLOSES BRYAN'S REPLY TO HER PROTEST.

By Associated Press.

Tokio, May 29.—As the result of the extensive efforts by the committee, the Japanese anti-alien Land Act passed by the legislature and other leaders, the cabinet minister Viscount Kato, the premier personally, and Count Okuma, the leader of the opposition party, have decided to withdraw the proposed measure. The cabinet ministers, it is said, have come to the conclusion that there will be no violation of the American-Japanese treaty.

Before deciding on the withdrawal of the United States for Japan the legislature and cabinet have entered into long and interesting discussions as to what the question may be solved in a manner satisfactory to Japan.

MRS. PANKHURST ON NEW HUNGER STRIKE

By Associated Press.

London, May 29.—Mrs. Pankhurst, the militant suffragist leader, has just taken up that since the war of militancy was begun by the suffragettes in 1905 there have been 1,000 hunger strikes, which is to be followed by a new campaign, which is the reduced physical condition of the militant women, owing to the hunger strikes. According to suffragettes, the women are to be released

(Continued on Page Four.)

COLONEL SMILES AS WITNESSES TELL OF TEMPERATE HABITS

Even During His Campaign With the Rough Riders in Cuba, Roosevelt Never Drank Anything Stronger Than Black Coffee

By Associated Press.

Marquette, May 29.—Five witnesses for Colonel Roosevelt, a relative, a former member of the rough riders' regiment, a former locomotive fireman, a newspaper man and a former judge, testified today in Colonel Roosevelt's suit for libel against George A. Newett, the opposing newspaper owner. All of the witnesses called by the plaintiff asserted that the Colonel was only a moderate user of intoxicants. The substance of the testimony as given by Phillip Roosevelt, a young son of the Colonel's cousin; Charles Willis Thompson, a New York newspaper man; Andrew Adele, a former locomotive fireman; Edwin Emerson, a Cuban rough rider, and A. Z. Hinds, a former common pleas judge of Ohio, was that during his campaign in Cuba with the rough riders, Colonel Roosevelt drank only black coffee or water and never liquor of any kind.

That during his political campaigns the eminent drank champagne only occasionally and never to excess.

That while fighting Spanish sent a single bad word against or about his men, but contented himself by those who did.

That he was a steadfast gentlemanly soldier, "first and last."

Colonel Roosevelt, on cross, denied the beginning of the hearing, himself with the statement that the old colonel denied on the stand that he was a former presidential candidate, and that he was not a candidate for the office, and never gave a pledge never to be a candidate.

Charles Willis Thompson, of New York, the same owner of a Washington newspaper, and always gave a pledge never to be a candidate. Both occasions when he was asked by Colonel Roosevelt to be a candidate.

Saw Him Every Day.

As Washington correspondent he said, had been in the White House almost every day. Roosevelt was never seen drinking anything stronger than coffee. He had seen Roosevelt drink champagne only on two occasions, and then only a small glass.

Judge Adele, a former judge of Cuba, testified that he had been with Roosevelt in Cuba and had never seen him drink anything stronger than coffee.

Edwin Emerson, a Cuban rough rider, testified that he had been with Roosevelt in Cuba and had never seen him drink anything stronger than coffee.

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(Continued on Page Four.)

MINISTER PRAYED OVER FORM OF DYING M'CARTY

P. J. Scanlan, Montana Railroad Man, at Calgary Ringside Tells of Tragic Ending of Most Promising of the White Hopes.

Butte, May 29.—The Rev. Mr. Wallace of the Church of England, Calgary, Canada, officiated at the ringside in the contest between Carl Morris and Fred Fulton, which resulted in the death of the former, according to P. J. Scanlan, a Montana railroad man, who was present at the fatal fight. The Rev. Mr. Wallace was seen by Scanlan to kneel in prayer beside the dying boxer. Scanlan, who is now in Butte, said he heard the Great Salvos

(Continued on Page Three.)

The Missoula, Montana, Sentinel headlined the sensational Frank Diamond confession on Thursday, May 29th, 1913.

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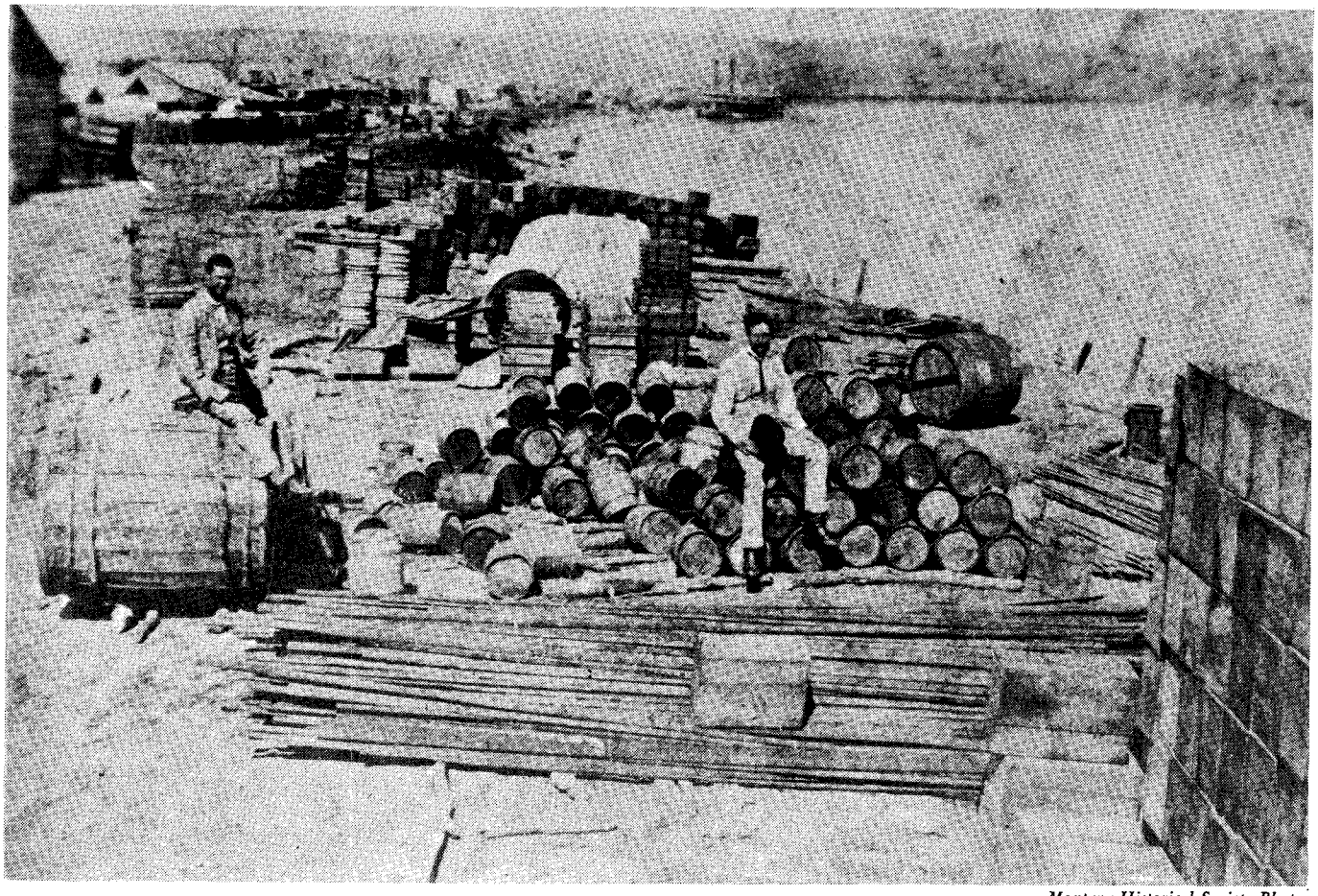
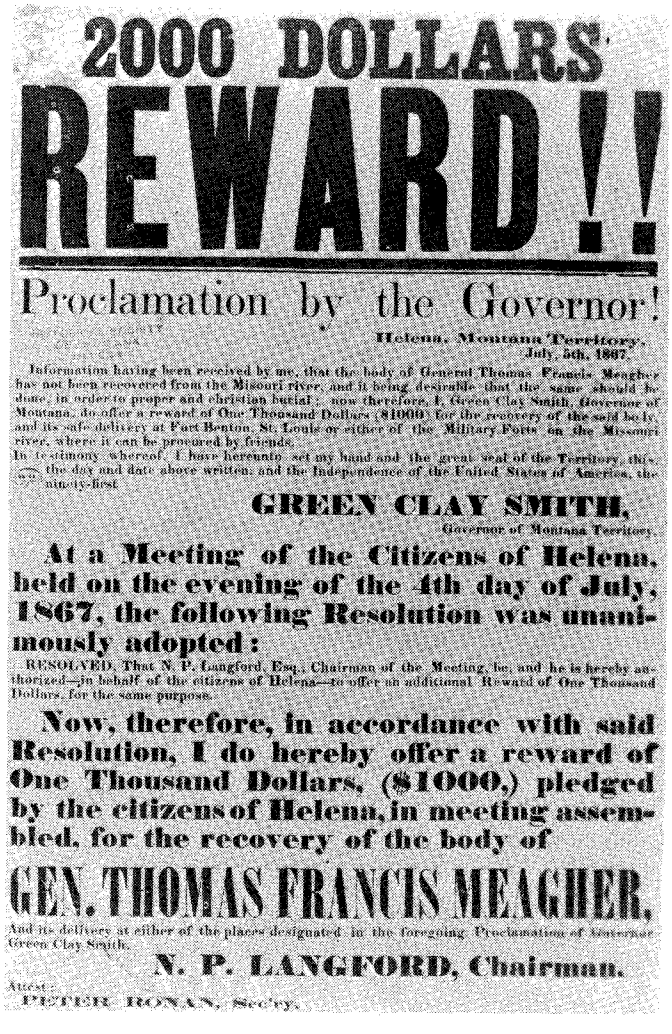


Montana Historical Society Photos

Thomas Francis Meagher disappeared near levee above. Reward poster for recovery of missing man's body (r.).



2000 DOLLARS

REWARD!!

Proclamation by the Governor!

Helena, Montana Territory,
July, 5th, 1867.

Information having been received by me, that the body of General Thomas Francis Meagher has not been recovered from the Missouri river, and it being desirable that the same should be done, in order to proper and christian burial; now therefore, I, Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, do offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars ($1000) for the recovery of the said body, and its safe delivery at Fort Benton, St. Louis or either of the Military Forts on the Missouri river, where it can be procured by friends.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the great seal of the Territory, this [illegible] the day and date above written, and the Independence of the United States of America, the ninety-first.

GREEN CLAY SMITH,
Governor of Montana Territory.

At a Meeting of the Citizens of Helena, held on the evening of the 4th day of July, 1867, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That N. P. Langford, Esq., Chairman of the Meeting, be, and he is hereby authorized—in behalf of the citizens of Helena—to offer an additional Reward of One Thousand Dollars, for the same purpose.

Now, therefore, in accordance with said Resolution, I do hereby offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars, ($1000,) pledged by the citizens of Helena, in meeting assembled, for the recovery of the body of

GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

And its delivery at either of the places designated in the foregoing Proclamation of Governor Green Clay Smith.

N. P. LANGFORD, Chairman.

Attest:
PETER RONAN, Secty.

Though it was not considered much of a plum, he took it. It was a strange, wild country, and it meant adventure and challenge.

When the ex-general arrived at his new post, he found the Territorial Government headquarters to be a log cabin and Governor Sidney Edgerton eager to get back to home and civilization in Ohio. A short time later Edgerton resigned his office. Meagher acted as Governor until a successor, Green Clay Smith, arrived in July, 1866. When Governor Smith made some trips east, Meagher was acting governor in Smith's absence.

Meagher had charm, dash, and ability, but he was not an easy man to get along with. He was battling a number of handicaps, of which his headstrong personality was not the least. The Civil War had not been over long and Meagher was a Union hero and a Republican appointee. He did not merit too much admiration from the Democrats in the Territory, since they were mostly Southerners. He didn't get along too well with the Montana Republicans either. They may have reminded him too much of the ruling British in Ireland. So he swung away from the party that had sent him there, and sided more and more with the Democrats, which made him inevitably unpopular with both parties. In addition, as acting governor, he became embroiled in a fuss with the courts.

It is hard to say whether his troubles came from his "unfortunate habit," as his enemies naturally claimed, or from a wild, Irish sense of independence that should have made the new country ideal for him, but didn't. For one reason or another, this rough-and-ready man didn't fit in with a large number of the rough-and-ready miners, trappers, ex-soldiers and settlers who made up the population of the new territory.

The ostensible cause of trouble started when a man named James Daniels killed a gambler in Helena, in the closing

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General Meagher took this stage when he made his trip from Fort Benton.

weeks of 1865. He was tried and found guilty of second degree murder and sentenced to prison. But three weeks later, Meagher granted him a pardon.

Justice Lyman E. Munson, appointed U.S. Judge in Montana Territory by President Lincoln, said the pardon should be rescinded. Meagher said no. Daniels, pardon in his pocket, returned to Helena swearing he would get even with those who had testified against him. An hour after he got to Helena the Vigilantes hanged him, pinning a note to his coat reading, "If an acting governor does this again, we'll hang *him*."

Meagher had a certain talent for jumping from frying-pan into fire. Before the Daniels' incident had faded, the acting governor called the legislature together, despite the fact that the enabling act had expired. Its legal existence was later denied by Congress.

THE STORMY petrel of Montana Territory politics continued to live in, or precipitate, a ferment, until that first of July, 1867, when he rode into Fort Benton with a group of militia officers to pick up a shipment of 2500 muskets coming by boat. It had been a hard six-day ride from Virginia City. The heat was terrible in Montana in July. The roads were dusty, and he was justifiably tired and perhaps sick.

It is possible that the hidden clue to what happened later might lie in that six-day ride from Virginia City, or Meagher's actions after he arrived at Fort Benton. Each of his moves does seem to point to trouble in his life, but none quite clearly enough to give the whole answer to what happened to Meagher later.

We do know from those who were with him, that he was nervous and jumpy and was ready to start drinking, although there is no evidence he had imbibed an unusual amount of liquor—for him—when late in the evening his friends put him to bed in order to be sure he'd stay out of trouble.

Arriving in Fort Benton, Meagher went to the store of Isaac G. Baker, a leading merchant, and, according to a later biographer, had several liberal doses of blackberry wine, a well-known remedy of the time for what used to be called "summer complaint." Meagher rested in a back room, where he was visited by an old friend and fellow-countryman, Johnny Doran, the pilot of the *G. S. Thompson*.

Meagher reportedly said to him, "Johnny, they're threatening my life in this town."

Doran replied by suggesting that Meagher visit the steamer and sleep in his cabin.

Isaac G. Baker, once chief clerk for Pierre Chouteau, Jr., the St. Louis trading firm, had set up business for himself in Fort Benton and developed a trading empire. He subsequently wrote that he had entertained Meagher at dinner, and that the ex-general's purpose in boarding the steamer at the landing almost in front of his store was to arrange passage downriver to meet the ship carrying muskets.

At any rate, Meagher went aboard, and according to reports spent a convivial evening drinking with James Wright, a paroled Confederate officer; Pilot Johnny Doran, and the steamer's captain, James Woods.

There is some contradiction of evidence from his friends about the condition he was in when he went to bed in the cabin of the river steamer. Some claim that he was drunk and quarrelsome and had to be put to bed. If he was drunk, he was undoubtedly quarrelsome as he always was when drunk. However, others with him that night said that he did drink quite a bit toward the end of the evening, but wasn't too drunk and went to his steamer cabin under his own power.

Whether he was drunk or not doesn't seem to be of any great importance in ferreting out *(Continued on page 57)*

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LOVE WAS TRICKY IN THE OLD WEST

by Carl Uhlarik

How was the coquettish young actress to know that the suitor she was rejecting would go on to world-wide fame?

WHEN HENRY STANLEY, famous correspondent and the man who was destined to find Doctor Livingstone, left the unkempt, uncombed and untamed frontier town of Omaha on the wild Missouri River in 1867, he was just another newspaper vagabond. He felt he had been treated grievously and swore that if ever he returned to the wretched place he would be someone to be reckoned with.

It took more than 20 years to make his vow come true. But, when he finally returned rich and famous, what should have been the sweetest compensation was tinged with the sad realization of what might have been.

As in many a case since recorded time, a woman with full red lips and amorous dark eyes was the cause of his leaving Omaha. She was Annie Ward, the coquettish and knowledgeable soubrette of the Corri Stock Company playing at the Academy of Music. To the poor correspondent for Eastern newspapers she was someone gentle, a fair flower whose presence softened the raw-boned toughness of the town.

An Irish editor named Francis (Little Mac) MacDonough was the mischievous goad of the affair between fair Annie and roving Henry. What occurred was the one thing, more than anything else, that spurred Stanley to world-wide fame as the intrepid finder of the famous lost missionary, Dr. David Livingstone.

In 1867 Henry Stanley left the American frontier an unhappy man. Four years later, after many months of toiling through febrile jungles filled with hostile natives, and plodding over hundreds of miles of parched wasteland, he was catapulted to fame by stating with unbelievable poise: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Those words made Stanley famous.

But to Annie Ward, Little Mac and the others who knew the neophyte journalist in his Wild West days, it was incredible. Especially so to Annie whose fickleness had borne her only bitter fruit.

It all began when Stanley, fresh from the War Between the States in which he had served first in the Confederate Army and then, after his capture in 1862 at Shiloh, in the Union forces, as many men did, looked up Edward Rosewater, agent for the Associated Press in Omaha, and requested the usual courtesies extended members of the press. Stanley had come up from St. Louis to report General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowas.

Rosewater had been a telegrapher with the Union forces. With discerning eye he sized up the man, short, heavy-set, muscular and about 26 years of age. Stanley had black hair, a black mustache, blue-grey eyes and the bronzed face of a war veteran. He impressed Rosewater as being extremely morose. Here's a lad who'll have a hard time making and keeping friends, Rosewater thought.

Later, he recalled that Stanley had "drifted to Omaha as rich a specimen of the wandering Bohemian and as sharp on the lookout for something to turn up as Wilkins Micawber, himself."

OMAHA, NAMED for an Indian tribe, when translated meant "Above All Others On The Stream," and it was living up to its name in the bawdiest sort of way. At the pubescent age of 13, Omaha was a squawling, sprawling (and in season dusty) hodgepodge of frame shacks with a sprinkling of more pretentious structures.

Uhlarik Collection

Henry Stanley while living in Omaha, 1867.

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Indians squatted on board walks and the whites, men and women alike, were adventurers, seeking the main chance as the Union Pacific Railroad began pushing westward from the Missouri's mosquito flats.

Stanley dismissed this period in his autobiography with eyes rolling sanctimoniously and hands raised in holy horror!

"Being connected with the press, my acquaintance was sought by some theatrical people. Being young and foolish, I was gratified." he wrote. "After a benefit performance, which I was principally the means of getting up for them, I supped with them, and for the first time I drank so much wine that I tasted the joys and miseries of intoxication. The women of the party appeared beautiful, especially one for whom I felt ecstatic tenderness. We sallied out, singing. I wonder now we were not shot at. My first waking made me aware of a splitting headache. I was enriched, however, by an experience that has lasted all my life, for I then vowed that this should be the last time I would have to condemn myself for a scandalous act of that kind."

Actually, there was a great deal more to it than this pious recollection after Stanley became world-renowned.

It was in Omaha that his journalistic reliability was first openly and caustically questioned. It was there that he displayed a healthy passion which caused him to fall dizzily in love with a young actress. And, it was there that he showed a violent temper which resulted in his arrest and trial in a primitive court for assaulting a fellow journalist.

Stanley was a vivid, descriptive writer, but an unreliable reporter. The stories he filed for Eastern newspapers were in a class by themselves. Many of them were written in Omaha, hundreds of miles from the events he so enterprisingly developed, and it wasn't long before other newsmen in town began to feel he wasn't much of a credit to their profession.

The most critical was Little Mac, editor of the *Herald,* rival of the *Republican* in which some of Stanley's stories were printed. Before coming to Omaha in 1865, MacDonough had published poems, sketches and stories in the London *Penny Journal* and the Dublin *Magazine.* In the frontier town he soon became powerful. His trenchant pen lampooned social hypocrites, stuffed shirts and others who met with his disfavor.

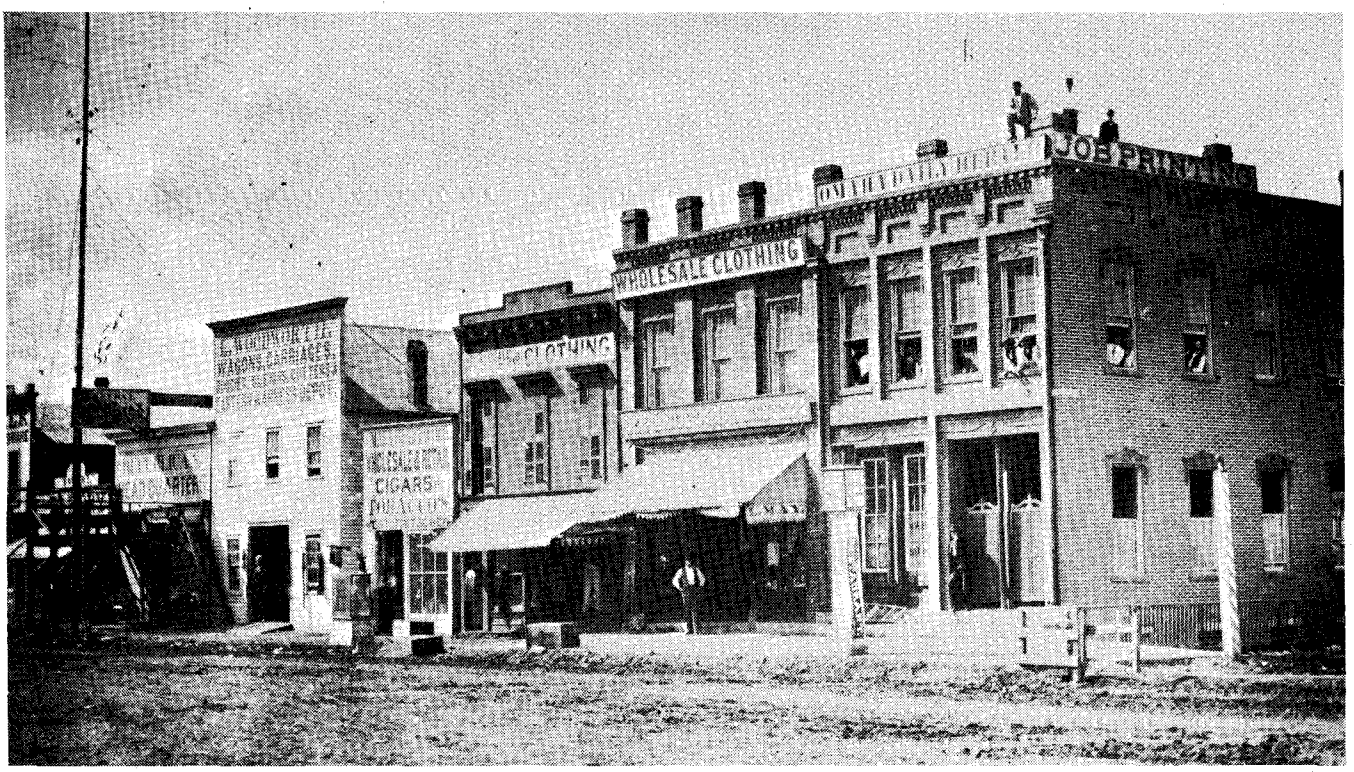
One of the first dressings-down he gave Stanley was for a story in the *Republican* about the military flogging at Fort Sedgwick of a civilian caught selling whisky to Indians.

Little Mac called Stanley's story "an outrageously false statement of the whipping, which he never saw, yet which he described in minute and horrifying details that had no other foundation than the malicious imagination of the author."

This was mere editorial wrangling characteristic of the free-swinging days of frontier journalism. But, when Annie Ward traipsed into the picture and Little Mac's barbed pen began jibing at Stanley's infatuation for her, the rivalry took on highly personal aspects.

ANNIE WARD was a flighty creature, full of bounce, with a hustle here and a bustle there. The Academy of Music where she flitted *(Continued on page 50)*

Omaha Public Library Photo



The Omaha Daily Herald offices above the saloon at 13th and Douglas Streets.

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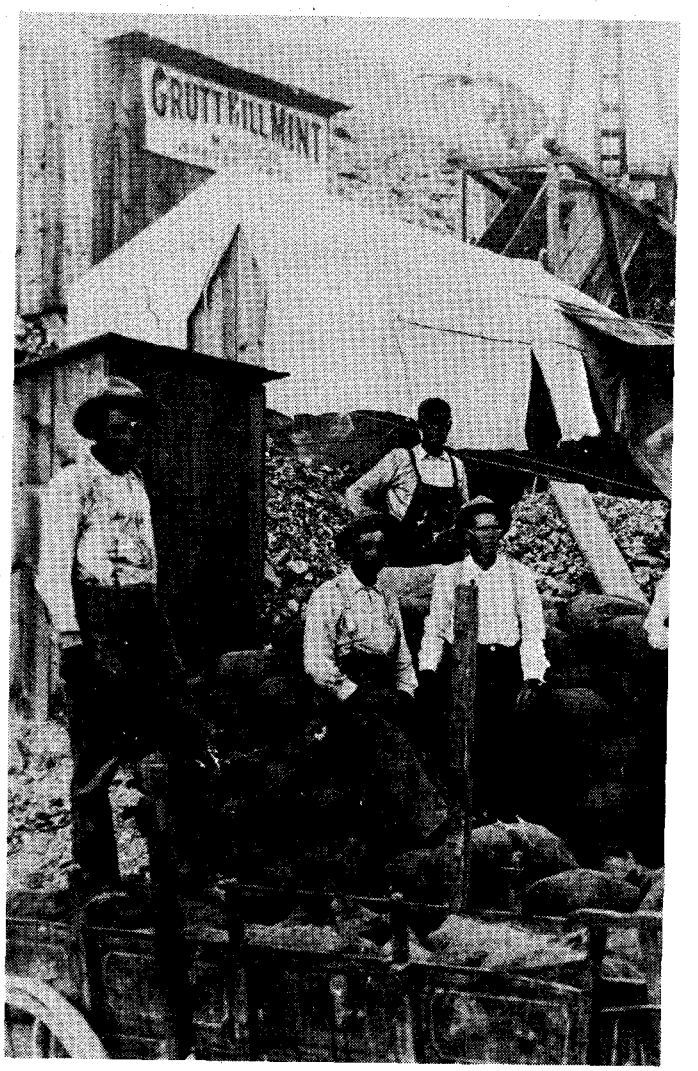
THE MASTER CON MAN OF GOLDFIELD

by Marlin McRae

"Never knock a mark," he said. "Keep them around because they're likely to fall for the same gambit as soon as they get pumped up with money again."



GEORGE GRAHAM Rice, a man whose hand was full of "gimme" and whose mouth was full of "much obliged," moved about plucking golden apples here and there with schemes that had no more substance than a fog bank and just about as many assets. He went on to write a book about how his dodge worked.

Rice's book, *"My Adventures with Your Money,"* not only blew the whistle on himself, but laughed at all the suckers from whom he had stolen money—with their help. In all, he required about 200 pages to detail his exploits and what he had done with the loot.

In essence, Rice accounted for the thousands he had stolen in this way: he invested most of it in houses and lots—bawdy houses and lots of whisky—then spent the rest of it foolishly.

While such a confession didn't assure Rice a place in history as a solid gold citizen, there were few who could plumb the depths of his brass.

Most Americans consider the eagle as a symbol of their citizenry, but Rice chose the pigeon and proceeded to pluck it for about $100 million in fake stock.

Of course this enormous take was not all profit. For some reason, sales expenses skyrocketed in inverse proportion to the lack of value of the product being offered. And since Rice's offerings were worth exactly nothing, expenses were tremendous. Everyone had his arm in the golden pot up to his shoulder blades, but Rice must have put a halter on some of the money since the U.S. Government sued him for nearly $2 million in taxes in the days when Uncle Sam's share was merely a nibble rather than a bite!

Best guess is that Rice cleared more than $25 million in about that number of years and ladled it out just as fast as he swindled it from the verdant public.

"Never knock a mark," Rice once was heard to remark. "Keep them around because they're likely to fall for the same gambit as soon as they get pumped up with money again."

Rice's reputation was made in the West, principally around Goldfield, Nevada; but he was born in quite a different area with quite a different name. New York was his birthplace. The year was 1870. His real name was Jacob Samuel Herzig. He was the son of an immigrant German farmer, a man of unshakeable honesty.

That young Jake was of a different cut was evident from the time the youngster was able to say "gimme." When he was strong enough to throw two dice at the same time, he had already learned that a little tinkering with those dice took most of the chance out of any game.

It was a brave new world for young Jake when he discovered the same thing could be done with cards, and his yokel friends shelled out their allowances so Jake could split pineapple sodas with the prettiest dolls in the neighborhood.

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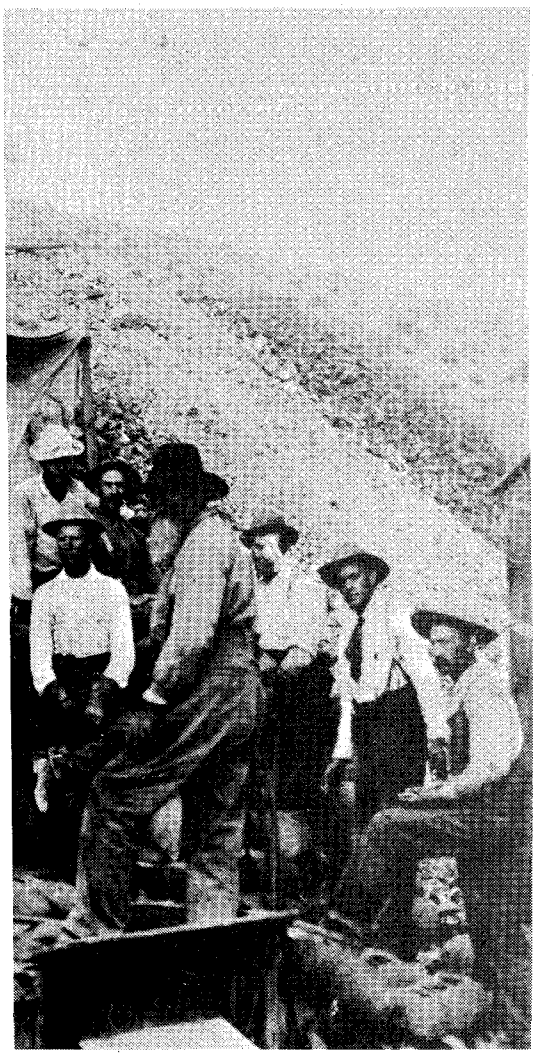
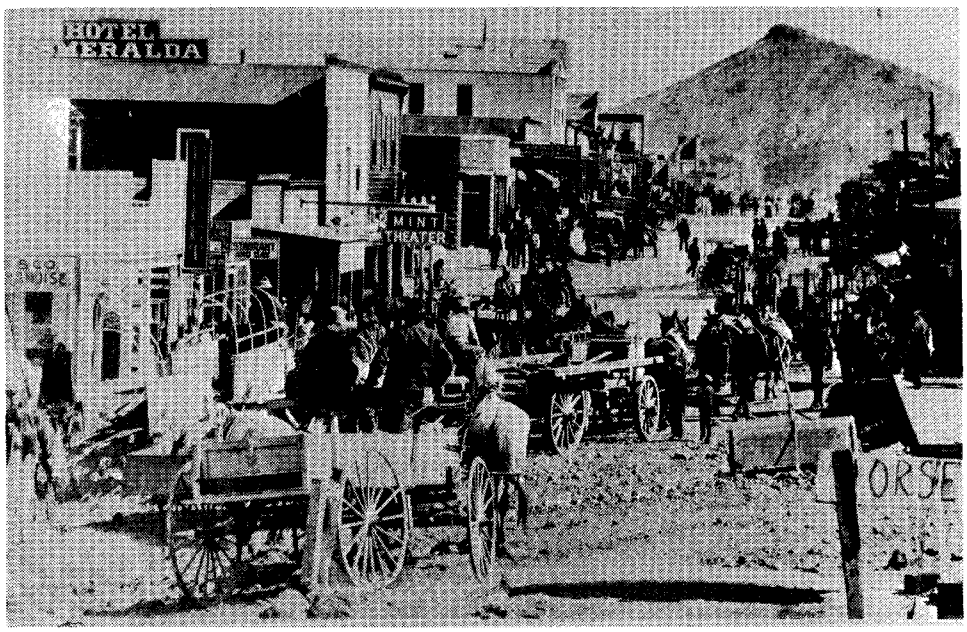


Miners posed for this picture at Grutt Brothers claim in Rawhide.



Boom days in Goldfield, Nevada, where George Graham Rice operated.

Author's Photos

Hauling out gold and silver from Goldfield.

Jake's outsized head acquired some new geography and lumps when he was caught "past posting" bookies who found such a practice was about as funny as a scalded baby.

Jake's luck was downhill for quite a while after he got a jolt of hard time for a minor swindle. It wasn't the seriousness of the crime that drew the enmity of the court, but the fact that Jake had made a local ward boss look like an idiot. They decided to set an example with Jake Herzig.

His father was still tolerant, believing that it was bad companions who were really responsible for his son's anti-social behavior (though they had a nastier name for it in those palmy days). He financed a trip to Europe for Jake.

JAKE WAS grateful for the chance to reform, or perhaps reorganize. He played no-limit poker all the way across, being able to cut a swath which attracted the loveliest women on shipboard. He used what money he had left touring the Continent, then booked passage for the return trip where he scored again. This time his poker money was supplemented by a rigged ship pool and he became so enthused that he followed one sucker ashore to fleece him again. Jake went to the well once too often and wound up in Sing Sing for another spell.

There Jake obtained his final training for his days in the West, where he would leave an enduring mark on the marks.

Jake's mind was as nimble as a squirrel on a willow branch and he had learned all the ground rules for both the big and little cons by the time the State of New York released him.

Jake took with him not only an education, but the name of another con man who wouldn't be needing it for at least 15 years: George Graham Rice. Thus armed, he gravitated west.

And gravitated is just the word. It was a downhill pull all the way for Rice. To get pumped up, Rice began touting at the race tracks as he moved west.

Dressed to the nines, he would approach an intended victim whispering that he had a tip on a sure thing. Rice at first would be reluctant to share the information, but eventually agreed to share his news with the stranger who "looked like a man who could be trusted," provided they made a bet with a bookie Rice knew, and agreed to split the

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These Goldfield folks dressed up after the fashion of the old days when Rice sold his phony stocks.

winnings. As the wager was being made, Rice would put a chalk mark on his victim's back to identify him and the horse he bet on. Rice would then excuse himself, collar another pigeon, convince him to make a bet on another horse, and he also would be marked for identification.

With the race over, Rice would stand off to watch the mark who won seek out the bookie, finding it easy to spot his chalked victim. Rice would then grab his (money) hand and enthuse:

"What did I tell you? Easy money, wasn't it?"

Rice would then take his half of the bet and be on the lookout for fresh victims as well as for disgruntled losers.

With money in his pocket, Rice moved along until he encountered another individual by the name of Carl Owens. This man tried to take Rice with a transparent scheme and when Rice laughed at him, Owens knew he had found a *paisano* promoter.

Together they hatched a scheme which was to unsnap the rubber bands from a lot of fat Western bank rolls. Owens had the word on a rigged race and wanted Rice to put his bundle on it.

"Naw, that's the hard way to go," Rice complained. "You always gotta have a sure thing in the race. I've got a plan that will guarantee a sure thing for us every day, every race. Now are you sure that this race is a sure enough boat ride?" Rice asked.

Owens nodded and told him the name of the selected nag was *Pay Day*.

"All right, here's what we do," Rice explained. "We'll buy some space in the local sheet here, or even have the printer run off some flyers and we'll announce that Rice and Owens have picked a sure thing horse: *Pay Day*. It ought to pay 10 to 1."

Owens nodded, but he didn't understand how giving away such valuable information was going to make them anything.

"You watch," Rice assured him. "If *Pay Day* comes in as you say, we'll have a lock on the town's treasury."

Backing his bundle on the gamble, Rice rented a small office, had a sign painted "Rice and Owens, Investment Advisors," then sat back and waited for the race.

Pay Day won going away and Rice had to push his way through the crowd of happy bettors who had followed the advice in his flyer.

"Now then men, come back after dinner and we'll have another good thing for you in tomorrow's running," Rice promised.

He announced that sealed envelopes containing the selection would cost $5, and please have the money in cash.

Owens and Rice stuffed envelopes with a variety of names, making sure that all bases were touched in their selections. Of course some of the bettors won, and the suckers continued to flock in. Rice and Owens always suggested playing their selections across the board which gave them three ways to go and took in most of the field. They had enough horse sense to pick at least one good thing each day. Owens also invested part of their take in bribing jockeys, doping horses and getting owners to rig races.

Westerners might be a bunch of high-collared gawkers, but they knew a good thing. They played the Rice and Owens' selections until the con men had to sweep small bills into the corner and enlarge their quarters so there was room for the suckers who insisted that Rice take their money. Despite the fact that there were losers, the winners outshouted the gripers and the tribe increased as Rice knew it would. Even those who had seen their horse run as though it had a ball and chain aboard came back—as Rice knew they would.

"The sucker never learns," he observed with the distilled

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wisdom of the ages. "Once having lost a bundle of his hard-earned scratch he'll keep coming back to get even. Sometimes he's even sure it's a swindle but it is the only thing going with action."

JUST BEFORE Rice acquired his "education" at Sing Sing, he had become involved with a doll whose father suggested that they get married. When he emphasized his request with a shotgun, Rice shrugged, got married, went to jail and never saw his bride again. This eventually stood him in good stead when he got involved with another girl later, impetuously married her, then continued his rounds with the fallen angels who consorted with gamblers.

When his second wife sued for divorce, she asked Rice to unloosen his clutch on his expanding bankroll for alimony. Rice was always a hard man in pin down in any kind of wits matching. He testified that they weren't legally married since his first wife hadn't legally sliced the bonds which joined them, so he didn't owe wife number two a dime.

Rice was full blown proof that there is no one easier to swindle than a swindler. Even while the verdant miners dug faster to keep coming up smelling like money to finance Rice, he got the idea that his own tips were legitimate and he cashed out.

For the next few months he tried the other side of the table, honestly trying to beat the bangtails with predictable results. Rice lost until his roll wouldn't make a hummingbird cough if the bird tried to swallow it whole. He was contemplating his errors when he received a letter from another ex-con telling of the fantastic strike in Goldfield, Nevada. Rice wasn't far away and he liked the sound of that name.

"Goldfield. Goldfield," Rice rolled the name of the boom town over his tongue like old bourbon. His decision to go there was the beginning of a black day for the West.

Goldfield was a Midas-touched strike right from the first and so rich that high-grading and all sorts of chicanery had developed as nowhere else. The raw ore was so rich that a $4 a day digger would pay $20 to work in a mine. He could carry out $200 or $300 underneath his clothes!

Wherever the golden genie might appear with the next strike of the pick, mine stocks which were floated at a few cents a share often soared to $30 or $40 within days after their first sale. Fortunes were made, lost, and started again within a day's mining stock activity. Where such dreams are common there are plenty to take advantage of the situation. George Graham Rice was just such a man.

Rice sized up Goldfield and laid plans for a trek into its treasury. He took a modest job with a mining journal to acquaint himself with the lore, legend and sleight of hand of mining stock promotion. It didn't take him long to open a boiler room operation, which ostensibly was a public relations firm. Rice was like a weasel thrown into a chicken coop when he heard of some near-by mining property which was going to be opened up. Called the Vermilyea Lease, it was in the Manhattan District. The prospective promoters told Rice of the coming speculation so he could publicize it. Rice moved fast, taking an option on the property in the name of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company, then announced the Vermilyea Lease as its first big deal.

Rice had selected a featherheaded ex-crimp named "Shanghai Larry" Sullivan as titular head of the Trust Company; a man who had about enough sense to count spools on a string. Rice had broken Sullivan in a gambling game and he needed a front to bid in stock, without showing his hand. Rice cancelled the gambling debt, financed Larry for a few thousand more and turned him loose to do the job he could do best: act dumb. Rice became the Svengali for Sullivan and he sent Sullivan to bid on a property called the "Blackjack."

Tinder-dry buildings made "fire" a dreaded word.

"Now this guy wants a hundred grand for his lease," Rice said.

"But, Mr. Rice, we don't have that kinda money . . ." Larry interrupted.

"I know that, boy, but you take an option for no more'n $5,000 and agree to pay the balance in 90 days," Rice instructed. "Now don't forget."

Larry nodded and managed to get hold of the property at the stated figure. Then Rice went to work with his news outlets. Long before the option time was up, he had an offer of $75,000 for his rights and *(Continued on page 71)*

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TRUTH ABOUT *Dora Hand*

by John F. Ferguson

Here, at last, are the facts about the variety entertainer who went by the stage name of Fannie Keenan

FOUR SHOTS RANG OUT at 4 o'clock on the morning of October 4th, 1878, in Dodge City. Such sounds were not uncommon in the Kansas town because at that time Dodge was known to be as wild and woolly as they come. Nevertheless, these shots brought police officers and the all-night crowds in saloons hurrying out into the streets to investigate.

The shots had come from the direction of the Western House on Front Street. When the officers and crowd got there, they found two women. One was Dora Hand, known on the stage as Fannie Keenan. The other was Fannie Garrettson, also an actress.

Dora Hand was stretched out on a bed in the rear room. A .44-caliber bullet had entered under the left arm and

Dora Hand became the central figure in absurd legends of the Old West

Kansas State Historical Society Photos

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cut down through her heart. She had died instantly. Fannie Garrettson had missed death by inches. Her bed in the front room was a little higher than Dora Hand's bed and a bullet had hit the floor.

For half a century Dora Hand lay in her grave, long unmarked, the forgotten victim of what later proved to be an accidental killing. But in the late 1920's Dora Hand became the central figure in one absurd legend of the Old West. It is not known who started this weird story about Dora Hand, but it is generally believed that Stuart Lake's fictionalization of Wyatt Earp first gave the story wide publicity.

This distorted version of Dora Hand's life as it appeared in the 1920's, and which a romantic public clutched to its heart and cherished, labeled Dora as the keeper of a bawdy house in the red light district of Dodge by night, and as an angel of mercy by day. It portrayed her as closing her "house of ill fame" in the wee hours. Then, bright and early the next morning, she was supposed to have been a ministering angel. Laden with food, money and medicine she visited the poor and the sick.

One story which appeared as late as 1960 told how Dora Hand, wearing a simple black dress, lent her sweet, melodious voice to the church choir on Sundays. Evidently she must have possessed the strength, fortitude and endurance of today's celebrated Superman, for the enthusiastic authors left no time between jobs for the poor girl to snatch even so much as forty winks of sleep.

Writers with a romantic leaning grabbed at this touching story and filled magazine pages with it. Authors of books about the West, as well as TV and radio writers, did the same. And the movies weren't to be out maneuvered. Several pictures came out portraying poor, sweet Dora Hand as a woman of sin at night and an angel of mercy with the coming of dawn. The movies also added a new touch with Dora singing alto in the one church in Dodge on Sunday.

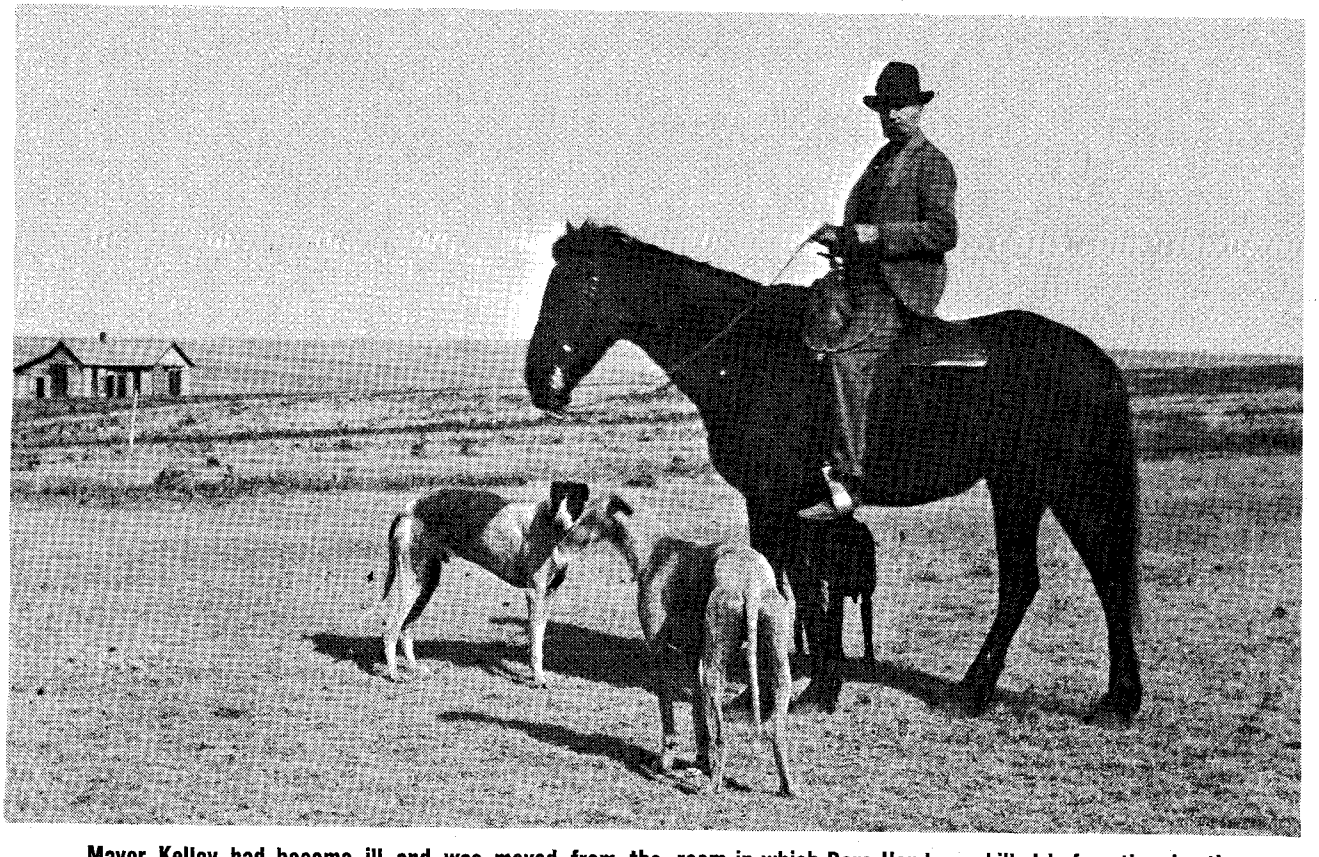
The gullibility of the public in accepting this absurd and totally fictitious story about Dora Hand shows with what ease a phony legend can snowball down through the years.

What makes it all the more amazing is that the true facts about Dora Hand can be found in the Dodge City newspapers of 1878. They can be read by any writer or interested person. These newspapers are available at the Kansas State Historical Society in Topeka. To make it easier to check, Nyle Miller and Joe Snell, of the Historical Society, included the newspaper accounts of Dora Hand's background in their valuable book *"Why the West Was Wild."*

THE TRUTH is that Dora Hand was a variety entertainer who used the stage name of Fannie Keenan. She had been employed for two years prior to her appearance in Dodge by Esher's Varieties in St. Louis. There was never a shred of evidence that she was ever a madam in Dodge or anywhere else, or that she had ever even seen the inside of a brothel. Evidently she possessed talent because the notices she received in the Dodge papers praised her acting highly. The following mention of her was made in the Ford County *Globe*, July 30th, 1878:

COMIQUE

"This favorite place is at present giving to its patrons the very best entertainment ever seen in Dodge. They have Billy and Nola Forrest, Dick Brown and Fannie Garrettson, May Gaylor, Belle Lamont, Fannie Keenan, Jennie Morton, and that unequalled and splendidly matched team, [Eddie] Foy and [Jimmie] *(Continued on page 68)*



Mayor Kelley had become ill and was moved from the room in which Dora Hand was killed before the shooting.

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TERRORS OF THE FRONTIER

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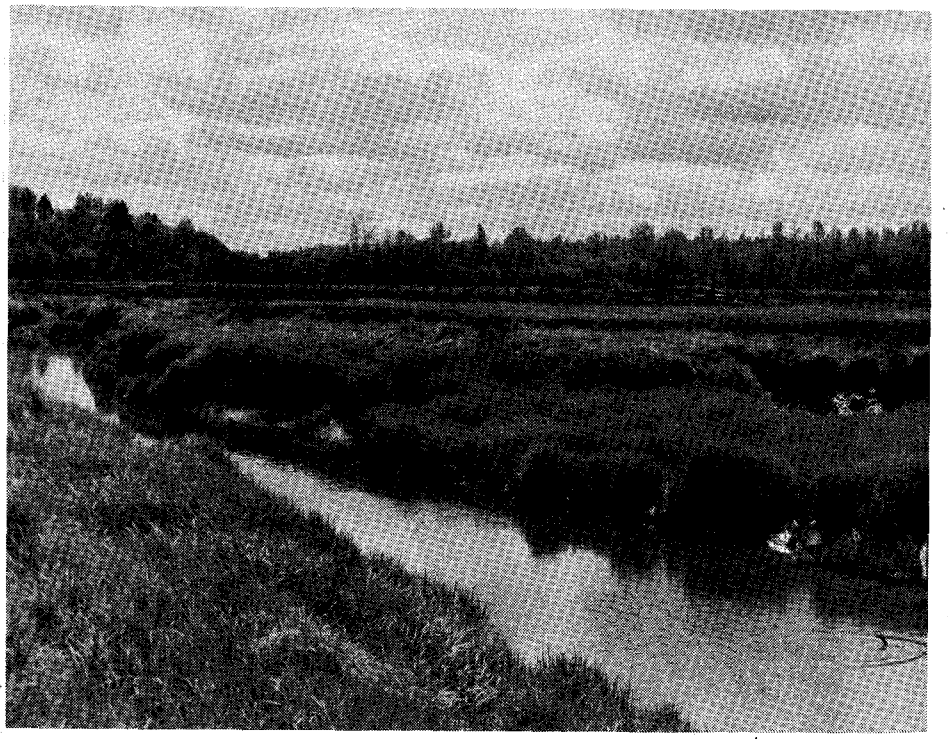
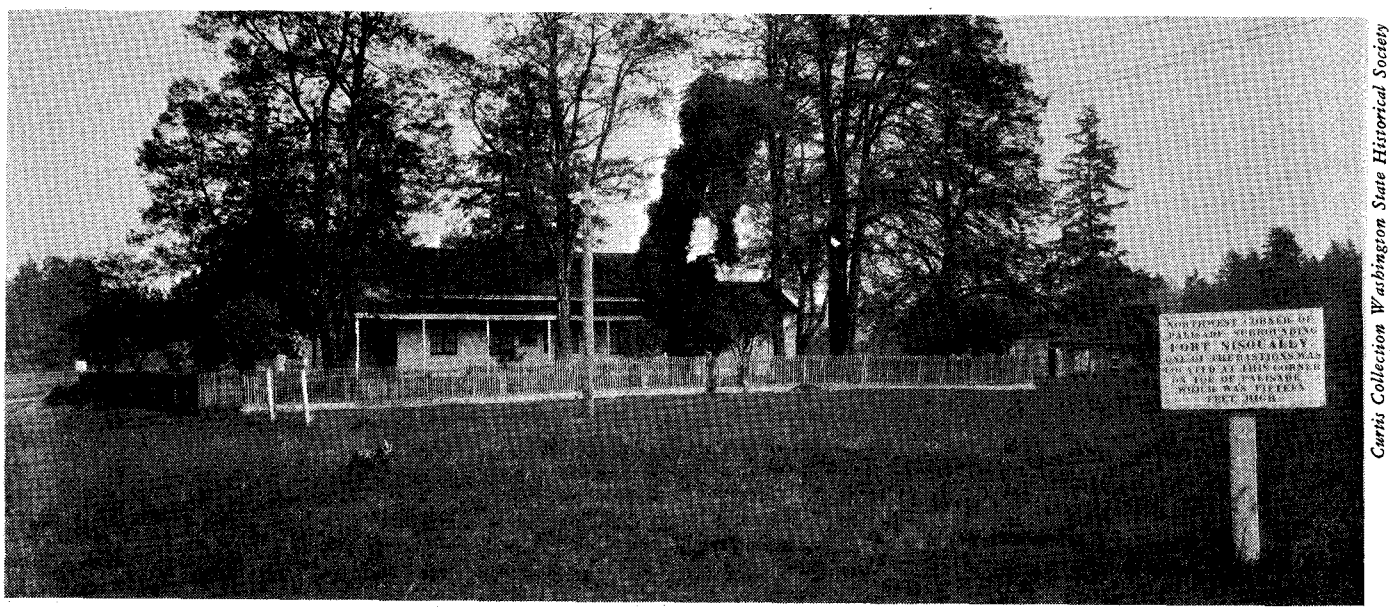


This is a picture of the countryside near the original McAllister claim.



Curtis Collection Washington State Historical Society

The location of Fort Nisqually where the McAllister family was given seed to begin farming.

THE YEAR 1842 was one of hope for the McAllister family of Kentucky. James McAllister, his wife and four children, loaded their possessions into a covered wagon and hitched up a yoke of oxen. Missouri was their destination They hoped to make a new home there.

But they didn't stop in Missouri. The call of the West was too great for them and, in 1843, they joined a wagon train headed West, not knowing where they were going or what they might find. What they did find—the arrows, the dangers, the hardships, and the joys is the story of a great pioneer family.

McAllister was pleased with the prairie lands rolling westward like a green sea. How well the stock lived in those early days of the migration. But as the season changed from spring to summer the greenness turned to dull browns; dust welled up from the hoofs of the plodding oxen becoming a choking cloud that all but smothered man and animals alike. Heat waves shimmered and danced across the horizon, distorting the landscape into mirages that sometimes fooled the thirsty travelers and heightened their troubles.

Nine long months the journey took; nine months of monotonous traveling across a scorched landscape. There was little danger from hostile Indians that year. Cholera and fever plagued the wagon train people.

When the train stopped at the Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu, "The Place of the Rye Grass," in what was then a part of eastern Oregon Territory, the McAllisters were forced to remain there due to the illness of their eldest daughter.

Dr. Marcus Whitman was a great help to them. He administered medical care to their daughter and helped nurse her back to health. That was the way things were always done at the Mission. Waiilatpu on the Walla Walla River was a Mecca for the sick and tired travelers treking across the vast wilderness between Missouri and the Pacific.

When the girl recovered, the McAllister family traveled on from the Whitman Mission down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. Old Dr. McLoughlin, the factor of the

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The McAllister story tells of the courageous pioneers who faced the dangers of the frontier in the untamed Northwest

by William J. Betts

Betts Collection

Mill at Steilacoom was built by McAllister and his neighbors (r.).

Hudson's Bay Company which held the fort, didn't quite welcome them with open arms, but he was hospitable and kind. He recommended to the McAllisters, as he did to all immigrants, that they settle in the Willamette Valley. Since most of the good land was already occupied, the McAllisters decided to go north to the Puget Sound country.

Under the Joint Occupation Treaty between England and the United States, both countries were free to settle anywhere in the Oregon country, a vast area comprising land from California north to Alaska and from the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains.

Although the British could not keep Americans from settling in the Puget Sound country, the Hudson's Bay Company considered this to be its private domain and hoped that the settlement between Britain and the United States would place the boundary line at the Columbia River.

The McAllisters wintered near Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, and the following spring headed for Puget Sound. They followed the Columbia River down to the mouth of the Cowlitz River and then headed up this tributary to Cowlitz Landing where the road went overland to Fort Nisqually, another Hudson's Bay Company post on the Sound.

The Hudson's Bay Company used the Cowlitz River as a highway, with scows and large river boats transporting goods and people to the Landing. The McAllisters had to take their wagons apart to get them on the river boats.

There had been a mishap and some of the McAllister bedding got wet. When they got off the boat they made camp. Mrs. McAllister strung some rope between trees and hung her patchwork quilts out to dry. In the meantime, James and the older boys went hunting for deer.

While the women and children were alone, busy with their camp chores, some Indians visited the camp. Since the McAllisters had seldom been bothered by Indians on their migration, Mrs. McAllister was not overly concerned about their presence.

The Indians, a band of Cowlitz, walked about the camp, looking with curiosity at everything, poking their noses into every possible cranny but not disturbing anything. Then they spotted the gaily colored patchwork quilts hanging from the line. They ran to the quilts and began taking them down.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing there?" Mrs. McAllister yelled at them.

The Indians replied in their language, and continued to take the quilts.

"You stop that!"

The Indians paid no attention but Mrs. McAllister was determined to stop them.

"They ain't going to steal *my* quilts," she told her children as she grabbed a long pole lying on ground nearby.

She walked toward the Indians brandishing the heavy pole above her head.

"I said leave them quilts alone, you devils!" she yelled.

When the Indians just ignored her she brought the pole down on their heads and shoulders with all her strength. The Indians yelled with pain. Perceiving that the determined white woman would soon beat their brains out they dropped the quilts and ran from the camp.

THE NEXT day an old chief visited the McAllister camp. He apologized to the family for the action of his braves.

As the chief gazed about the camp, he saw Mrs. McAllister, her red hair shining in the sun, stirring a kettle.

"Who's *klootchman*?" he asked, pointing to the Kentucky pioneer.

"That's my wife, Chief," James McAllister told him.

"*Hyas kloshe klootchman.* (very fine woman.) I give you much *chickamin.* (money) I give 500 *dolla* for *klootchman,* she make me *kloshe* wife," the Cowlitz chief told McAllister in a mixture of English and the Chinook jargon.

"I'm afraid she's not for sale, Chief," McAllister replied when he finally understood what the Indian was asking him to do. "I just couldn't get along without her."

In reply the old chief grunted, nodded a couple of times, and left.

Many times afterwards James would tease his wife about the old chief's offer to buy her.

"Just think, Ma, I coulda got $500 for you once. The way things look maybe I shoulda took him up on his offer."

His wife would just smile. She knew a man couldn't get along very well without a wife to help him.

After scouting around the Puget Sound, the McAllisters had taken a claim on the Nisqually River where Medicine

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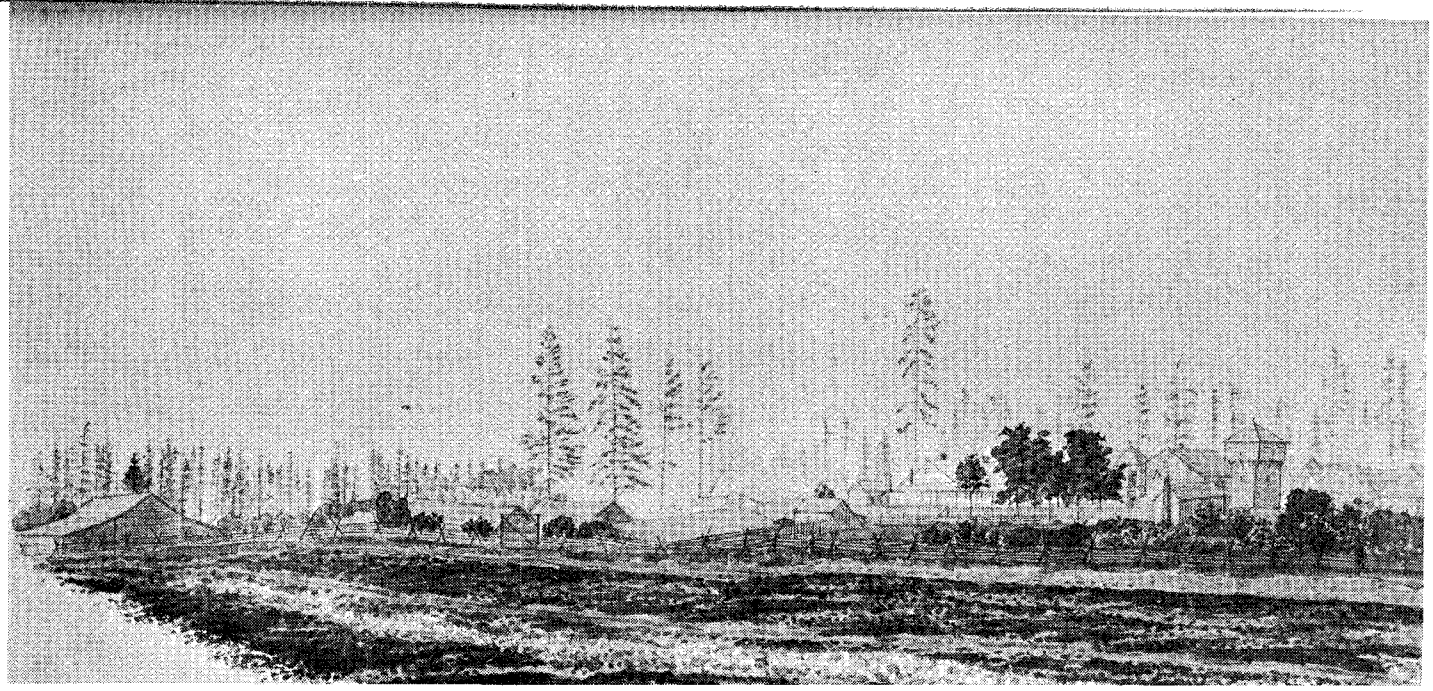

Curtis Collection Washington State Historical Society

Fort Nisqually as it appeared during the McAllister family period.

Creek flowed into the Squaquid and the soil was fertile.

The land on which they made their farm belonged to the Nisqualli Indians. Not far from where the McAllisters built a rude shelter were the council grounds where the Indians held councils of war. The Indians welcomed the newcomers. Their chief, Syonnatco, even relinquished land to the whites.

The chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, about five miles distant, gave McAllister wheat seed and seed potatoes. The Hudson's Bay Company operated a large stock range and farm northeast of the McAllisters'.

Each year for several seasons, the wheat from the farm was saved for planting the following spring. It was years before the McAllisters could harvest enough wheat for grinding into flour. The children learned to eat the food of the Indian: dried salmon, dried berries, clams and roots of the native edible plants. When bread was finally made from the wheat flour the children had to learn to like it all over again. Given a choice, they preferred the food of the Indians to their own.

Chief Leschi could not be reached.

Betts Collection

Not long after the arrival of the McAllisters on the Nisqually, James moved his farm some fifteen miles up the river valley where the soil was rich and there was no danger of flooding from the rampaging Nisqually.

James would make the trip from the old place, where the family still lived, up the river to the new farm by dugout canoe. This wasted much valuable time and caused him concern since there was the possibility of Indian attack on his family on the Medicine Creek place. It was not the Nisquallies who posed the threat but rather the fierce Haida Indians from the north who sometimes swept down from their home above Vancouver Island to strike terror in the hearts of the southern Indians as well as the whites.

James McAllister built a log house for his family on the new farm property and they moved there in the fall.

The Nisquallies made a camp on the McAllister farm. This was the practice of the Indians of the Pacific Coast. They liked the things that the white man could provide.

Mrs. McAllister found that the Indian women made good servants. They were quick to learn the household duties and made good nurses for the younger children. Mrs. McAllister trained several girls to help her around the house. There was Mrs. Momoedich, her sister Satco, and little Ynsaquecibut. There was also an Indian man, the husband of Mamoedich, as well as a boy named Clipwalen. They were all hard workers, faithful and honest.

The McAllisters, unlike the white people who later settled the country, learned everything they could about the Indian culture. They learned the Nisqualli language, their religion, their customs and way of life. They respected the Indian for what he was, a highly intelligent person who had much in common with the white man.

But the Indian could see no reason why the white man's door should be locked. A closed door was an insult to an Indian.

The Nisquallies, however, came to respect the strange ways of the white man and tried to understand that their customs were different. They came to look upon the closed door of the McAllister home not as an insult but merely a custom of the white man who wished privacy.

Once a strange Indian came to the Nisqualli camp on the McAllister farm. He had heard about the white people who locked their doors, and had come to see for himself if it were true. He boasted that there was no door anywhere,

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not the white man's, not the Indian's, that could keep him out. He could open any door!

He demanded to be taken to the strange white man's house and shown this door. The Nisquallies refused to comply with his request as they were afraid he would do something to embarrass them in front of their friends.

The Indian went by himself to the McAllister home. When he was confronted by the closed door he put his shoulder against it and gave a mighty heave, but the door wouldn't budge. He pounded on it until it gave.

The triumphant Indian stood on the threshold grinning from ear to ear. The grin soon vanished. Mrs. McAllister, not knowing the purpose of the strange Indian's visit, confronted him with a shotgun. When the Indian made one step into the house the plucky woman blasted him with the gun, filling his legs with shot.

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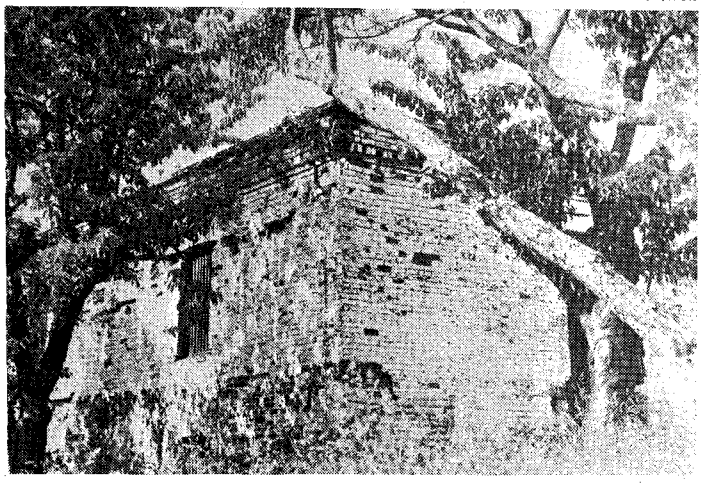

Remains of building in Steilacoom used as a jail.

The Indian fell screaming to the floor, but with all of his hollering no Nisqualli came to help him. Mrs. McAllister went to the camp of the Nisquallies and told them what she had done. The Indians said that he got what he deserved, that they had tried to keep him away.

The spunky rancher's wife then went back to the house to dress the wounds in the Indian's legs. She nursed the Indian, allowing him to remain in the house until his wounds healed. The Indian became one of her best friends.

THE INDIANS had remained friendly to the McAllisters since their arrival. Once they had saved James McAllister's life. That was why the head of the family could not believe it when word spread about the Indians going to war against the whites. Why should they?

He recalled the day when they had been in the Puget Sound region only a short time. He and a neighbor had resolved to explore the many islands in the Sound. Both considered themselves expert with the Indian dugout canoe; an assumption that they were to regret before the day ended.

They paddled down the Nisqually River without mishap, then pointed their canoe into the open water of the Sound against a rising wind from the northwest. A sudden squall came up, rain blotted out the shoreline and the wind churned the water into angry whitecaps.

The two men knew that they were in grave danger. The waves threatened to swamp their canoe. The wind changed abruptly, sweeping them farther and farther from the shore. They paddled vigorously against the pull of the tide and the wind but to little avail. Then a particularly large wave hit the canoe broadside. Water filled the craft and the two men were in the frigid waters of the Sound.

The time they clung to their overturned canoe seemed endless, although they could not have lasted in the water too long because of its coldness. When they could no longer cling to the canoe with their numb hands they spotted some drifting logs and managed to climb onto them. They hoped that they could drift to shore before succumbing to exposure.

Just as they thought that they would surely die, a canoe full of Indians discovered them clinging precariously to the logs. The expert canoemen soon had the two men aboard the huge 40-foot canoe.

The Indians brought the white men to their village where the cold, numb, victims of the storm were helped into an Indian house. A welcome fire burned brightly in the center of the room. The Indians removed the men's clothing and massaged their bodies until they were warm. Then blankets were wrapped about the white men as they sat huddled before the fire.

The Indians were strangers to the white men. The latter could not recognize the Indians' language, but they indicated they were hungry by signs. The Indians understood and ordered their squaws to prepare a meal.

An Indian woman never saves leftovers, each meal is prepared when needed, usually once a day. Cooking was accomplished by boiling food in watertight baskets. Red hot stones were placed in the container of food and water, the process being repeated until the food was cooked. It was a slow procedure.

While the meal was being prepared the two ranchers were given some dried salmon and sallal cake (a sort of pemican) to eat. McAllister indicated by signs that he couldn't eat the rock-hard, dried food. At first the squaws were perplexed, but sudden smiles crinkled their faces when the white man pointed to his toothless mouth and shook his head.

An old slave woman sat down beside McAllister. The hungry rancher was perplexed. The squaw took some dried salmon and sallal cake, popped the food into her mouth and chewed vigorously. When the food was well masticated by her excellent teeth she spat it out on a wooden dish and handed it to McAllister.

Only then did the amazed white man understand. If he couldn't chew the food the old woman would do it for him! After all this was done for their children, why not for this helpless white man?

McAllister refused the Indian's hospitality. He indicated by signs that he would much prefer to wait until the food in the basket was cooked.

When the food was ready the two men were invited to eat with the Indians. There was stewed venison, stewed salmon, as well as grilled salmon, and a concoction of grease, berries and salmon eggs all hashed together like a pudding.

McAllister's companion, afraid of the Indians, didn't want to do anything to offend them. He ate everything put before him. The Indians took a liking to that white man and the more he ate, the more they offered. He ate and ate until the Indian hosts and McAllister became alarmed. He kept right on eating, afraid to stop.

Finally he could not take one more bite. For a while everything was fine, then he became violently ill. He was so sick from overeating that he no longer cared what the Indians did to him. In fact he hoped that they would kill him and put him out of his misery.

The Indians knew all about the ranchers although they had never met them before. These were the Squaxon Indians who lived on an island in the Sound not too far from the mouth of the Nisqually. When the storm abated the Squaxons took the grateful white men home.

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The courthouse in Steilacoom, Washington.

Betts Collection

These were the same Indians who, according to rumor, were to go to war against the whites. James McAllister felt that they would remain friendly toward the whites.

FOR SEVERAL years matters went on," one of the McAllister girls wrote long afterwards. "The whites who had joined the tribes were in a rather delicate position. (The McAllisters had joined the Nisqualli tribe in the early years of their settlement in their country.) We had the right to sit in on their council, but we never did. At last they came and told us, 'We cannot stand much more imposition and if it is not stopped we will have to go to the woods.' This meant that they would go to war."

Then came the fateful day of December 25th, 1853, when not far from the McAllister's first cabin, Governor Isaac I. Stevens made a treaty with the Nisquallies, Squaxons, Puyallups, Muckelshoots and several lesser tribes. The treaty granted the Indians certain lands for reservations as well as an annual annuity of goods plus shovels, blacksmith shops, potlatches and other minor things in exchange for their land.

When months passed and the many benefits promised to the Indian tribes were not forthcoming (Gov. Stevens failed to explain that Congress would have to ratify the treaties) they became dissatisfied with the white man's ways.

The Nisquallies began to congregate on the old council grounds at night. The sound of their war drums echoed through the Nisqually Valley. The McAllisters heard and understood what it meant.

The Nisquallies painted their faces. Weapons were readied, but the time for war had not arrived. The Indians were waiting for some signal, some indication from other sources to begin the fight against the whites.

The various tribes still divided, were waiting for the day of Indian unification, then they would strike their blow against the whites. They would drive them from their country for all time.

Old Yanotco, the head chief of the Nisquallies, was not in favor of war. He had always been the friend of the white man. Had not the McAllisters always treated him with kindness and respect? The McAllisters had given him presents, fed him when he came to visit them. No, he could not take up arms against the whites.

But Fate, in her sly way, imposes upon people incidents that change the history of the world. This was true in the case of the Nisqually Valley.

Fate took the shape of a young American officer stationed at Fort Steilacoom, far from the people of his birth. This young lieutenant, lonely and homesick, did what so many men had done before and since. He became enamored of a beautiful Indian maiden, the only daughter of Chief Yanotco.

The young officer wooed and won the heart of the Indian princess and they were married according to the customs of the Nisquallies.

All went well with the marriage until the young officer was to be transferred back east. Of course, he reasoned, it was impossible to take the Indian girl home as his wife. According to the white man's laws he wasn't even married to her. He would send her back to her father, Chief Yanotco.

The broken-hearted girl went back to her father's house and told him that her husband no longer wanted her as his wife. This, according to Nisqualli custom, was a terrible disgrace, more so for the father than for the daughter.

The father refused to see anyone for three days. Instead of walking upright he would crawl about on all fours. Now and then he would stop and howl like a moon-crazed dog.

"I am debased lower than a dog," he was signifying.

The wronged woman's brothers were terribly angry. They swore revenge on the whites. They wanted to annihilate every white man except those who had joined the tribe.

Chief Yanotco turned his leadership over to his son, Leschi. The aging chief then went to live alone in a hut far removed from the Nisqualli village. He refused to walk upright and never spoke a word. Three months later he was dead.

With the death of Chief Yanotco, Leschi left for the mountains with his two wives and all of his belongings. First he stopped at the McAllister's farm to say goodbye. He told these people that he would go to seek his friends across the mountains.

"Friends," he said in Nisqualli, "my father is dead. My sister is disgraced in the eyes of the Nisqualli. For many winters I have been friends with my white neighbors. We have given them our land and yet the white men become like the wolves who take the cattle in the snows. Now it is time to fight, to kill the wolves at our doors. You, my brother, who have always been the friend of the Nisqualli we will never harm, nor any of your family. I go now to visit the council fires of the Yakimas and the Walla Wallas."

"My friend," McAllister replied, "do not do this thing. Do not make war against the whites, for they are many. They will rise up like the locusts from the dry summer prairie and come in ever larger numbers until all Indians are swept away. You must remain at peace with the white man. Those who have done evil against you will be punished. This I tell you true. Some day we will live as one, brothers all."

But Leschi could not be dissuaded. He had reached a decision. The time had come to make war against the evil white man.

With the Nisqualli chief gone from the reservation his people became restless; then they, too, left to roam freely about the countryside, creating a savage threat to the whites.

SOME of McAllister's neighbors, especially those who had only recently arrived in the Nisqually Valley, were fearful that a full scale uprising by the Indians would take place. The lanky ex-Kentuckian still didn't believe the Indians would attack. War dances and demonstrations, perhaps, but they wouldn't harm the whites.

Even though McAllister personally believed the Indians would remain peaceful, he dismissed all of the Indians working for him on the ranch. All of them left except the faithful Clipwalen who refused to leave.

"I have lived with the whites and I will die with them," he declared.

The day after Leschi left for the east some of McAllister's neighbors came to him. The purpose of their visit: to ask their friend to try to find the Nisqualli chief, and change his mind about making an alliance *(Continued on page 59)*

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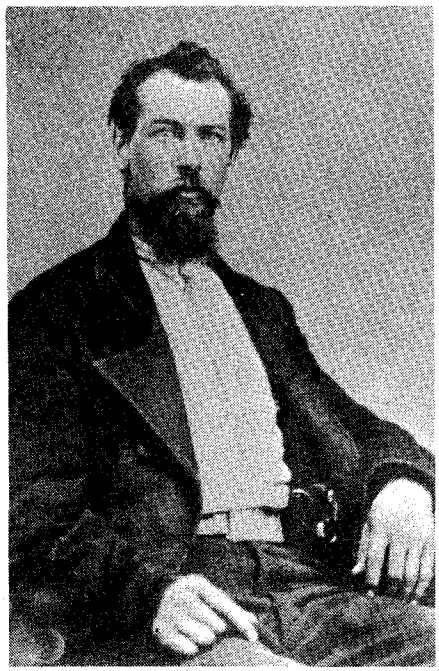
Grandfather and the Unwritten Law

Helping others was the way of the West. To this man it was a sacred duty

by Buford E. Irion



Author's Photos

THE RUTHLESS brutality of man toward man in the Old West is well known because of the cannibal Alfred Packer, the Donner Party tragedy, and many similar cases where men have deserted their companions and left them to die alone. But that is not the whole story. There was an unwritten law, not always followed, that said a man should go to the defense or rescue of another man who needed help.

My grandfather, John W. Irion, followed this latter law. A native of Nebraska, he came to Denver in July, 1859, to seek his fortune in the gold fields. Grandfather spent very little time there because he was anxious to get to the Gregory Diggings near Blackhawk where gold was believed to be more plentiful.

Something happened while he was working near Blackhawk that showed how men can help other men who are in big trouble. This story was told to me many years later by my grandfather when I was a small boy, living in Thomasville, Colorado.

His account follows:

In March, 1860, a party of men left Gregory Diggings for the purpose of prospecting the Middle Park Country. They crossed the main range near James Peak. Disregarding the fact that they were going into an unsettled area, they carried few provisions.

After crossing the range and going down the valley of the Grande River, they camped at Hot Sulphur Springs and prospected the surrounding country until their provisions were gone. It became necessary to retrace their trail to Gregory Diggings.

In the meantime, the weather had turned cold and one of the men, Nathan Rowley, had his feet frozen and was unable to travel. After some discussion, it was decided to start at once and leave Rowley at Hot Sulphur Springs until assistance could be sent to him.

The party had gone only a few miles on the return trip when Charles Tupper halted. He said that he had never before left a helpless man alone like that and he couldn't do it now. Taking his muzzle-loading rifle and blankets with him, he went back to the Springs determined to stay with Rowley to the bitter end.

The other men made their way to Gregory Diggings and went separate ways from there to other sections, leaving the rescue of Rowley and Tupper to a man by the name of Dorsey, who had been the leader of the expedition.

Dorsey was taken ill with a fever and lay sick a whole month unable to do anything, yet he did not forget the companions he had left behind, and made strenuous efforts to get someone to go to their rescue.

Finally he induced two men, Heath and King, to make the effort. They went as far as James Peak, where a storm overtook them. Worn out and discouraged, they returned to the Gregory Diggings. They said no human being could get across the range at that season of the year.

Dorsey, undaunted by the failure of the first party sent out, went to Russell Gulch, where James F. Pierce, Harrison Dennis, Lyman G. Crippen and my grandfather, John W. Irion, were engaged in whipsawing lumber.

James Pierce and Nathan Rowley had camped together the previous winter, and Dorsey thought Pierce might be induced to assist in finding his former partner. Pierce said it would be absolutely impossible for him to leave, but he would pay wages to anyone who would volunteer to go.

Crippen said he was ready to go. My grandfather wanted to accompany him. Both agreed wages were not necessary.

They started the following morning. Dorsey acted as guide, but he was too sick and feeble to pack anything. From James Peak pass Dorsey pointed out the route which his party had taken to Hot Sulphur Springs. If Rowley and Tupper were still living, he said, they would be there waiting for the promised relief.

Crippen and grandfather bade Dorsey farewell. From James Peak they proceeded north along the summit of the range about three miles, doubtless crossing the *(Continued on page 63)*

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Russel P. Jones Photo

The old hospital building now houses a museum, community room and souvenir shop.

FORT RICHARDSON
THE WHITE MAN'S HOPE

BUILT WITHIN THE SOUND OF INDIAN WAR CRIES, THIS GARRISON PLAYED A MAJOR ROLE IN THE TURBULENT SETTLEMENT OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST

by Louise Cheney

FORT RICHARDSON, established in 1867 and abandoned in 1878, was the most northerly post in the chain of frontier garrisons for the defense of west Texas. It was also one of the most vital military installations in all of the Lone Star State since it was nearest to the Indian reservations in Oklahoma Territory. Within sound of the red man's war cries, it played a major part in the settlement of the frontier and helped advance civilization westward.

The year after its establishment, the Sixth Cavalry set up headquarters at the post, making Fort Richardson one of the largest defense garrisons in the United States at the time. The troopers protected the settlers in the area, drove back the Indians and guarded the great trail herds to the markets of Kansas.

The history of the old fort, located at Jacksboro, Texas, is so filled with stirring drama that it reads like a swashbuckling adventure novel. The trials of Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowa chieftains, were held in Jacksboro. They were the first trials of their kind and therefore received nation-wide publicity.

Fort Richardson was established two years after the end of the Civil War because there was a need for a military garrison in Jacksboro. During the war many of the settlers left the small village because of the hostile Indians in the vicinity. During the conflict between the North and South no new settlers dared to take up residence there. But after the end of the war, people began to migrate to the west Texas frontier. The settlers in the Jacksboro area petitioned the U.S. Government for protection from the marauding red men. The first troops arrived in 1866 and two companies of cavalry pitched tents in the town square of Jacksboro on July 4th of that year.

Then on Monday morning, January 14th, 1867, a group of recruits, replacements of the U.S. Sixth Cavalry, marched into the village. The new troops were quartered in "A" tents on the square. The Commanding Officer, S. H. (Old Paddy) Starr had his headquarters in a tent at the southwest corner, enclosed by a picket stockade.

Sergeant H. H. McConnell, one of the new recruits, remained at Fort Richardson from 1867 until 1871. After his discharge from the army he returned to Jacksboro and made it his home. He wrote the story of his experiences while in the service and titled it "Five Years

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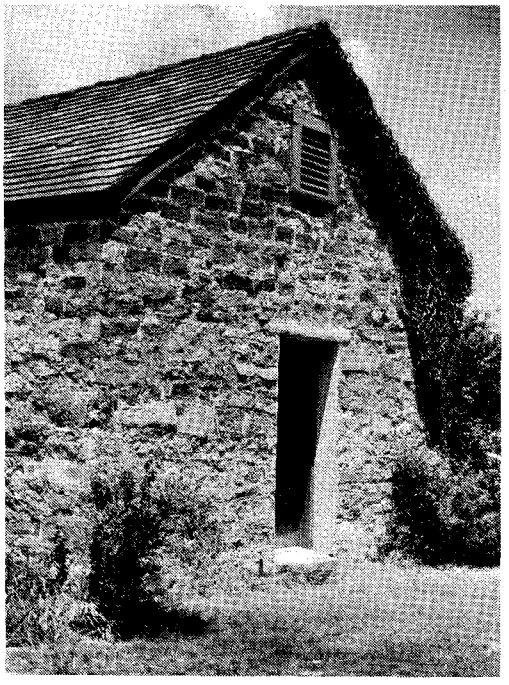
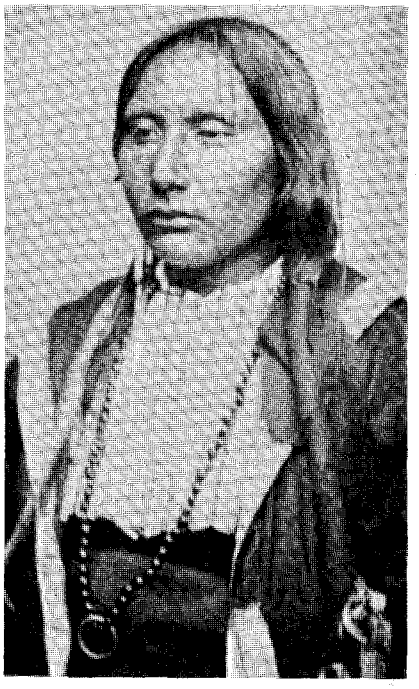
Russel P. Jones Photo



University of Oklahoma Press



Morgue where Big Tree (r.) and Satanta were held before trial.

A Cavalryman," which described life in detail at Fort Richardson.

McConnell said that in 1867 there were only two ramshackle buildings on the north side of the square at Jacksboro, one of which housed a grocery store. A concrete building stood on the southeast corner of the square, an old frame one on the northwest corner, and a run-down, "rawhide" (rough lumber) house was on the west side of the square. It served as a courthouse. There were a dozen or more log dwellings scattered around the town. This was the Jacksboro that met the eyes of the new recruits arriving there in 1867 to establish Fort Richardson.

McConnell further states that almost all of the population of the area lived in or near Jacksboro due to the Indian menace in the vicinity. Concerning the land to the west, he wrote: "With the exception of a couple of families in Young County, no settlement existed between Jacksboro and the Rio Grande. To the northwest a wilderness extended to the Kansas line and further on there were widely scattered Mexican settlements all the way to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Due west were the Staked Plains and the Panhandle which were then marked on the map as the Great American Desert. This desert country was the home of the Kiowa, Comanche and Arapahoe Indians. Buffalo roamed in great herds over it."

Building on the new military post started immediately after the arrival of the recruits. Materials were hauled via ox cart from the seaport of Indianola on the Texas coast. H. H. McConnell noted in his book that after the troops got there, the natives of Jacksboro found a ready market for liquids known as "pine top" or "white mule" to the soldiers, for from three to six dollars per canteen.

Toward the end of April there were several log structures and picket houses finished. But at the end of that month came orders to abandon Jacksboro as the site of the new post and to establish one at Buffalo Springs in Clay County, about twenty miles north of Jacksboro. On the new site it was proposed to erect a four-company cavalry post since the War Department deemed Buffalo Springs a more advantageous location than Jacksboro. Two companies were immediately dispatched to the new site. In July, 1867, materials, mechanics and laborers were sent to Buffalo Springs and construction on the fort was started.

SUMMER passed and by autumn it was discovered that the water supply at Buffalo Springs was inadequate to supply a military garrison. On December 1st, 1867, a board of officers from the Department of Texas Headquarters decided to abandon Buffalo Springs and move back to Jacksboro.

Immediately after that decision one troop and all the quartermaster's employees, teams and outfits were moved to Jacksboro and work began on the new post.

The garrison was officially established November 26th, 1867, by order of Major General W. S. Hancock.

On March 10th, 1868, the last troop left Buffalo Springs and arrived at Jacksboro in a pouring rain. The troopers were quartered in a temporary camp for the night, about half a mile west of the village. The next day the men found that the construction of the new garrison was well under way. In charge was a regular staff quartermaster, Captain Poster, who was represented by a civilian agent, Captain Moore. The site of the post on the south side of Lost Creek, a tributary of the Trinity River, one-half mile from Jacksboro, was included in a military reservation, leased by the United States, extending to Lost Creek.

On February 6th, 1868, the garrison was named *(Continued on page 70)*

Field officers' quarters at Fort Richardson, Jacksboro, Texas.

Russel P. Jones Photo

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by Knoles-Peterson

KING OF COCK FIGHTING

M. L. BURKHEAD of El Paso, Texas, has fought gamecocks all over the United States and Mexico, with his most exciting memories of the sport going back more than 60 years, when life along the border was heady stuff.

"My cocks beat the best, even those of J. H. Madigan, breeder and fighter of the famous Clarets. One of my best handlers," he added, "was Pancho Villa. Fame came a little later for Pancho. When I first knew him he was down on his luck, hiding out on the American side of the Rio Grande. That *hombre* sure knew his cockfighting."

"Cockfighting," Mr. Burkhead continued, "is the most exciting of all sports. If you've ever seen two gamecocks strutting and circling in the pit, neck feathers ruffled, red eyes blazing, steel gaffs gleaming, you know what I mean."

"I understand that you won $5000 on one fight in Juarez, Mexico, back in 1900," I said.

"I remember that fight well," Burkhead admitted. "I was breeding, fighting and selling black-grey Gordons. They were the grittiest, fightingest cocks I've ever seen. The strain is almost extinct now, I regret to say. They won many a dollar for me, but that $5000 was the largest single bet I ever won with them."

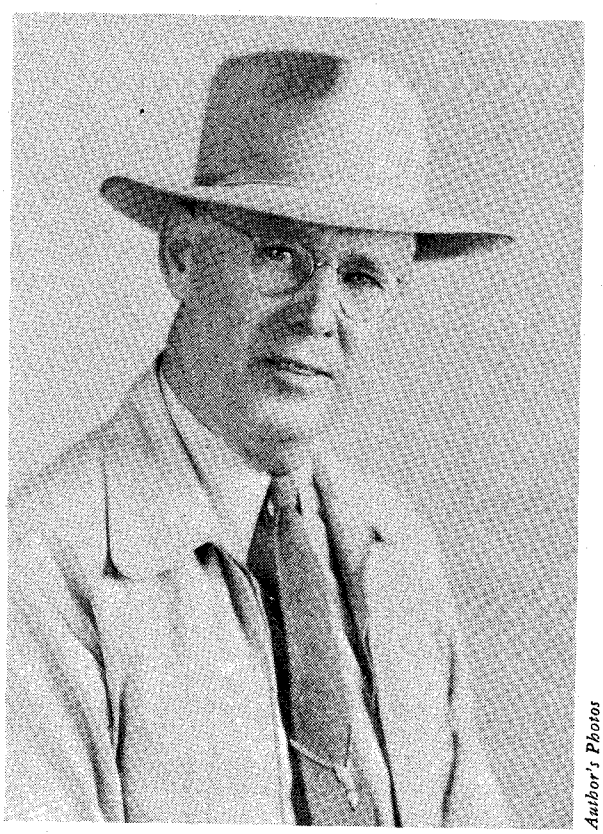
M. L. Burkhead, a Southerner, comes from a cockfighting family. Some of the most vivid memories of his boyhood are of his mother's seven brothers, all lawyers, who bred and fought gamecocks for sport and profit. It was after Mr. Burkhead came to the wide-open town of El Paso that he took up cockfighting as a hobby.

"I soon learned," he recalls, "that it was a lucrative business as well as fine sport. I could, and did make more money on a shipment of 100 cocks than a cattle broker could make with the same number of beeves.

"Cockfighting goes back many years in America. George Washington developed the Virginia Red strain of game chickens. When Andrew Jackson was President he fought cocks on the front lawn of the White House. He even staged a 'main' there."

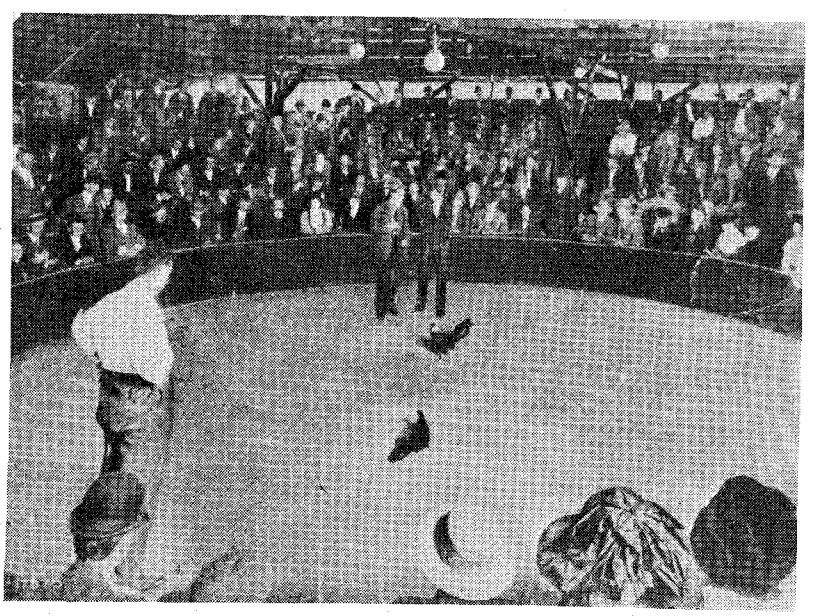
A main, Mr. Burkhead explained, is where an odd number of cocks are entered, usually 21. The winner is the rooster that wins the most fights, the one left standing

The amazing



Author's Photos

M. L. Burkhead of El Paso, Texas.



A cockfighting pit in Plaza de Gallos, Juarez, Mexico.

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in the ring when all the others are out of it.

Research in the Library of Congress shows the following quotation from early papers of Andrew Jackson:

"A memorandum on how to feed a cock before you fight him. Take and give him some pickled beef, cut fine, three times a day and give him sweet milk instead of water to drink. Give him dry Indian corn that has been soaked in sweet milk. Feed him as much as he can eat for eight days."

Cockfighting is now outlawed in all states, but when Mr. Burkhead bred and fought cocks it was legal in Texas. It has always been legal in Mexico. Fashionable hostesses in Mexico City often take their guests on to a cockfight after dinner, where the smartly gowned ladies cheer their favorite roosters as fervently as their escorts do. Contrary to popular opinion, cockfighting, rather than bullfighting, is the main sport in Mexico.

Mr. Burkhead fought his cocks in Mexico City, and entered them in more contests in Juarez. Enthusiasts from all over the world competed in the Juarez pits in those days. Big money changed hands. Gate receipts were good. Betting ran high. Roosters could be taken over the International Bridge with no trouble.

"After people saw my champions fight in Juarez," Mr. Burkhead recalled, "the orders for my stock would pour in. I had the best of help. My trainer was a Negro named Lucius Talbot, nationally famous in cockfighting circles. I paid Lucius $125 a month, top wages then. One day Lucius suggested that I hire a Mexican friend of his to help around the pens for $3 a week. I told Lucius to bring him on. The friend turned out to be Pancho Villa."

Mr. Burkhead nodded. "All this was along in 1910. Revolutions were the order of the day in Mexico, and Madero was in and out of El Paso, gathering forces."

I tried to picture Pancho Villa, whose name was headlined in war news along the border and then across the world, as a cleaner of chicken pens.

Mr. Burkhead elaborated. Pancho, a bandit chief with a price on his head, was in this country waiting for the Mexicans to cool off on their hunt for him. He was broke. He knew and loved fighting cocks and was an expert handler. He also knew many cockfight promoters in Mexico. Pancho furnished Mr. Burkhead with lists of prospective customers and they did a landslide business shipping cocks south of the border. They became good friends. Villa spoke a little broken English and Mr. Burkhead knew only a smattering of border Mexican, but they had the language of the dedicated sportsman in common.

Soon after Francisco Madero declared himself Provisional President of Mexico and established his camp across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Villa and his followers joined him. In the forthcoming battle of Juarez, in 1910, Villa distinguished himself as a strong military commander.

"Yet, just a short time before that he worked for you for $3 a week," I said.

"Pancho cleaned pens and stalls, put the cocks out in sun coops, and did any necessary chores. I kept about 300 chickens at my place on South Second," Mr. Burkhead explained.

"I always remember Villa as a stocky young man with broad shoulders, a black *mustachio,* and the blackest, most glittering eyes I ever looked into. He had a fierce and unpredictable temper. He was also quite a man with the ladies —*muy hombre* as they say across the river. But most of all he was my cockfighting *compadre*. We watched many a fight together."

AT 84 Mr. Burkhead, no longer active in the gamecock business, still follows the sport. There are pits in Mexico where cockfighting is legal, half an hour's drive from downtown El Paso. Fine cocks are still bred and fought all up and down the Rio Grande Valley. Recently a local paper carried an item about a valuable cock being stolen from an upper valley farm.

"Did women go to cockfights back in the 1900's?" I asked.

"In Juarez, yes," Mr. Burkhead replied. "It was quite the thing to do. But not on this side. However," he chuckled, "I heard about one instance of a group of determined ladies trying to crash a cockfight." *(Continued on page 56)*

Mr. Burkhead won $5000 on one fight in Juarez, Mexico

Arrow points to Mexican revolutionary leader Pancho Villa.

Villa when a Mexican general.

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THE AMAZING ESTHER MORRIS

by C. L. Mayberry

SHE CHAMPIONED WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND LED THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT NEARLY A CENTURY AGO

THEY CALLED IT Esther Morris' Tea Party, and while it isn't likely to go down in history on the same level with the one in Boston 96 years earlier, it led to historic changes almost as revolutionary.

This Tea Party took place in South Pass, Wyoming Territory, on September 2nd, 1869. South Pass, a town of a few thousand people, was then the largest settlement in the huge, sprawling Territory. It was destined to be forgotten except for Esther Morris.

All the men of South Pass watched in amazement, and a bit of awe because, while only two men had been invited to the Morris home for tea, the others were watching their wives and girl friends and daughters march in military (and militant) formation down the Main Street in good order, their heads held high and proud, their shoulders back, their legs (unseen and unmentionable in those days) swinging in unison under their voluminous skirts and petticoats. They turned sharply, in good order, at a corner, and headed for the wooden shack that was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris.

The two invited male guests for the Tea Party were Colonel William H. Bright, Democratic Candidate for the Territorial Legislature, and Herman Nickerson, Republican candidate for the same office. This was a typical political strategem devised by the women's leader, the one who had strode manfully down the street at the head of the other marching women in this most unusual Wyoming parade.

Her name was Esther Morris, and she was a big-boned, big-bodied woman, 55 years old and unusually alert and vital and still attractive at the age when most Western women had been worn down by the climate, the work, and sometimes by their too demanding husbands.

Mrs. Morris had a cause, a matter into which she could throw herself whole-heartedly. And, while this march and Tea Party took place in a small town in the West, women all over the world, who had never heard of Wyoming, South Pass or Esther Morris, would be grateful to her for what she accomplished.

Esther Morris was the kind of woman who comes along once every few generations. You'd think there'd be monuments and statues to her all over the country, all over the world, but she is less known today than any minor political figure of the last century, though she accomplished something that most revolutionists failed to achieve.

She was born in 1814, in Oswego, a fairly important town in upstate New York. By the time she was 11, her parents had died and she had learned a trade—millinery—to suport herself, something she was able to do for the rest of her life. When she was 18, she married a young man of the neighborhood about her age, named John Shack. Very little is known about Mr. Shack except that he died of probably

Esther knew how to get what she wanted.

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what we'd call pneumonia today soon after they were married. She went back to her millinery trade to keep herself in food and shelter. Actually, she had never given it up.

A few years later she married again, another John, last name Morris. He was a pleasant, decent man. Esther was happy with him even though he was never very successful. A farmer with a little bit of poor land, he finally sold his small piece of land to get money to go West.

They joined one of the many parties traveling toward the new Frontier, and stopped for a time in Kansas where the land was rich and plentiful. But bad luck plagued John Morris, and a couple of bad growing seasons spoiled his plans. There was talk all through the Plains of gold and silver in the mountains, and the talk was attractive to the Morrises as well as thousands of others.

They ended up in Wyoming Territory, where some people found gold and a large number did not. The Morrises were among those who worked hard and struggled, always waiting for the big strike that might come at any moment. Finally they settled in South Pass, a town large enough for John to get odd jobs, and where Esther could again take up her trade as a milliner.

This big, determined, competent, but completely feminine woman soon made her mark. She became the unofficial "town mother." People came to her with their troubles, knowing they would receive both sympathy and sound, hard-headed advice. It was not always the advice they wanted to hear, but even those who didn't like what they were told, learned to respect the wisdom and judgment of the woman who gave it. Her reputation spread, as will the fame and reputation of any man or woman considered both wise and fair. It was suggested, half in jest, that her unofficial position be made official, and she was appointed the local Justice of the Peace, half in jest but half in earnest.

THE JOB of Justice of the Peace in those days was one of much more importance than it is today. Though the Western Territories were under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, in far-away Washington, they had a large amount of local self-government. The courts met rarely; and law enforcement was largely up to the community, where local "judges" often had a fairly free hand. The most famous example of this being Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos."

At any rate, to almost everyone's astonishment, including her own, Esther Morris was appointed Justice of the Peace in South Pass. As such, she was the first woman to hold that office in the whole United States, and was a national as well as a local sensation. Though she did an excellent job, she was the target of a lot of masculine jokes and abuse, but very

Wyoming State Historical Society Photos

A verse popular at the time went: "Baby, baby, don't get in a fury. Your Mama's gone to sit on a jury."

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little of it came from South Pass or Wyoming sources. From this she learned a valuable lesson she was to put to good use later. Primarily it was based on a simple fact: the power was in the hands of the men, so get them on your side. Don't antagonize them unnecessarily.

As the first and only feminine Justice of the Peace, she was subject to a certain amount of doubt from the local residents, and a good deal of ridicule from the rest of the country. The tough miners and prospectors and drifters soon found that the new Justice of the Peace could handle herself —and them—under any circumstances. She was tough but she was fair, and doubts about her ability soon faded. But elsewhere in the country, she was fair game. It was a man's world, even in the "civilized" East, and the idea of a woman dispensing justice in the rough-and-ready West seemed ludicrous.

Because Esther Morris was a big, heavy-set woman, doing a tough man's job, she was generally depicted by cartoonists as more masculine than feminine—her feet on the desk, a cigar in her mouth, or chewing tobacco and aiming at a far-off spittoon. Reporters from the East who were sent to Wyoming to write stories about this curiosity, did so according to their individual (or papers') bias rather than from the standpoint of objective reporting.

But Wyoming justice and Esther Morris survived even the onslaughts of the widely-read *Police Gazette*. Eventually she was left alone, to continue meting out justice according to her own judgment, which was pretty good.

When, why, or how Esther Morris got interested in the suffragette movement is clouded in history. She was never a member of the women's movement in the East, though she was later acclaimed by them. It is probable that her interest was aroused by her success as a Justice of the Peace, and a general rebellion against what we'd call a lack of civil rights for women.

The position of women in the West has to be taken into consideration. There was no middle ground, women were either good or bad, and that was that. One of the differences between the Frontier and more settled East was that women in the West were much scarcer, and that being the case, more highly prized. The fact that some of the "bad" women were good in all respects except for their means of making a living, and some of the "good" women—wives and daughters, were hell-on-wheels to live with made little difference.

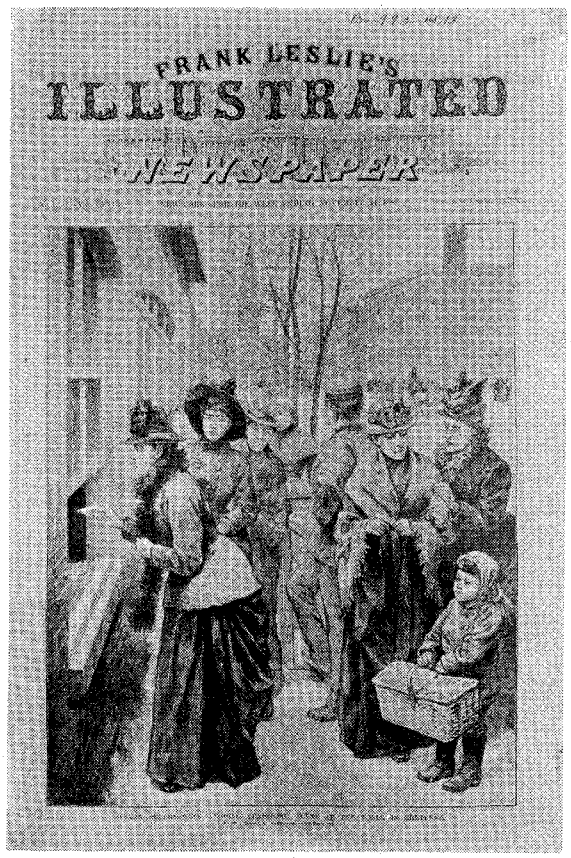
Women were either respectable or they weren't. That's the way they were looked upon and treated. Occasionally, one of the "good" women slipped across the line; usually because she was so ill-treated by her husband that she decided to leave him and make her own way. Some women found the hard life of a prostitute the easiest way.

But generally, the old law of supply and demand took over. The "good" woman with a good husband was, in general, treated with more respect and consideration than her sister in a comparable position back East. Possibly they were more appreciated because they were the ones brave enough, strong enough, or loyal enough to follow their men West, or go with them. It was possibly due to this high regard for women that the first break in the suffragette movement came in the West. It may have been due to that, or due to the indomitable will and wily politicking of Esther Morris. At any rate, when the women of the West decided to work for the vote, they didn't go about it with the militancy—and lack of success—the Eastern women used. *(Continued on page 61)*

Wyoming State Historical Society Photos

Louise Ann Swain put on her shawl and became the first woman to vote in a public election.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper featured women voting in Wyoming on the front cover.



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The Happy Captive

by Gene Jones

Life with the Shoshones was a welcome adventure to little Reuban Van Orman. He screamed and fought like a wildcat when the Indians were forced to give him up

New York Public Library

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, the classic story of the American West. There are settlers in their wagon trains, an Indian attack, death for the older people, and capture by the savages for the children. Months later the United States Cavalry rescues the one surviving white boy from the horrors of captivity at the hands of the redskin kidnappers. That's the way the story usually goes.

But the Van Orman family did not fit into this classic pattern. There were the traveling emigrants: Alexis Van Orman and his wife, three young daughters, and sons, Marcus and Reuban. They were pushing westward from Wisconsin to Oregon and their wagon train was attacked by bands of Shoshones and Bannocks on the Snake River in what is now southeastern Idaho. The first part of their story does fit the classic pattern. Alexis Van Orman, his wife and older son Marcus were killed and their bodies mutilated. Nine-year-old Reuban and his three sisters were taken captive.

This happened in mid-October, 1860.

A few months later Reuban's uncle, Zachias Van Orman, who was settled on a mining claim in Oregon, learned of the disaster and set out to find his nephew and nieces. Eventually he got the army involved and a detachment of U.S. Cavalry rescued little Reuban.

It sounds like a hundred such tales. They have been told so often that you expect this one to be just like all the others.

Not so. Some of the facts in the Van Orman case throw it out of the classic pattern.

First, it develops that Reuban Van Orman was not, as expected, the dimpled and adorable youngster suffering his awful captivity in noble silence. He was a little hellion who made loud, happy noises about being an Indian captive because he loved it.

During his captivity, he was not much concerned that his three little sisters died of starvation. Life with the Shoshones, led by Chief Bear Hunter, was a marvelous lark to Reuban, and he screamed and fought like a cornered young wildcat when the Indians were forced to give him up. He made it clear that he had no desire to be "rescued."

Reuban's Uncle Zach, however, was a determined man. He spent several thousand dollars and two years butting his head against the brick wall of government bureaucracy getting help from the army to retrieve his reluctant nephew.

Zach Van Orman could have played any Hollywood Western hero: he was tall, dark, rugged and handsome. Unfortunately there was no lovely, anxious heroine for him to save; nobody but little Reuban, to whom Uncle Zach was something of a pest wanting to drag him off to Oregon to work his mining claim with him.

Zach Van Orman heard from another relative, newly arrived in Oregon, that he had seen a white boy living with Indians in the vicinity of Cache Valley, only a hundred miles or so from where Reuban had been captured, and had tried to buy the child; but the Indians demanded an impossible price. This white child was probably Zach's missing nephew. Obviously the Shoshones rather liked having Reuban around to put such a high price on him.

Zach wasted no time getting to Salt Lake City where he could ask for aid from the army. He was sent, eventually, to join Major Edward McGarry at the then new Camp Douglas, near Logan.

As for the cavalry, they supplied the comic opera climax to the whole story. Major Edward McGarry and his troops from Camp Douglas had been told they were involved in an Indian war; they were to find Chief Bear Hunter's camp, subdue the hostiles and make a daring rescue of the little white boy. McGarry and company set out to impress the local settlers they thought they were protecting and, hopefully, even show the Indians a thing or two.

After an elaborate,

(Continued on page 73)

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Nobody ever knew what turned this successful businessman

BLOODY CRIMES OF ROBERT TRIBOLET

by James A. Long

CLEVER, RUTHLESS and contemptuous are the words for Robert Tribolet. Clever describes the way he led his small army of nocturnal bandits. He was ruthless with his victims. He was contemptuous of all Mexican law enforcement officers and outwitted the harried, underpaid *rurales* for years. The Southwest never knew a more colorful outlaw than this man who brought about a reign of terror throughout Mexico's northern Sonora counties.

Little is known of Tribolet's early life. Existing old records, however, state that he was of Swiss-German origin, and came to Arizona Territory in the late 1870's. For some years he operated a butcher shop in Bisbee, was well known there and in the Tombstone area as an honest, hard-working business man. Then, for unknown reasons, he disposed of his flourishing Bisbee shop and moved with his family to Phoenix, where he had two brothers.

For a while his movements are uncertain, but, in that time, something (possibly domestic problems) changed him into a hell-bent outlaw obsessed with the idea of getting rich the "easy way." We find that he had left his family and relatives in Phoenix and moved, alone, to Agua Prieta, Sonora, Mexico, just across the line from Douglas, Arizona Territory.

Agua Prieta was a tough border town of saloons and low dives where gunmen and rustlers, road agents and sneak thieves congregated to squander ill-gotten gains on drink, gambling, and sloe-eyed girls. Gamblers and con men lurked in every wide-open bistro and on the dusty streets to roll the drunks and fleece the unwary.

Just south of town, Robert Tribolet bought a lot and established a combined saloon, gambling den, and bawdy house. His new business flourished from the start. In addition to legitimate profits, he began making money acting as fence and protector of outlaws escaping across the border with loot from the United States, and by selling liquor to Indians. As money rolled in, greed increased. Tribolet began to strong-arm and squeeze out his competitors, one by one.

With an eye to attracting loot from hell-raising Tombstone and Nearby Bisbee, he established a saloon at Naco, a wild border town, some 20 miles west of Agua Prieta. From this saloon (according to an old report by James B. Glover, in the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society files), in 1886 Geronimo and his renegades, secured the liquor which indirectly brought discredit to General George S. Crook.

Geronimo had surrendered to "Braided Beard" far south of the border and had agreed to return to the Apache reservation at San Carlos, Arizona. On the way back, the general had permitted the weary Indians to halt for a rest near Naco, a mile or two from Tribolet's saloon. That night, the renegades obtained a quantity of *mescal* and got roaring drunk! They broke their word, slipped away from the loosely guarded camp, and escaped back into the wilds of the Sierra Madres. As a result of his failure to bring in the renegades, Crook was relieved of his command and replaced by General Nelson A. Miles.

Tribolet was playing a tough, dangerous game, but he had become a tough, dangerous *hombre* who made it pay off. He kept the law happy by greasing the palms of corrupt, high-ranking, Mexican officials. Making money was so easy in "mañana land" that he began to cast about for ways to expand his rackets. With this idea in mind, he started south on a trip to Nacozari. While stopped at a stage station called the Halfway House, he learned that this place was for sale. A large tract of land went with it.

He looked the property over, decided it was exactly what he needed for future plans, and set about to buy it. After a bit of haggling with the Mexican owner a price was agreed upon, and Tribolet became the new proprietor.

SHORTLY thereafter, he employed a number of *vaqueros* and *peons* and began improving the ranch and hotel. New sheds and bunkhouses were built. The tavern was remodeled and enlarged. Presently, small herds of livestock, from many directions and unknown sources, began to arrive, and Tribolet assumed the role of a respectable *ranchero*.

Carefully, he laid his nefarious plans and bided his time. He entertained often. Important men came to his tavern to gamble and sip his splendid wine.

Without appearing to do so, Tribolet studied them all. Finally he had picked his man, none other than the honorable *alcalde* of Fronteras!

The mayor, a fun-loving, pompous man, lived above his means, and was consequently deep in debt. He tried to recoup his losses at Tribolet's gaming

Tribolet supplied Geronimo (center) and his renegades

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into the most feared outlaw in the Southwest

tables, only to wind up (as Tribolet had arranged) with the latter holding his I. O. U.'s for a large sum.

Tribolet let him worry for a while. Then, one day, he called the troubled man into his private office, produced the I. O. U.'s and demanded payment.

"I cannot pay now *Señor,* perhaps in a little while," he hedged, beginning to sweat.

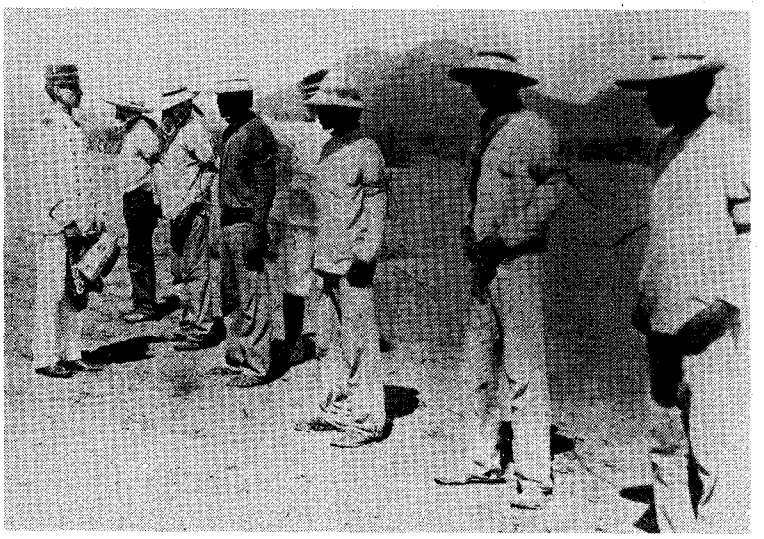
Tribolet roared, "I want my money now!" Then, sure of his ground, he added in a more agreeable tone, "However, you may have them back and earn much more besides, if you will perform certain, easy tasks for me."

He outlined his proposition. Like a starving trout, the worried official rose to the bait and accepted the offer.

Still in no hurry, Tribolet carefully picked his lieutenants and worked out what proved to be a most efficient *modus operandi.* From his ranch headquarters he secretly directed every move and kept his identity so well hidden that only a select few knew him as *El Jefe* (the chief).

To the public he was an affable, generous host, a big-hearted *caballero.* Travelers who carried valuables usually turned them over to him for overnight safekeeping. Their luggage would be inspected in the night and if found to contain values worth stealing, *El Jefe* would pass the word. His confederates would do the rest.

Isolated *haciendas* were broken into and looted. Lonely prospectors and miners were relieved of their gold, sometimes tortured. Several victims were murdered *(Continued on page 53)*



Captured Tribolet men being readied for execution (above). Outlaws after firing squad had completed its job (below).

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society Photos

with arms and liquor.

One of the stagecoaches held up by Tribolet and his men.

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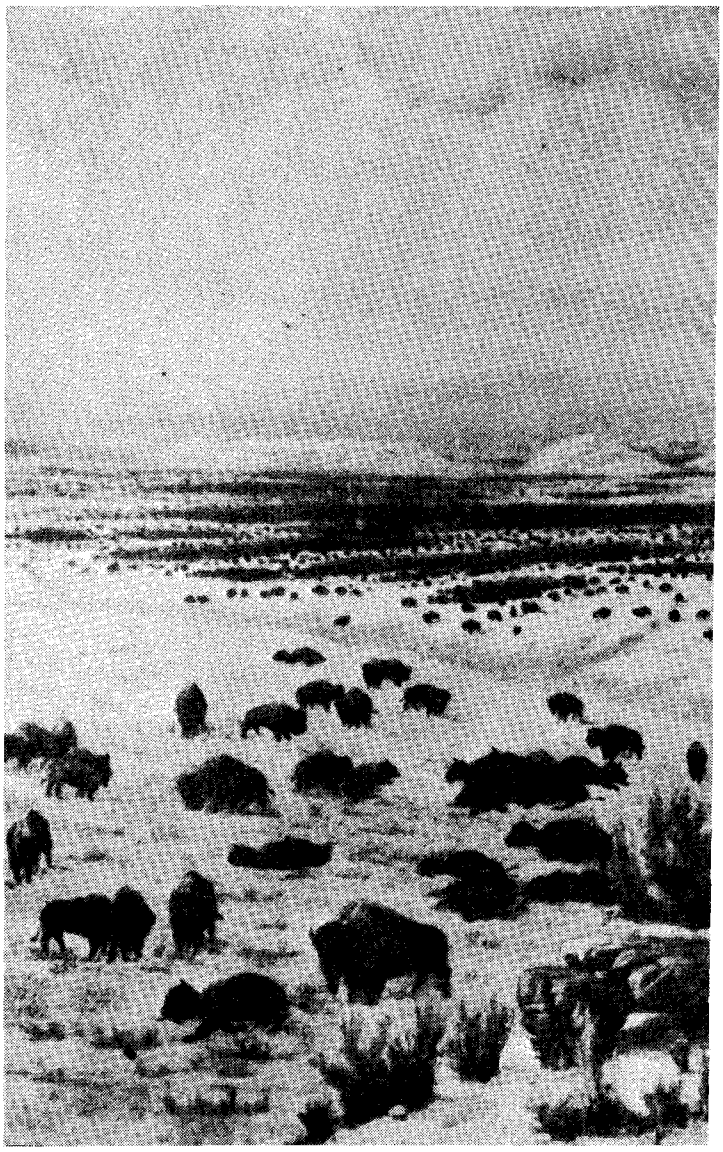
This is the story of one man who found that the American bison was far from the dumb, cowardly animal he was thought to be

BUFFALO FURY

by George Andrew Gordon



(Editor's Note: The common belief handed down from early hunting days, that the buffalo was too dumb and cowardly to attack a man has persisted. We are pleased to offer this excellent piece of Americana, reprinted from Volume XVI of the Kansas Historical Collections, published by the Kansas Historical Society, to give you the correct picture of the American bison's fury and courage.)

THE TERRITORY formerly called the "Plains" now included within the States of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas was once the summer grazing ground of innumerable herds of buffalo. They were migratory animals, moving north in the spring as soon as the new grass afforded them pasturage. When the frosts of the early winter had turned the northern pastures brown, they commenced their return to their winter home in western Texas. By the first of January the majority of those herds that covered the western plains during the summer had passed south of the Red River. Men who crossed the plains to California and Oregon in those early days, and saw the number of buffalo that swarmed over them, can easily imagine how numerous they would be when congregated in that one part of Texas lying south of the Red River.

Into this winter home of the buffalo, this writer, with four companions, penetrated and wandered on horseback between the 20th of February and the 15th of April, 1846. Correct dates cannot be given, as the diary I kept was written with a common lead pencil, and on my way to the Gulf, as I will relate later, it became necessary for me to swim a river, so the book got soaked and became illegible.

Two of my companions were old, gray-headed French Canadians who had spent many years as hunters and trappers in the service of the fur companies in the Northwest. Two others were natives of Arkansas, one a doctor about my own age. These men were each armed with a flintlock rifle and a huge bowie knife. One of the graybeards also had a small axe hanging from his saddle, if it could be called a saddle, for only I had an article worthy of that name.

My meeting with these men on the eve of their starting on this expedition was purely accidental. I had no weapon more dangerous than a penknife, but one of the graybeards offered to lend me a rifle if I would join them. I accepted the offer. They were already mounted ready to leave, and in less than fifteen minutes after our first meeting, I had joined this company of strangers, and had started to go into hostile Indian country. Very foolish you will say, and I will not dispute it.

The gun given to me was a long-barreled heavy rifle that shot an ounce ball. Plenty of ammunition was also supplied. I named the gun "Long Tom," as I believed a gun in the Navy was known by that name. It would not pay to shoot small birds with Long Tom, but if a ball from it struck a buffalo on the side near the termination of the long hair, his days were numbered.

I will relate the following incident to show what Long Tom was capable of. One day in our wanderings, we came to a circular hollow or basin, one-half mile or more in diameter, and perhaps one hundred feet deep, with a sloping grassy bank, and some scattered trees. The sight was so pleasant that we dismounted and seated ourselves on the grass to admire it. The hollow had the appearance of being a lake,

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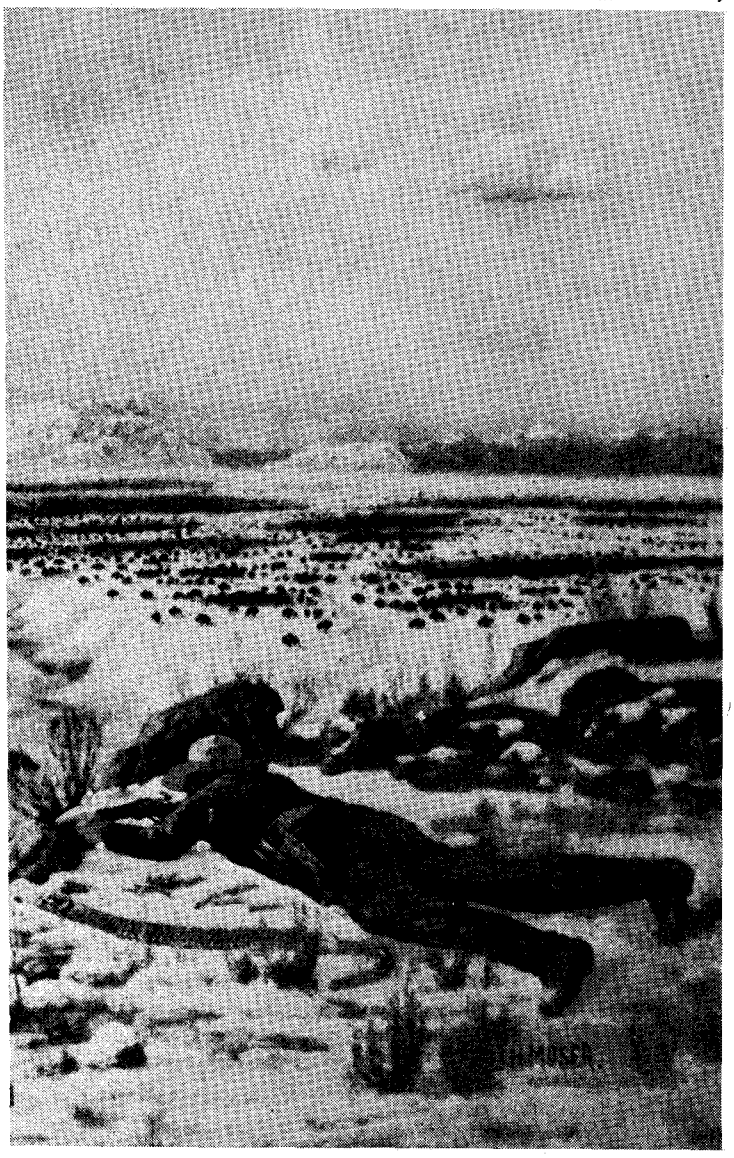

Wild Life Bureau Photo

Buffalo hunter drawing a bead on the game (l.) and a grazing herd (above).

but had neither inlet nor outlet. If it were on top of a mountain, it could have been the crater of an extinct volcano.

The bottom of the basin was covered with tall coarse dead grass. Presently I saw over the top of the grass the hump of a buffalo near the opposite bluff, and expressed my intention to shoot it, but my comrades objected to my shooting at a buffalo so distant. They thought I couldn't hit it. Regardless of their wishes, I stepped to a tree farther up the bank where a better view of the buffalo could be had, and resting the barrel of Long Tom against the tree, I fired. The buffalo fell!

At the report of the gun, a large herd that had been hidden by the tall grass rushed up the bank. We now mounted and crossed the lake to the fallen buffalo.

The dead grass was as high as our heads when we were on horseback, and every 20 or 25 yards there was a small pool of clear water almost knee-deep to our horses. The buffalo was lying in one of these pools, the water tinged red with his blood. He was not quite dead. One of the graybeards wanted his tongue to roast, so he waded into the pool, gave him a few taps with the axe and cut out his tongue. I think he ate all of it before morning.

We killed many buffalo that we did not use, not even the tongue. Such a "slaughter of the innocents" appeared to me inhuman, if not criminal. I proposed that we kill no more than we needed for food. This meant the killing of at least one buffalo a day, since we had fresh meat every night, but could not incumber ourselves with any unnecessary weight during the day.

WHEN WE started on our trip, in addition to our weapons, we took a small amount of corn bread and a little salt. In two days our pone was exhausted, and in a few more our salt, too. To live on fresh meat alone without salt was not a new experience to the two old trappers, but to three of us it was a dreaded experiment. However, after riding all day in an exhilarating climate, we found that tender roast buffalo meat without salt was not unpalatable.

Our manner of proceeding during this trip was as follows: sometime before sunset we began to look for a place suitable to camp; a place as inconspicuous as possible was desirable, since we were in Indian country. With the place selected, and the horses picketed, the young men set to work to collect fuel. If wood was not convenient, buffalo chips were generally plentiful. The graybeards brought the meat and marrow bones. The fire was then converted into a bed of hot coals, and the coals were speedily covered with slices of meat or surrounded by rods, one end being stuck into the ground, the other holding a piece of meat over the coals. The marrow bones were buried under the coals and usually remained there till morning. When we had finished our supper, the rods were replenished with meat for breakfast, for we seldom made a fire in the morning.

When the old trappers had spun all the yarns they recalled for that evening, we went away from the fire and lay down, our guns by our sides, the ground our bed, our saddles our pillows, the sky our covering. No word above a whisper was spoken during the night. We posted no sentinel, but perhaps at no time were we all asleep, for the hooting of an owl or the howling of a wolf was sure to waken someone.

In the morning, we arose when it was light enough for

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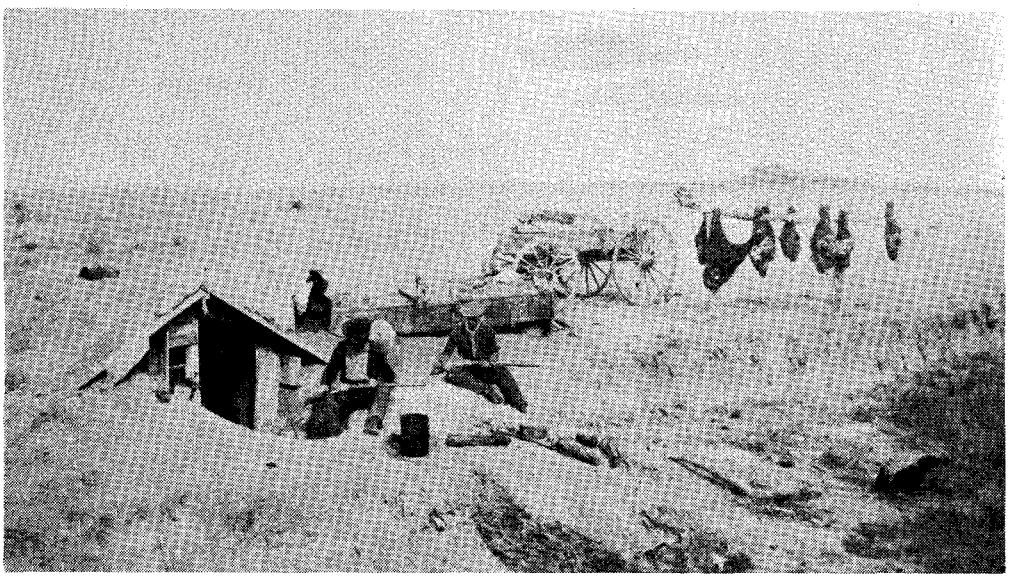
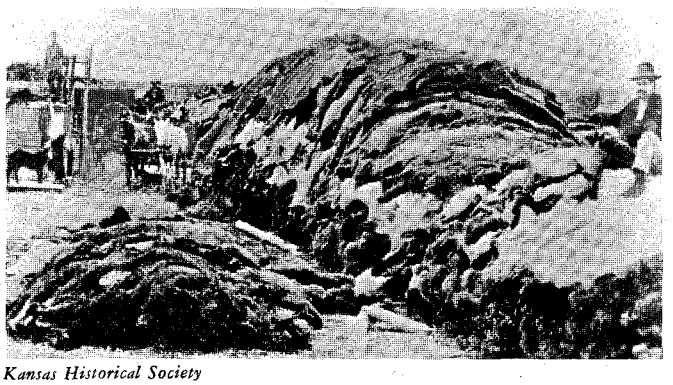


Buffalo hunters at home near Sheridan, Logan County, Neb.

Thousands of hides (below) represent a hunting season in the Texas Panhandle.



Kansas Historical Society

objects to be distinctly seen. Our first duty was to picket our horses on fresh grass; then we paid our respects to the meat and marrow bones that had been over or under the coals all night. The day we spent roving over the country amidst countless bands of buffalo.

I do not know how my companions expected to get paid for the time thus spent, but I expected improved health and gratification of a desire for adventure to compensate me.

The old trappers, having discovered fresh signs of Indians, thought best to return to the settlements. We had, by then, spent several weeks in a part of the state that possibly had never been visited by white men before.

It was not always easy to find a suitable camping place, so we decided to supply ourselves with roast meat for a journey of two or three days before finally abandoning our present camp. Accordingly, the following morning we left the camp about sunrise, intending to return in a short time with the meat of a couple of young buffalo.

The doctor and I rode off together. In a little while we crossed the dry bed of an ancient stream in the channel of which, now overgrown with luxuriant grass, many buffalo were feeding, all too young for our purpose. A long single file of buffalo, in which were a number of yearlings, was walking slowly past the head of a bushy ravine that terminated at the larger stream.

I tied my horse to a bush, and making my way rapidly up the ravine, got within 25 or 30 yards of them unnoticed. In the rear was a nice, sleek young bull that looked like he might furnish some tender roasts. As he came opposite, I fired. He gave a great leap, but kept up with his companions in their rapid flight. I was so confident of getting him that I had not made proper allowance for his movements, and hit him, I suppose, too far back. On reloading my gun, I was shocked to find that it was my last ball. I had my powder but had lost my bullets.

When I returned to my horse, the doctor was not to be seen. Thinking that he would make his appearance in a short time, I sat down to await his return. Time passed, but he did not come. I became uneasy. Had the old hunters gotten beyond the sound of Long Tom so that they did not come, or had some accident happened to them?

FROM THE bank of the dry stream the ground rose gradually to a ridge about two miles away. I left my hiding place in the brush and rode out on this high ground where I could be seen at a distance by anyone on the low ground near the river. I moved slowly, and after about an hour a low murmuring sound like wind in the tops of pine trees attracted my attention, but pine trees were conspicuous by their absence. Could it be the buzzing of a bumblebee? But there weren't any bees or winged insects around.

Every effect must have a cause, and this constantly increasing sound must proceed from some source. I was slowly ascending the slope toward a cluster of small trees that stood on the crest of the hill, when I became convinced that the unusual sound, which had now become a roar, was caused by the approach of an immense herd of buffalo. I stopped to consider what course to take to avoid them, but could form no opinion as to where they would pass.

The roar became deafening, the ground trembled, my horse shook with fear. I must decide immediately what to do. That cluster of small trees in the distance appeared to be the only refuge. We rode toward it at full speed, and before reaching it I saw the buffalo approaching.

The grove was free from underbrush, the trees about a foot in diameter, straight and without limbs for twelve or fifteen feet except one that had three branches a few feet above the back of my horse. I stood up in my saddle with great effort because of my heavy gun and clambered into the fork of the tree. I had run right into danger, for the center of the herd struck the little grove.

Up in the tree I was out of danger. But what of my horse? That he would be swept away or crushed seemed certain. The width of that mass of buffalo, as shown by their trail after they had passed, was more *(Continued on page 55)*

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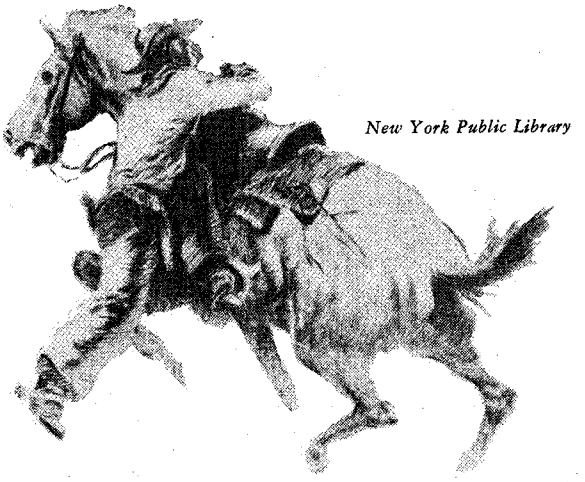
by L. C. Auer



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FABULOUS RIDE OF LITTLE AUBRY

This pint-sized Frenchman made a record ride that has never been equalled in the Old West

IN THE ROMANCE studded chronicles of the Old West many fabulous horseback rides took place over uneven terrain and through Indian infested country. One such ride made by a diminutive French-Canadian, Francois Xavier Aubry, better known as "Little Aubry", was greater than all the rest. It was made from Sante Fe, New Mexico Territory, to Independence, Missouri, in just five days and sixteen hours. The year was 1848.

Little Aubry's slight stature belied the immense energy and endurance that made up the man, for he stood only five-feet-two and tipped the scales at little more than a hundred pounds.Unafraid of anything on earth, Little Aubry felt the call of the wide open spaces while he was still in his teens. Before he attained the age of manhood he was a superb rider, able to get the utmost from any mount he straddled.

Little Aubry was born in 1824. He made his way to St. Louis and secured a job as a clerk in a general merchandise emporium in 1842. The goods he sold went to Independence, which was at that time the gateway to the great unknown West. He was fascinated by the tales the bullwhackers told of taking long mule trains across the deserts and mountains to such far places as Santa Fe, New Mexico, then under the dominion of Mexico. Clerking soon paled on him, so he audaciously put the bite on his boss for credit and got it! He purchased a supply of merchandise, hauled it to Independence and there joined a huge freight outfit headed for Santa Fe. Success came to the young Frenchman from the beginning and soon he was a man of means.

It wasn't until after the Mexican War of 1846-1848 that Aubry began the long fast rides for which he became famous. In 1848 three to four weeks were generally consumed on the run between Independence and Santa Fe. It took thirty days for the military mails to go through. Ox wagons had a hard time making it in three months.

Little Aubry began a ride in early January in 1848 and reached Santa Fe just fourteen days later, setting a record. Five men who began the ride with him were unable to match his pace. One by one they fell by the wayside. All was not smooth going for the small French-Canadian for he encountered bandits, a howling blizzard and hostile Indians en route and three mules dropped dead beneath him. He made the final distance of 300 miles in just three days!

When his astonishing feat became known, a St. Louis newspaper called his trip, "unprecedented in Prairie life."

But the sturdy little rider was far from satisfied. He determined to cut his time even more. That spring he "wagoned up" and headed again for Santa Fe. By the time he reached New Mexico the country was enjoying a boom and rip-roaring prosperity. The United States had won the war and acquired almost all the Southwest, including New Mexico Territory, under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hildalgo. Aubry realized a huge profit on his goods and decided to backtrack to Missouri and bring out a second load that same season, something that had never before been attempted by any freighter since the cumbersome wagons could not return to Missouri in time to make a second haul. Aubry did not worry about this because he knew he could always hire bullwhackers, animals and vehicles in Missouri.

Old timers shook their heads when the young freighter declared confidently that he could ride back to Independence in just eight days. Betting on the outcome of his intended venture ran sky high. Aubry began his trip in the company of six men. Before he had covered three hundred miles they all dropped out of the race. Three horses and two mules died under him. Indians attacked him and took his supplies, but he escaped them, covered forty miles on foot, bought another horse and rode on. He arrived in Independence in eight days and ten hours. Not counting the time he lost at the hands of the Indians and his long trek by foot, the time he rode was only seven days.

When Aubry pulled into Santa Fe in the late summer of 1848 he learned that his fast ride was the talk of the town. He boasted that he could better his own record and wagered a thousand dollars that he could reach Missouri in just six days. His bet was covered instantly and Aubry started to make his plans for the trip. He dispatched messengers to ride ahead and have mounts ready at Fort Mann, *(Continued on page 66)*

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PAMELIA MANN-

by Fred Harrison

THE LATE 1830's were trying times for Texans. General Sam Houston, Commander in Chief of the Texas Army, had more troubles than any one man should have to face. Right after the massacre at the Alamo civilians, as well as the army, were in full retreat before the triumphant advance of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna.

Even nature seemed to conspire maliciously against the fleeing Texans. The dirt of the trails had been turned into deep, slushy mire by long, pounding rains. General Houston did not have enough mules and oxen to pull his cannon and supplies through the oozing mud.

Yet Santa Anna had to be defeated!

General Houston stopped at a ranch to beg the loan of oxen. A tall, hard-eyed woman met him at the door. In spite of his problems, the general appreciated her handsome face and well-rounded figure.

"Why sure, General, I'll loan you a pair of oxen," she told him. "But I want them back just as soon as you get to Nacogdoches—and no funny business. Savvy?"

The general, in his great need, would have promised anything. The fate of the entire Republic of Texas might rest on this woman's oxen.

"I promise that you can pick them up in Nacogdoches just as soon as we get out of this blasted mud," he answered fervently.

General Houston meant to keep his word. No one lied to Pamelia Mann—and got away with it.

The fiery tempered Mrs. Mann was probably the best known woman in the young Republic of Texas. She could outride, outshoot and outcuss most men. She also had a great talent for close-in knife fighting. But coupled with these purely masculine skills was a lot of woman, including an alert mind, a firmly built body and an almost beautiful face.

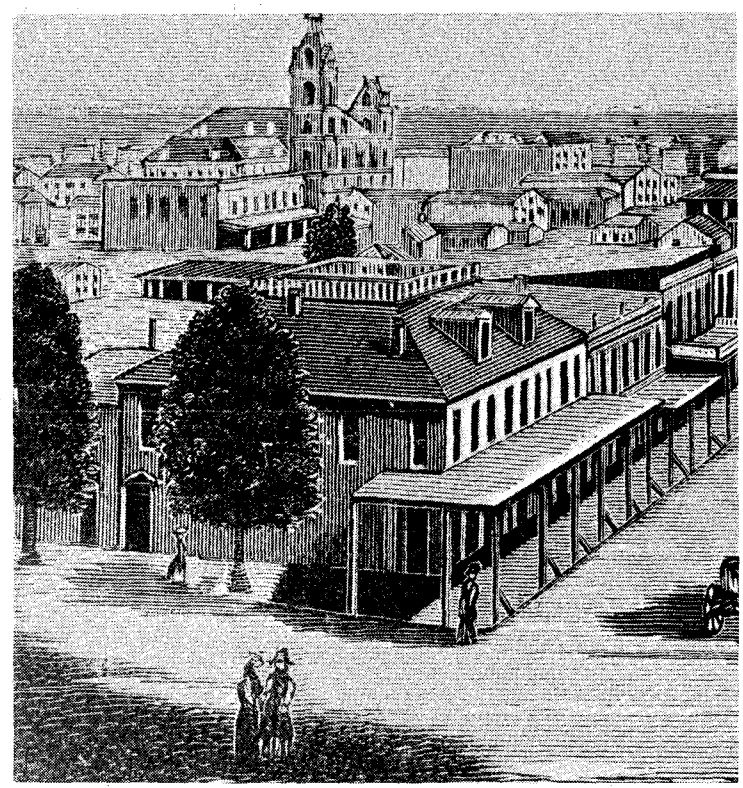
She could, and did, become a leader of society in Houston, and it was whispered that General Houston had more than a casual interest in this fascinating woman. Perhaps it was the challenge she presented. The general loved challenges.

Pamelia Mann declared her private war on men from the first moment she set foot on Texas soil. In 1834 she and her henpecked husband, Marshall, were passengers on a schooner from New Orleans which ran the Mexican blockade at Galveston Island and landed at Harrisburg. The Mann party included two stepsons, Flournoy Hunt and Sam Allen.

Soon after they arrived, a teamster was the first to feel

Sam Houston didn't choose to argue with one woman.

Houston, Texas, in the early days.



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TEXAS TIGRESS

Sam Houston had no way of knowing that he was running into a buzz saw when he asked a favor of this colorful hellcat

Pamelia's deadly wrath. In the course of his journey, in 1835, this man started to tear down a fence obstructing his trail. The fence belonged to the Manns. As the teamster bent over the fence, axe in hand, he suddenly looked up to find a young man confronting him with a cocked rifle.

"Turn your blasted team around and go 'round that fence," said the young man.

The surprised teamster, not to be intimidated by a fuzzy-cheeked kid, ran to his wagon and seized a gun. As he advanced threateningly toward the youngster a harsh shout from the nearby farmhouse stopped him in his tracks.

"Shoot him down, Flournoy! Shoot him down! Blow his stupid brains out," shouted Mrs. Mann, her voice shrill in fury.

The teamster, horrified at such language from a woman, and reluctant to have his brains spattered over the countryside, abruptly retreated, and drove meekly around the fence.

MRS. MANN'S defeat of General Sam Houston occurred in the early spring of 1836. After borrowing Pamelia's oxen, the general's army followed the trail toward Nacogdoches for a few miles, and then turned toward Harrisburg. Mrs. Mann must have been watching. A few miles further on she overtook the straggling army, her eyes blazing with fury.

"General, you told me a blasted lie! You said that you was going to Nacogdoches. Sir, I want my oxen!"

The startled general could only sputter:

"But Madam, we can't move the cannon without your oxen."

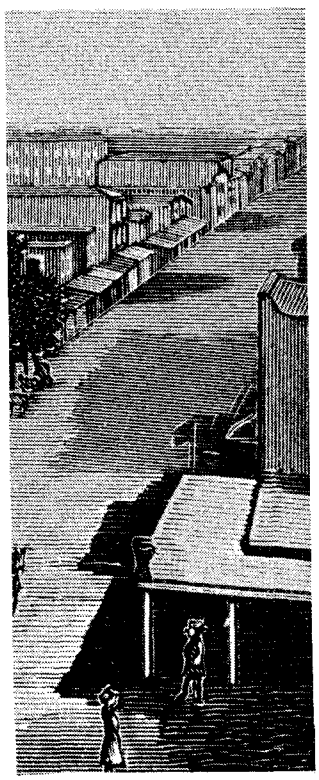
"I don't give a damn for your cannon! I want my oxen," and, turning, Mrs. Mann jumped from her horse and cut the oxen harness with her knife.

Shocked, no one said a word as she grimly rode off leading the oxen.

Then the wagon master suddenly overcame his shock and roared in outrage, "General, she can't do that."

"Looks like she's done it," muttered Houston.

"I'll bring 'em back," yelled *(Continued on page 52)*



Western Collection Denver Public Library Photos

Mexicans storming the walls during the Battle of the Alamo.

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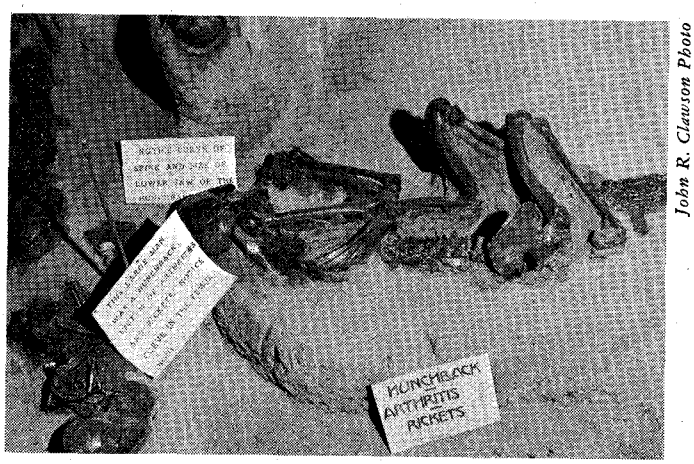
PREHISTORIC HUNTERS OF THE PLAINS

by Carelton J. Ryhman



John R. Clawson Photo

Grave of prehistoric giant found near Salina, Kansas.

WHO WERE the prehistoric hunters of the Plains?

It is generally assumed that the cradle of mankind had been in the tropical areas of the Middle East. When the white man first came to America and found it inhabited by Indians who had Mongoloid characteristics, it was believed that these Indians had come across the Bering Strait several thousand years before.

The theory was that the great Plains and mountains of the West, as well as all other parts of the American continent, were without any human form of life during the prehistoric days when the huge animals roamed the land.

But in the last forty years all this has changed. While many other archaeological discoveries had been made, it was the finding of a fossil human type, near Folsom, New Mexico, that gave this theory a rude jolt. Carbon-14 tests showed that the Folsom Man lived about 20,000 years ago in New Mexico. He was a hunter who used primitive weapons to kill the mammoth beasts that roamed the land.

The discovery of the Folsom Man spurred archaeological expeditions all over the West, and additional discoveries have been made to support the belief that hominid (predecessor of homo sapiens) life existed on the Plains of the West possibly 30,000 years ago.

These discoveries have given us a fairly accurate picture of life on the Western Plains in prehistoric times. Some things about this picture could be called a little frightening: there was a 3,000 year drought all over the West; the ice age descended so fast in some places that animals were frozen almost instantly. There were other climatic freaks and there is no reason to believe they can't be duplicated again.

Fascinating and frightening are the words for the knowledge we now have about life in America before the white man came

Whether some type of human life began on the North American continent or whether Orientals crossed over from Siberia is a question scientists have not been able to answer completely. It is known, however, that Asia and America, at the tip of Siberia and Alaska, were once joined by a vast, marshy grassland. The Bering Strait now separates these two pieces of land. It can be assumed that there was traffic across this grassland by both humans and the prehistoric horses, camels, as well as extinct mammoths, mastodons, the giant bison and other such animals.

If man did cross over to America from Siberia, it is the general view that the crossing came toward the end of the last ice age.

Much of what happened depended on climate, some things probably were accidental. Any old timer insists that the climate today isn't what it used to be. He's right—and what's more, it never was. The weather pattern changes and seems to go in cycles. Most of these cycles last so long that the changes are too slow for any generation to notice. But the evidence shows up in nature's remains, and with the new carbon-14 method of measuring time, we can reconstruct a picture of the climatic changes.

While most of these changes took place slowly and gradually, there is a certain amount of evidence that at least one Ice Age fell upon parts of the earth with comparative suddenness. This idea is based on the finding of some prehistoric animals fairly well preserved, obviously caught by surprise, some in the act of eating.

THERE IS A small, but growing, number of sites that seem to have been inhabited, as shown by archaeological studies, as long as 8,000 to 12,000 years ago. These been found in both North and South America, and would seem to show a rather considerable increase in population at that time. Some archaeologists believe they have found proof of a type of human living in America as far back as 30,000 years ago.

We have to consider what the northern part of our continent was like when man appeared here toward the end of the last Ice Age. Previous to that, the climate had been moist, which meant grasses. With much of the earth covered with ice, moisture was kept locked forming a drought and changing the land formation and climate. Slowly the earth began to revive as moisture returned.

The last Ice Age in North America is believed to have been not one of extreme cold. Since much of Alaska was free of glaciers at that time, it is probable that early man, if he crossed from Siberia, came through ice-free valleys and passes and continued south. Undoubtedly the hominids were trying to escape the severe climate and were following game.

(Continued on page 64)

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Fort Worth Telegram Photo

Mummified man (above) and cliff dweller ruins (right).

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by George R. Malden

SAGA OF A GREAT SCOUT ☆☆

Faced with almost impossible odds, this frontiersman led 30 men to safety

Scout Frank Grouard gave Lieutenant Sibley sound advice.

AT BEST Lieutenant Sibley figured the odds against him and his men were something like 300 to 1. Counting himself, his troop numbered 30 men. The Sioux had at least 3,000 warriors.

He asked his scout, Frank Grouard, what he thought of the odds. Grouard smiled, seemed utterly unconcerned, and said:

"Rather bad, don't you think, Lieutenant?"

Grouard always amazed the lieutenant. He had never seen the scout excited or nervous. General Crook had called Grouard the finest scout he'd ever seen, "worth a regiment." But here they were, 30 men in all, with more than 3,000 Sioux advancing against them.

Frank Grouard, a most unusual man, was 36 years old, a Sandwich Islander (Hawaiian) and a U.S. Army scout. Also called Standing Bear, he was the adopted son of Crazy Horse, and married to a Dakota Indian for 10 years. If that wouldn't make for a crazy mixed-up background, even for the West of that time, what would?

On that Thursday, July 6th, 1876, despite his nonchalance, Grouard's mind was working furiously, knowing their chances of survival were nonexistent if the Sioux saw their small party. He also knew that once they were spotted, he would be the first to be killed or captured, even if it cost 100 braves to do it.

A few days before, Brigadier General George Crook, on his way to meet General Terry, in command of the 7th Regiment, had run into a large band of Sioux, and a short but fierce battle had ensued.

Though the Indians lost more than one hundred men, the balance of the war party had managed to slip out of Crook's grasp. This battle posed a serious problem since it delayed his contact with General Terry. Unknown to him or anyone else at the time, it also helped set up the situation for the Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn.

If Crook and Terry had joined forces, as planned, General Custer probably wouldn't have fallen into the fatal trap. But General Crook couldn't move his troops quickly with a large Sioux army on his flanks, so he had sent Lieutenant Frederick Sibley and a small detachment to reconnoiter and report on the whereabouts of the Sioux. The detachment consisted of the lieutenant, 26 cavalry men, Grouard, one other scout, and John Finerty, a Chicago newspaperman.

A day or so later, they came to a spot where they could not see what was ahead of them. Grouard motioned Sibley to stop while he went on to check. Riding his Indian pony up the side of a red sandstone butte, he dismounted a few yards from the top and crawled up the rocky slope. Nearing the crest, he got down flat on his belly and wriggled the rest of the way to the crest.

Putting his head cautiously over the rim, Grouard looked down at the terrain beyond him for some distance. What he saw made him pull his head down at once. Then he looked again, reckoning numbers and distance. Wasting no more time, he turned and half-rolled, half-scrambled back to his horse and rode as fast as the rough land would let him back to the detachment.

Sibley, seeing Grouard's rush, rode to meet him. He didn't have to ask, the scout spoke first.

"Three thousand Sioux or more, led by Chief Gall, the Hunkpapa leader."

Lieutenant Sibley looked back at his little group.

"Have we got a chance?" he asked.

"Yes, if they don't see us. If they spot us, well—you know what will happen to me. Even if they don't see us now, if they keep coming this way, they'll know we were here. The Sioux can track down a single man in the mountains. They won't miss a group like this. But if we leave before they see us, we might have a chance by taking to the hills. If we stick to the mountains, we can ride to the Wind River side, then go south, cross back over the range below Clear Peak and get to General Crook. You see, the

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National Archives

General Crook, above with Indians, called Grouard the finest scout he'd ever seen, "worth a regiment."

Indians fear the high mountains. They believe the Great Spirit lives there and they would be violating his home by going there."

"Then let's start . . ." Sibley said.

THE lieutenant's words were cut short by a shout from one of the cavalrymen. The two men turned and saw a file of Sioux coming down the mountainside, less than half a mile away. The cavalrymen jumped for their horses, but a war whoop from the mountain showed they had been seen.

Grouard coaxed his horse up the steep incline of the mountain, turned and looked for a moment. He figured there were only about 300 Indians coming up the incline. He guided the troops into a dimly traced trail. He couldn't see the Indians from its tree-shaded darkness, but he knew they would show up again, in larger numbers.

Grouard kept the small cavalry troop climbing, passing through one mountain park after another, appearing beautiful in the bright afternoon sun. The horses were tiring from the long climb, and when they entered an open space slightly larger than the others they had been through, he decided to stop for a while.

The mountain meadow had a line of large boulders marking its left side. On the right was a thick forest of pine. Grouard had been, more or less, guarding the rear for the last few minutes. He didn't want to call a halt. Although he had not seen nor heard any sign of Indians for some time, his Sioux-sharpened instincts told him they were nearby. On the other hand, the men were tired and the horses were winded from the climb and the altitude.

Suddenly, from the middle of the open space, Becker, the packer who had been herding the supply mules at the rear of the column, yelled:

"The Sioux—there they are!"

A volley of gunfire came from the rear left, and the cavalrymen who turned saw a column of Indians racing up the trail they had just come over, firing wildly.

Grouard rode up and down the line, calling:

"Hit the timber! Hit the timber!"

The little detachment was on the right side of the glen, hard by the pine woods, and it took them very little time to gain the relative safety of the trees. The horse of Finerty, the Chicago newspaper correspondent, was hit by a bullet but made it to the cover of the woods before collapsing.

The moment the men reached the woods, Lieut. Sibley ordered them to tie their horses farther back in the woods out of the way. A few feet inside the pine woods was a natural barricade of boulders in a sort of semicircle, giving some protection and a place from which to shoot. While the men tied their horses to trees farther back and took their positions, the Sioux were shooting wildly into the woods. Sibley and Grouard posted the men in a defensive position, behind the boulders and fallen tree trunks, their rifles pointed out toward the clearing which was now filling with Indians. Not a single shot had been fired by the cavalrymen. Word was passed down the line to be sparing in the use of ammunition, as each man carried only 100 rounds, while the Sioux continued their wild shooting, obviously with no shortage to worry them. Despite this, not a single man had been hit.

Finally, word came to fire.

"Pick your man," Grouard told them. "Every shot must count."

The first fusillade from the cavalry shook the Indians for a moment, then they returned to the attack with greater abandon.

Now and then, a young Sioux warrior would spring to his feet, in clear view of the defenders, and challenge the whites to kill him. This bold practice didn't last very long; invariably one of the cavalry marksmen would take up the challenge.

The battle raged in this fashion for several hours, with the Indians firing ten shots to *(Continued on page 66)*

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With soldiers suffering from scurvy, bullets were useless. Something had to be found to take their place

WHEN POTATOES WERE BULLETS

by N. Sharp

DEATH WAS in the air. The army had alerted all ranchers to the possibility of an Indian attack. Big John Bozeman looked around his ranch and thought to himself, "Let the damn Sioux come." He had worked long and hard at moving his stock, supplies and all his valued possessions to a cave which he alone knew about. If the Sioux came, he would be hidden away there, long before the war-crazed redskins reached the ranch house.

It was not for nothing that John Bozeman had fought and worked to open the famous trail that bore his name, and he wasn't going to be run out now. A tall, rangy man in the prime of his life, Bozeman was showing the courage and foresight that had enabled him to establish what was the only road through Montana, the Bozeman Trail. It was generally agreed that this one man's trail blazing had done more to populate and settle the West than any other route across the wild country.

Now, with the discovery of gold in Montana, thousands of white men, prospectors, soldiers and settlers were pouring into the region around, and north, of Fort C. F. Smith. With this influx of strangers, the Sioux were feeling a severe threat to their homes and hunting grounds as never before. Under the leadership of their great chief, Red Cloud, they had overrun the Bozeman Trail, blocking it to all passage in protest against this migration and the construction of Fort Phil Kearney, 91 miles away. The Sioux had already massacred Lieutenant Fetterman and his men at that unlucky outpost. Now they had that half-finished fort completely surrounded. It was only a matter of time.

It was also only a matter of time at Fort C. F. Smith, twenty miles from Bozeman's ranch. Day was breaking, and with it came the Sioux, and their blood-curdling war cries. A line of menacing savages in their war paint made a ghastly rainbow across the prairie. Blue Bear, son of Spotted Bear and one of Red Cloud's chief generals in the war against the white man, was leading the Sioux.

As the redskins approached the fort it seemed as if either the attack was a complete surprise or else the stockade was deserted. The war whoops of the attackers were met with deathly silence, and even as the line of ponies approached the walls there was still no sign of life from within. The long line of Indians circled around the fort like a giant Sioux snake, deadly, dangerous and ready to strike. Suddenly the air exploded with murderous thunder as the soldiers in the rifle pits began to fire. Another volley came from the ramparts on the walls.

Surprised by this sudden resistance, the Sioux scattered and raced their ponies to the protection of the hills to the west of the fort, leaving their dead behind. They weren't going to sacrifice any more lives in an attack on Fort C. F. Smith. They had found out that the fort, with its ten-foot thick walls, its rifle pits to the north and west and its ramparts to the south and east, was virtually impregnable to an attacker. They also knew that there was one enemy who had gotten past the soldiers and through the walls. The Indians could wait.

Fort Smith had been built five years earlier, in 1862, as one of the strongest links in the chain of defense along the Bozeman Trail. 285 miles from Virginia City, it was the last outpost on the trail until construction was begun on the ill-fated Fort Phil Kearney. But with sufficient supplies and ammunition for the garrison of men inside, the post could withstand any outside attacker for an indefinite period of time.

In that raw spring of 1867, however, the most dangerous enemy that the Fort Smith men had to face was an enemy already within the walls. This was an even more pernicious threat to their lives than the raging Sioux.

Scurvy was invading the fort.

The causes of that dread disease were well known, and feared, in army posts everywhere. Lack of fresh fruit or vegetables—and lack of the essential Vitamin C that these foods supplied—was what was sending an average of ten men a day into the hospital with the hemorrhages and the agonizing scabrous sores of the disease.

When scurvy struck an isolated fort, it could weaken the entire body of men within a matter of days. But even with this knowledge and fear of the disease so widespread, the Congress of that day still provided only salt pork or bacon, salt beef, corn meal, bread, some flour, coffee and a small amount of sugar as daily rations for the men who were so gallantly defending the frontier. The lawmakers in our nation's capital, living high where everything was readily available to them, had mistakenly decreed that it was up to the soldiers themselves to find and cultivate their own sources of fresh food.

FORT Smith had a garden and hayfields about a mile and a half away on the fertile bottom land of the Big Horn River, but the Sioux had destroyed all the crops that were growing there. No fresh food was left over from the harvest of the year before. In addition, Blue Bear's rampaging savages had scared away all the game that ordinarily would have meant fresh meat to the men of the garrison, and it would be certain death to any scouting party that ventured out beyond the protection of the walls.

It seemed that the Indian attacks were timed, or ill-timed, to take place when the resources of the fort were at their lowest ebb. Wily Chief Blue Bear knew that scurvy was his ally, and far more deadly to the white man cooped up within the confines of the fort than all the tomahawks and arrows the Indian nations could put together. His raids, like the one that morning, were merely to test the strength of the forces remaining within. When that strength was gone, he would strike in earnest.

"All he has to do is wait, damn him!" exploded Colonel Matthew Brady to

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his trusted Lieutenants John Calhoun and Peter Mateau. They were in the colonel's quarters studying a report of that morning's skirmish.

"Ten more this morning," Lieutenant Calhoun said. "If it goes on like this much longer, we'll all be dead or dying by the end of the week."

"Isn't there some way we could get fresh meat or vegetables for the sick?" asked Lieutenant Mateau. But deep in the back of his mind he knew that a hunting party would be cut to ribbons by the hostile Sioux.

Together the colonel and the lieutenants walked out to the parade ground. A pall of impending doom hung over the fort like a great grey cloud on that sunny spring morning. Everywhere around them they could sense the fear and apprehension of their men. As the officers passed down the ranks, all eyes were turned to them, questioning, hoping.

The Fort Smith soldiers were largely German and Irish immigrants to whom the benefits of army life seemed like heaven compared to the world they had left behind them. Coming from countries where there was never enough to eat and not enough work to support themselves, they had jumped at the chance to make eleven dollars a month as a private (thirteen as a corporal) plus three square meals a day. This was enough to induce that hardy bunch to brave the dangers and hardships of the untamed West. The army had made good its promises to them. They were paid regularly. There was still enough to eat, but now it appeared to be not enough of the right things to ward off disease and death.

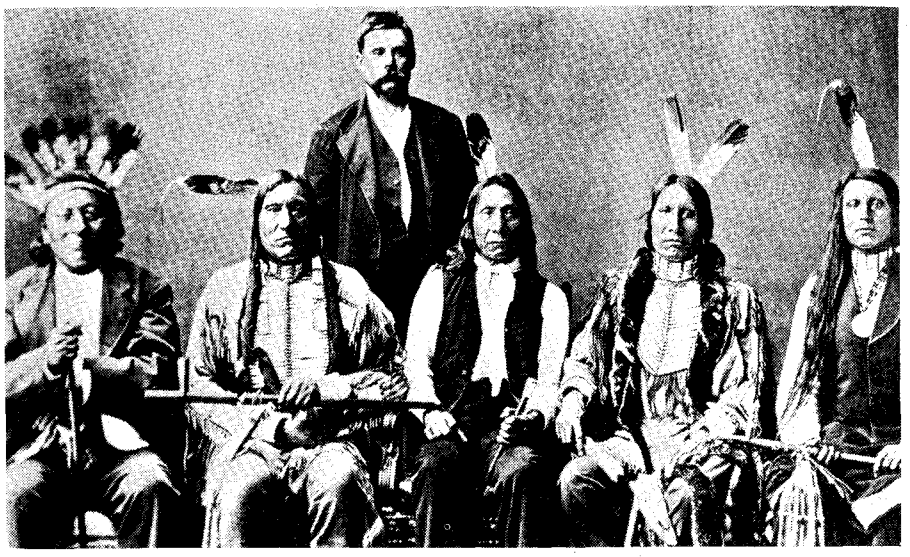
"They know, don't they?" said the colonel, referring to the men.

"They're all seasoned troopers," answered Lieutenant Calhoun. "They've been around long enough to know that once it breaks out, scurvy will get them too. And after that . . ."

"And after that, what?" asked young Mateau.

"What the hell do you think with five hundred Sioux sitting out there waiting for it to happen?" snapped Colonel Brady. He turned on his heels and started stalking back to the officers' quarters on the north wall of the stockade.

Smithsonian Institution



Chief Red Cloud (center) and Blue Bear (extreme right) during a conference.

A tall, weathered individual wearing buckskins detached himself from the wall and ambled over to speak to the colonel.

"Mornin', Colonel. I been down to the hospital. You got bad trouble there."

"Morning, Jim. How many more?"

"Six since I been there," the man said. "I give you four, mebby five days to hold out at this rate."

Colonel Brady was a strong man, and a wise one, who had always tried to command his men fairly and treat them in a humane manner. This threat to the lives of his men pained him sorely because he was powerless to do anything to help or change the situation.

The colonel turned to face the man beside him and asked: "What can we do now, Morton?"

Jim Morton was the scout for Fort C. F. Smith. His name was well known and well respected by every army officer in the Dakotas and Montana. Many classed him as the West's greatest scout in his day. Historians passed him by for the more colorful Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickock because of his self-effacing attitude and his refusal to brag about his deeds. Nevertheless, countless numbers of men, women and children owed their lives to his intelligence and bravery. If anyone could save the men of Fort C. F. Smith, Jim Morton was the man.

"Well, Brady," he drawled, "it's clear we got to do something."

"But we're surrounded. Fort Phil Kearney is in trouble just as bad, and we can't hope to get replacements from the army in Virginia City for another two or three weeks. By that time . . ."

"Hold up a minute, Colonel," the scout interrupted. "I ain't talking about fighting. I'm talkin' about eating. These here men kin hold off them Sioux all right if they kin git a bellyfull of something besides saltin's."

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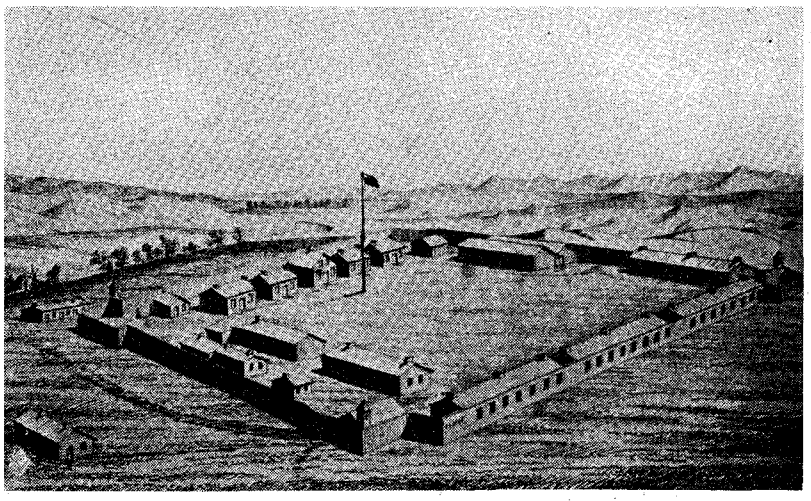


Fort C. F. Smith, Montana Territory in the year 1867.

Library of Congress Photos

The colonel was well aware of the torture and hideous death waiting outside for any foraging party he might send out to get fresh food for his men.

Jim Morton knew it, too, but he continued to speak. "John Bozeman's got a whole lot of raw potatoes 'bout twenty miles from here. I kin get through them Indians tonight and be back 'fore morning with a wagon load. You know oranges and a lot of other fruits would help more, but raw potatoes are better'n nothing."

"You'll be cut to ribbons the second the Sioux see you," the colonel protested.

"Probably," the scout admitted. "But a Swede named Nobel invented some mighty fancy blasting stuff. You got some army issue here, but they ain't sent the instructions yet. Now I seen some miners using it up north, and I reckon I kin git them potatoes through if'n you'll let me try."

THAT evening found Morton crouched in the darkness at the footgate in the north wall of the fort. Over his shoulder was a gunnysack full of the red sticks of the blasting stuff, called dynamite. As he slipped out into the darkness beyond, the colonel touched his shoulder in farewell.

"Godspeed, my friend," Brady whispered.

Jim Morton took not only the dynamite with him, but also the hopes and prayers of all the men left behind.

The stables and corrals for the horses were four hundred yards north of the fort, towards the river. They were empty now, as the stock had been taken inside the fort for the duration. As Morton crept towards the stables, however, he saw that they were not deserted. Shadows moved in the faint moonlight. Drawing his knife, the scout flattened himself along the ground close to the wall and moved cautiously forward. Inch by breathless inch the veteran Indian fighter crawled toward the corner. From there he would be in a position to make a dash to the safety of the river bank.

Jim Morton sensed the danger just before he got to the corner. Tensed for quick action, he peeked around the rough log structure, and found himself face to face with a Sioux brave. It was pretty hard to tell who was the more surprised. But Jim Morton was ready, and with a short, sure, upward thrust he caught the unprepared Sioux in the throat with the point of his knife, severing his windpipe and preventing him from crying out to warn any other nearby braves. The Indian collapsed with little more than a sigh. Morton made a run for the Big Horn River.

The tall, lean scout ran noiselessly and slipped into the water without a splash. Trying to keep his precious cargo dry, Morton half waded, half swam upriver until he was certain he would not be spotted by the Indians surrounding the fort. Then he waded to the opposite bank and lit out for John Bozeman's place. Moving at an easy gait, he would arrive at his destination about midnight.

At just about that time Morton entered the clearing in the grove in which the ranch house, barns and corrals stood. There was no light from the house, no soft animal noises about the yard, not even a faint wisp of smoke curling from the chimney. Had he come all this way for nothing? He gave a low signal whistle, waited, and repeated it three times. There was no answer.

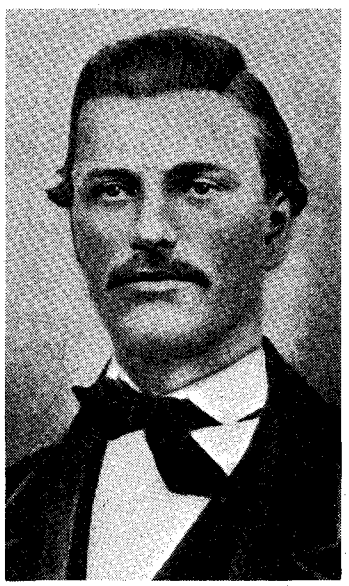
Then he heard someone behind him say, "If that isn't Jim Morton standing there, you're a dead man, mister."

"If'n I ain't me, John Bozeman, then I guess you better shoot me now and put me outa my misery," the scout chuckled.

The two men laughed and approached each other to shake hands.

"I see you got your stock hid good, John," said Morton. "This place looks like a graveyard."

"That's just what I'm trying to avoid," answered Bozeman, "I don't want to take any chances with the Sioux. So far they've been too busy with the army to pay any attention to the ranchers, but you never know when they'll change their minds and make trouble for us."



John Bozeman, trail blazer.

Jim Morton explained his mission.

"I sure am sorry to hear about the scurvy," said Bozeman, "and you're welcome to all the potatoes you need. But how do you expect to get them to the fort with half the Sioux nation sitting out there armed to the teeth?"

Jim Morton said: "Maybe we'll make it and maybe we won't. It's worth a try."

"What are we waiting for?" Bozeman exclaimed. "I've got my stock and supplies stashed in a cave about a mile away. If we hurry we can get the wagon loaded and be at the fort before daylight."

THE SOLDIERS in the fort stared out into the pre-dawn haze with dull and troubled eyes. Their attention was focused on the rising mist. They were searching for the flitting shadows which would mean an Indian attack, but they could not forget the dread disease that was among them. During the night ten more men had died as a result of *(Continued on page 54)*

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What can you tell me about John Slaughter, Sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona? R. Wood, Box 15, Preston, Ontario.
A. John Slaughter was a small man physically, only five feet six. He went from Texas to Arizona in the 1870's while he was still in his twenties. He was a successful rancher, taking over the famous McLowery (O. I. Carrol men) and making it one of the profitable ranches of that country. He was made sheriff of Cochise County and his size didn't prevent him from fighting Apaches, outlaws, and all kinds of bad men successfully without getting a scratch. A reporter wrote that Slaughter's theory was to shoot first and then holler to an outlaw or badman to put up his hands. He died February 15th, 1922 at his San Bernardino ranch at the age of 80.

Q. What did the cowboy mean by the word "nooning?" Freddie Birch, 342 Broadway, Wichita, Kansas.
A. Exactly what it says. Wherever a cowboy was, or whatever he was doing at the noon hour, he was "nooning."

Q. Was there a "Sweet Betsy from Pike" or is she only a legend in a song? Caryl Lambert, 234 Fayette St., Greenberg, Pa.
A. Sweet Betsy was merely a legendary character in a song sung by many Missourians when they went West on the different trails. As most of Pike County seemed to have pulled up stakes to go West, Sweet Betsy was supposed to be from Pike County.

Q. What was the importance of the Indian town of Mataski in the Old West? Terry O'Neill, 3977 Kansas, San Diego, Calif.
A. Mataski was a Zuni pueblo near the northwest base of Thunder Mountain in Valencia County, New Mexico. Its fame rested on the belief of Coronado that it was one of the Seven Cities of Cibola, mentioned by Coronado as being the first of these famed cities of gold. During the pueblo revolt of 1680 the city was abandoned. The ruins can still be seen.

Q. A friend's granddad has an old fashioned revolver, and the only name we can make out on it is Rogers and Spencer. Can you tell us what kind of a revolver it is and who were Rogers and Spencer? E. Burke, Route 2, Pickering Road, Phoenixville, Pa.
A. Your friend's grandfather undoubtedly has the Rogers and Spencer percussion revolver, patented by H. S. Rogers November 4th, 1862. In 1861 H. S. Rogers, a gunsmith who started at Utica, New York, combined with Spencer to establish the firm of Rogers and Spencer. Their plant was moved to Willowvale, New York. The government commissioned them to manufacture under contract the Pettingill, a hammerless percussion revolver, never a great success, the Freeman, and the Rogers and Spencer percussion revolvers.

Q. Was there such an animal as the white buffalo or is it merely a legend? Barton Baker, Mission, Kansas.
A. The white buffalo was real, but very rare. It was said that of all the thousands of hides that went through Dodge City, only one white hide turned up and Mayor Wright was reported to have paid $1,000 for it. The Indians looked on the white buffalo as a sacred animal, an omen of good luck. Under no circumstances would they kill one. Even the white mountain men and trappers accepted this superstition. The Old West was full of tales of how the appearance of a white buffalo saved their lives.

National Bison Range, Moiese, Montana

Rare albino (white) buffalo.

Q. What was a running iron, and why did the rustlers use it to change brands? Stephen Schauss, 531 Distel Drive, Los Altos, California.
A. The running iron is a metal iron shaped like a poker, without any block of type or design of a brand on the end. The running iron was like a poker. The rustler could write any brand he desired. Many states in the West passed laws against the possession of a running iron.

Q. How did the expression "wet" become a common meaning to the cowboy for something stolen? Clarence Myroon, 1313 Redman Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
A. It got its start along the Rio Grande when stolen cattle would be driven across the water and they would be wet when sold. The expression spread to all parts of the West and one can still hear it used.

Q. Did the Indians of the West have songs? Mrs. Allen Marxman, Freeport Point, Mass.
A. The Indians did have songs and sang of their hunting grounds, the prairies, and their villages.

Q. What was a "winging horse" in the Old West? Coleman Grey, Beatrice, Neb.
A. A horse that threw his feet to the right and left when running or trotting, and was not considered the best type of animal.

Q. What was the Intercourse Law in the Indian Territory? John T. Perrin, Peoria, Illinois.
A. The Intercourse Law was passed to screen persons wishing to trade in the Indian Territory. The law required anybody wishing to trade in the Territory or conduct any business with the Indians to have a license from the government. Any person applying had to post a $5,000 penal bond. The license had to be renewed every three years. A violation of this law meant a $500.00 fine and the confiscation by the government of all property. The idea behind the law was good, but most traders managed to get around it.

Q. Who were the Quapaw among the Sioux? A. Price, 131 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, New York.
A. The name indicates downstream. They were the branch of the Sioux who followed the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers downstream into the Southwest. Quapaw were in the Southwest when the Spanish first appeared, but in later years they were apparently absorbed by other tribes.

Q. Did Charley Ford, brother of Bob, commit suicide? Orman Kingman, 879 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
A. He was found dead at the rear of the Ford home, lying alongside a fence. It was reported that he committed suicide, but this was questioned as the location of the wound from a rifle in his back would have made it very difficult to self-inflict such a wound. The Fords were hated in Missouri and there were plenty of friends of Jesse James ready to kill either Bob or Charley.

Q. What was a "sudadero?" George L. Logan, Macon, Ga.
A. The sweatband for a saddle. In Spanish the name means, "a cloth for wiping off sweat." It was, and is, the leather lining of a saddle skirt. ●

If you have any question about the Old West, shoot it along and the staff of THE WEST will try to answer it. Where there are several questions on the same subject we will combine them in a composite question and use the name of the first person to send in the question. We can't trace relatives, but we'll try to ferret out an answer on any other question.

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LOVE WAS TRICKY IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 13)

and fluttered, playing the parts of a frivolous young woman, or a coquettish lady's maid, was next door to the office of the *Republican,* where Stanley wrote his dispatches when he could find a vacant desk.

"Stanley haunted her goings in and comings out," one of his contemporaries recalled. "He was the veriest dangler and shadow the vainest coquette could wish to have at her feet. She had a great deal of what the French call *chic* and the Americans designate as dash."

It was little wonder then that Stanley, fresh from cosmopolitan New Orleans and the burgeoning gentility of St. Louis, yearned to take her in his arms and capture a tender moment or two as contrast to his rough environment. He even understudied some roles so he could play opposite his charmer if ever the occasion arose.

One of the times when Stanley did appear on stage with her was during an engagement in Council Bluffs, across the river from Omaha. As befitting a man who had some pretense to culture, Stanley lectured on "The Irish in America," while Annie and several other actresses provided the entertainment by singing, dancing, reciting, and acting out the classic drama of "Box and Cox."

The following day, what Stanley considered a highly insulting review of their efforts appeared in the *Herald.* He became indignant in the most theatrical tradition. The *Herald* could say what it wanted to about him, he fumed, but when it abused the personal attractions and artistry of the fair members of the Corri Stock Company (who else but charming Annie?) he must take direct action. Because of his Southern background, the people of the town expected Stanley to do nothing less than challenge Little Mac to a gentlemen's duel. It turned out somewhat less romantically.

The same afternoon, Stanley was bending an elbow in a saloon near 13th and Douglas Streets when Little Mac swaggered in for his afternoon peg. Stanley immediately called him to account and tempers sputtered like grease on a hot griddle. Certainly, there were crackling strings of curses. But, there is no record of the verbal fireworks and the loss is a sad one, indeed.

Little Mac apparently was the better man with words. As Stanley lost control and lunged at him, Little Mac made for the swinging doors. Stanley gave him a kick in the rear which sent him flying out to the street.

Stanley was satisfied. He had booted an obnoxious rival before witnesses. On the frontier this was eminently more satisfying than would have been a bullet in Little Mac's breast, fired from a duelling pistol under the oaks in New Orleans.

Little Mac ran to the offices of the *Herald* where he began to rage and storm. He rushed to his desk and jerked out a six-shooter and danced a devil's rigadoon as he shot the ceiling full of holes preliminary to making Stanley his target. Cooler heads finally prevailed. Printers and journalists convinced him to get Stanley by due process of law rather than risk another booting.

The *Herald* editor took his injured dignity and bruised anatomy to Charles Brown, mayor and justice of the peace, and made a complaint. Brown issued a warrant and Marshal William Snowden arrested Stanley. However, the future member of the British Parliament was spared the ignominy of spending time in a Western pokey. He was free on bail until his trial the following day.

Uhlarik Collection

Edward Rosewater, telegrapher, newsman and later an Omaha newspaper publisher.

WORD SOON spread that the simmering feud between the two newspapermen, which had kept some of the more raucus citizens in stitches, had finally boiled over, and the hearing played to a crowded courtroom. Stanley's attorneys, General Silas Strickland and J. W. Ambrose, demanded a jury trial. Six men in the crowd qualified. Five who sat in judgment on the future geographer of darkest Africa were James Forsyth, drug clerk; John McCreary, teamster; Charley Maguire, plasterer; Phil Norton, Street Commissioner, and George Stevens, railroad laborer. The name of the sixth is not known.

Defense attorneys tried to introduce offensive news items as justification for the attack on Little Mac. Mayor Brown refused to admit them (what was a scurrilous article in those high-spirited days when high-hatted and frock-coated editors frequently cowhided one another on the streets?) and instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty. The motley group of Stanley's peers disregarded the charge. So ended the case of "The People of Nebraska vs. Henry Stanley."

With this vindication, Stanley understandably thought he could sharpen up his wooing of the fair Annie. He showered her with bouquets. With sizzling pen he dashed off passionate notes on delicately tinted note paper. Oh, there was no doubt about it—he was as mooning and as lovesick a fellow as the West ever saw.

But, the more ardent he became, the less Annie seemed to care for him. When she left Omaha to play a short engagement at Salt Lake City, Stanley was frantic.

Then she returned and married a man named Baker, a clerk in a stationery store (how could so perceptive a journalist have been so blind?). The rejection became a bitter hurt. Stanley packed his carpetbag and headed back East, vowing, as rejected lovers had done since time immemorial, that he'd show her! He'd show them all!

After trying to get various reporting jobs on the strength of his free-lance reporting of the Wild West, and failing, he made one last desperate effort. He went to see the most famous editor of the time, James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald.* Bennett would have none of him until Stanley offered to pay his own expenses to prove his worth.

Within a few days he was on his way to report the British expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia. In rapid succession followed his finding of Dr. Livingstone . . . brief notoriety as a faker . . . acceptance by the Royal Geographic Society . . . empire builder . . . author and lecturer, a meteoric rise which strains the imagination.

Stanley returned to America in 1890. He had married Dorothy Tennant, wealthy Englishwoman, and she and her mother were accompanying him on a lecture tour. The party arrived at the scene of his early disappointments on Christmas Eve.

The citizens now proudly referred to him as Stanley Africanus and presented him with a floral horseshoe bearing the legend: "1867 WELCOME 1890." He was, of course, interviewed by the press which had treated him quite shabbily 23 years before and had vilified him for some years thereafter. Now it was eager to bask, if only momentarily, in the aura of his world-wide fame.

One of the questions asked was: "Can you recall any of your acquaintances of those old times?"

"Oh, yes," Henry Stanley answered. "I remember Mr. Edward Rosewater, of course; Judge Estabrook, Dr. Miller, and Mayor Brown who tried the case in my difficulty with that other journalist. Let me see, what was his name?"

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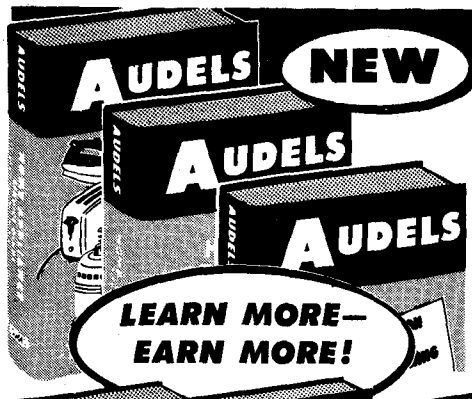

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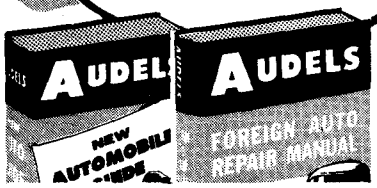

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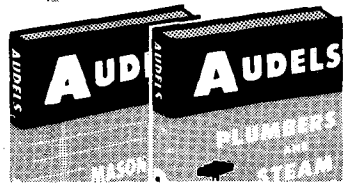

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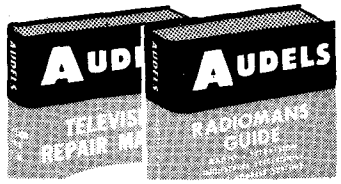

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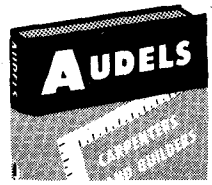

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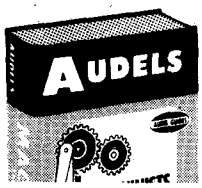

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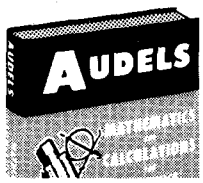

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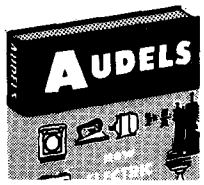

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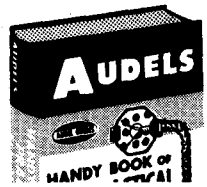

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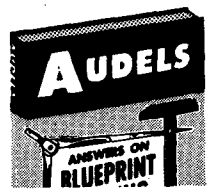

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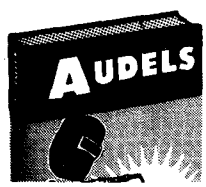

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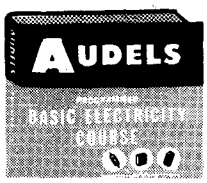

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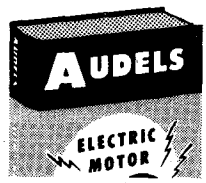

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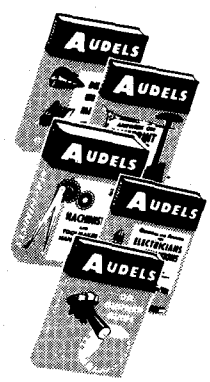

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Thus did Stanley dispose of Little Mac, unceremoniously but effectively shunting him to oblivion.

On Christmas morning, Henry Stanley, his wife and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, accompanied by Rosewater, now famous in his own right as editor of the noted Omaha *Bee*, were on their way from the Millard Hotel to services at Trinity Cathedral. As they passed a familiar building, Stanley exclaimed: "Why, there is the Academy, my old stamping ground. What's become of Clara Jane Walters . . . and Chaplin, where is he . . . and . . . Annie Ward?"

"Annie Ward . . . ?" said Rosewater. "Why, Annie Ward is dead."

He explained that she and Baker had moved to St. Louis. Her life with Baker had taken an unhappy turn, and that she had taken arsenic around the time when Stanley's star had reached its zenith.

As he heard of Annie's death, Stanley remained silent. But wifelike, Mrs. Stanley immediately became interested.

"Annie Ward? Who was that, Henry, dear?"

Stanley's face momentarily had a look of extreme gentleness. Then, as if shaking himself out of a dream, he shrugged.

"Annie Ward" he said, "was a native I met somewhere out here when Omaha was the American Frontier." ●

PAMELIA MANN—TEXAS TIGRESS

(Continued from page 41)

the wagon master as he spurred in pursuit of the rapidly vanishing oxen.

General Houston arose in his stirrups.

"Captain," he shouted. "It's no use. That woman will bite!"

"Damn her biting," retorted the wagon master as he disappeared over a hill.

The general sighed and dismounted. Mud gurgled almost to his boot-tops as he put his shoulder to the wheel of a cannon.

The wagon master was not seen again until ten o'clock that night. Then he rode into camp very quietly, without the oxen!

"Captain, where are your oxen?" shouted a private.

"She wouldn't let me have them."

"How come your shirt is torn so, and your face skinned?" taunted the private.

The wagon master did not answer, and seemed strangely subdued. Forever afterward the Texan Army referred to the incident as "Houston's Defeat."

After the Battle of San Jacinto in 1836, in which Gen Houston crushed Santa Anna, the city of Houston was declared the capital of the new Republic of Texas. Mrs. Mann saw a golden opportunity in the bustling frontier city whose population was almost entirely made up of lonely males. She sold the farm, moved her family to Houston, and opened one of the city's first hotels.

THE MANSION House could not be called fancy, but Pamelia furnished sleeping quarters, food and drink, and when it was desired, robust, feminine companionship for her customers. Mrs. Mann and her "girls" became quite well known, and the roistering Mansion House did very well.

Mrs. Mann's husband died in 1838 whereupon she briskly renewed her acquaintanceship with Sam Houston. Houston's enemies sneered that their so-called friendship was a passionate one.

Life in Houston for the comely widow was never dull. Early court records show that from 1836 to 1840 she was involved in more litigation and was prosecuted for more different crimes than anyone else in that country. At various times she was indicted for counterfeiting, forgery, fornication, larceny, and assault with intent to kill. At first, the courts showed some leniency because she was a woman. But eventually they got fed up with this chronic hellion.

At one time, she was condemned to death by a hard-hearted jury. They found her guilty, in May, 1839, of forging a $400 check, an offense punishable by death under the laws of the Republic.

As the prisoner stood fuming and cursing, the judge solemnly intoned:

"That you are to be hanged by the neck till you are *dead*, and may the Lord have mercy on your Soul."

As the air turned blue from her curses, Mrs. Mann was led away to jail to await execution on the 27th of June, 1839.

The Houston jail of those days was almost as bad as death itself. A local grand jury once made the following report on its condition:

"The building is small and badly contrived; the cells are only two in number, of narrow dimensions and very imperfectly ventilated. Into each are frequently crowded half a dozen human beings—sometimes more. Sanitation and privacy are nonexistent. A continuous foul stench rises to high heaven."

Pamelia was confined to this hell-hole for only 24 hours when the twelve jurors had a sudden change of heart. They recommended to the President of Texas that she be treated with leniency "considering the peculiar situation of the accused, being a female, a mother, and a widow, and an old settler of the country."

President Mirabeau Lamar hastened to grant the belligerent Mrs. Mann a full pardon. She strode grimly from prison, still cursing and as defiant as ever.

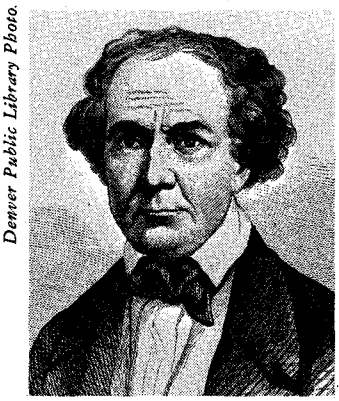
Later, on two different occasions, ferocious Pamelia put the entire Houston police force to rout. The first time occurred when a local doctor complained that she had stolen his trunk, and swore out a warrant for her arrest. The city constable advanced upon the Mansion House, warrant in hand. He was promptly thrown out by Mrs. Mann's hired bouncers. He got reinforcements and tried again. But Pamelia, with the aid of her band of renegades, was ready. The constable and his men were again quickly routed. The half-dozen constables, with the rear brought up by the doctor, scampered across the common like terrified jack rabbits. They decided to forget the warrant.

After this fiasco, a suspicious group of businessmen decided to test the "moral honesty" of the city authorities. Mrs. Mann's "influence" with the law looked a little fishy.

The businessmen allowed Pamelia to understand that another trunk contained articles of considerable value, and then gave "this female freebooter" an opportunity to steal the trunk. She promptly did and lugged it to her private office in the Mansion House. At once, the sheriff came to arrest her. But, after a short talk with the widow, he generously arranged for the official investigation to be carried on at the hotel.

The reason that he lamely gave for this unusual procedure was that "she is rich, and there is not more than 40 women among some thousands of men in Houston." Officers of the law thus managed to combine business with a little pleasure.

THE TRIAL at the Mansion House was attended by many spectators.



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Mirabeau B. Lamar.

Pamelia served delicious refreshments, and everyone had a fine time. But, nevertheless, robbery was proved. Mrs. Mann was shocked at the verdict which she felt was highly ungrateful, to say the least. But she still had an ace in the hole.

After the verdict was rendered, a brief recess was called during which the prosecutor temporarily left the house. On his return a few minutes later, he found the doors locked and the officers and spectators held prisoners. Since the hotel was defended by a small army of Pamelia's thugs, the prosecutor decided that a siege would only lead to much bloodshed. Finally, it was agreed that the prisoners would be released on condition of their swift and immediate departure—and that all charges against Mrs. Mann be dropped.

In spite of her notoriety, Pamelia had a high social standing in the community. Early in 1838 her two sons attended the exclusive Mr. Hambleton's School in Houston. And on June 15, of the same year, Flournoy was married in one of the grandest weddings Houston had ever seen.

Sam Houston served as best man, and other ladies and gentlemen of high repute were in attendance. Probably they were afraid to turn down any invitation from the formidable Mrs. Mann.

Pamelia kept things humming around Houston until November 4, 1840, when she suddenly, and grimly, died. The city seemed awfully quiet after that.

Perhaps the kindest thing to be said of this Texas hellcat was that she was a product of her environment. A kindly Methodist minister once said of her:

"She was not a typical Texas woman, but simply a specimen of an abnormal class, rarely met with, the product of life in a new country, with rude surroundings, in the absence of law and order and the restraints of refined society. It was but natural that she should have developed the rude and free-spoken temper of the times and people among whom she lived."

But, whatever her faults and virtues, one thing is certain. Pamelia Mann blazed her own highly individualistic trail along the rough Texas frontier. ●

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CRIMES OF ROBERT TRIBOLET

(Continued from page 35)

when they resisted or were thought to be able to identify their assailants. *Rurales* occasionally nabbed one or two small fry and brought them before the *alcalde* who, with his "fixed court," held a perfunctory trial then released them for "lack of evidence."

The gang became so bold, its depredations so widespread, complaints against it so numerous, that the Mexican government was spurred into action. A secret investigation was ordered, and Major Mendez, with Captain Moldero and a company of *caballeria,* was sent to the area to investigate the matter. The major and his men moved in quietly and established headquarters at Arizpe, an out-of-the-way *aldea,* northwest of Nacozari.

". . . Major Mendez," declared the Prescott, Arizona Territory *Courier,* on July 2nd, 1895, "is a remarkable man. Well educated and speaking fluent English, he is over six-feet tall, large of frame and inflexible as steel. When he has a job to do, he does it. His way of doing things probably would not find favor in the United States, but for the wilder portions of our sister republic it is probably best suited for the existing order of things. . . ."

Confidently, the major organized his forces and made his plans. But after several weeks of frustrating labor without one workable clue, his confidence began to evaporate. Had the criminals pulled out? Was he up against something beyond his capabilities? Mendez began to doubt himself. Then, with dramatic suddenness, a spectacular crime was committed almost under his nose!

THE morning of June 15th, 1895, the south-bound stage left Douglas, for Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico. Among the several passengers were two Americans. One was tall and well dressed in a dark business suit. He carried a small traveling bag. The other, short, heavy-set, wore a nondescript suit with a slept-in appearance. His baggage was one battered valise. The driver was Louriano Moreno, a Mexican.

Four tough mules pulled the creaking, protesting old stage across the shimmering Sonora desert. Clouds of fine, choking dust, kicked up by iron-shod hoofs, drifted back onto the grumbling passengers already miserable from the blazing, merciless sun.

At noon, the relay station was reached. Here the travelers could get out, brush off the dust and stretch their legs. They could even purchase a bracer of bust-head mescal or milder *aguardiente,* while fresh mules were being hitched to their stage. At Fronteras, all the passengers, except the Americans, got off and the tiresome ride continued. With the vehicle to themselves, the Americans struck up a conversation, exchanged amenities and introductions. The well dressed man said he was James A. Crowley, of Tucson, traveling to Nacozari to check on mining interests. The heavy set one introduced himself as Edward Woodruff, a miner from Nacozari.

At dusk, the driver pulled up at the Halfway House (40 miles south of Douglas), where stages and passengers remained overnight. (In those days, stages did not usually travel at night in that part of Mexico, due to *bandidos* and deplorable roads.)

Next morning, Crowley and Woodruff boarded the stage, the driver cracked his whip, and they were off on the last dusty lap to Nacozari. At a lively clip, fresh mules wheeled the complaining old stage past the sleepy *aldea* of Cachuta and into the rugged, mountainous country beyond.

About three miles south of the village, as the driver slowed down to cross a rough, dry wash, three mounted, masked road agents, with menacing, leveled rifles, suddenly appeared in the road and halted the stage!

They forced Crowley and Woodruff from the stage at gun point and roughly shoved them to the roadside. At this point, while the robbers were more or less engaged with his passengers the frantic driver made a fatal gamble. With a wild yell, he laid the whip on his animals and tried to escape. Almost instantly, the bandits whirled and cut loose a roaring fusilade of bullets. A lead mule dropped and the stage stopped with a jerk, as Moreno, hit several times, pitched headlong from his seat. He was dead before he hit the ground. For a moment confusion reigned. And, taking advantage of the diversion, the frightened Woodruff scurried into the brush and disappeared. But Crowley, thinking discretion the better part of valor, stayed put. (The Americans, in compliance with vigorously enforced Mexican law, were unarmed, otherwise the holdup could have ended differently.)

After halting the stage and disposing of the driver, the bandits turned to Crowley and took his watch and $200 but did not harm him. They took no notice of Woodruff's disappearance, and paid no further attention to Crowley. Instead, they turned to the stage and, after an excited confab in Spanish, took the mailbag and Woodruff's valise, mounted their horses and galloped away.

Crowley's first thoughts were of Moreno and Woodruff. After examining Moreno and finding him dead, he called out several times for Woodruff. Only echos answered. For a moment he debated with himself on what to do. Then, with mind made up, he sprang into action. Lugging the limp body to the stage, he managed to get it in and shut the door. His next step was to cut loose the live lead mule from its dead mate, in order to turn the stage. He soon found that turning the clumsy vehicle in that narrow road was a job for an expert. But, finally, after an ordeal of backing and twisting, it was turned and he drove slowly back to Cachuta.

A thousand unanswered questions raced through Crowley's mind as he drove along. Why had the robbers chosen to attack that particular stage? It was carrying no strong box, no treasure. Or was it? Had the mailbag contained valuables? The bandits had made off with Woodruff's valise. But why? Was Woodruff something more than he seemed? Furthermore, the voice of one bandit sounded familiar. Crowley had heard it before. But where? It was a deep mystery and he gave up, for the time.

AT CACHUTA, he found Woodruff, safe, but bleeding and exhausted from his three-mile run through brush and cactus, telling his tale to a group of farm hands. Calling Crowley aside, Woodruff revealed his true identity and quickly cleared up the mystery of why the robbers had singled out their stage. He was paymaster of the Nacozari Mining Company. He had disguised himself as an ordinary miner to divert suspicion from the fact

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he was carrying $8,000 in Mexican pesos and $2,000 in American gold! But how had the secret leaked out?

The crime was reported to Major Mendez, who immediately called in and questioned Crowley and Woodruff. Their statements, together and separately, were substantially the same. They described the three bandits as well mounted, masked Mexicans, who looked like any other Mexicans and spoke only Spanish. Crowley stated he had heard the voice of one bandit before, but, since he could not recall where, the statement was of no value.

After the questioning, Crowley and Woodruff resumed their interrupted journey to Nacozari. But Crowley was unsatisfied. That "voice" kept bothering him. Where had he heard it? He tried to pinpoint every voice he had heard since leaving Tucson. Then, suddenly, he had it! The voice was that of Tribolet's foreman! Crowley had heard it at the Halfway House when the man gave Tribolet a ranch report

Crowley hired a horse and rode to Arizpe and sought out Major Mendez. The major was astounded. He stared at Crowley in disbelief.

"But it could not involve that wealthy, popular Robert Tribolet," he said. "Why, that man has been here for years. He does not need to rob stages."

For a moment he pondered, then added, "But it is possible. These robbers must be lead by a most clever man. Senor Crowley, you may have provided the clue that will lead to the capture of this man who has escaped justice so long. I will look into it."

Mendez went to work. Selecting a day when Tribolet was afield, he, with Captain Moldero and a troop of cavalry, visited the Tribolet ranch and secretly searched the owner's quarters. They came up with a mail pouch, letters, and Woodruff's valise still containing $1,500 of the stolen money! Crowley had been right. Nothing was said and, when Tribolet returned, Mendez and Moldero joined him at lunch. They talked of the recent holdup and murder. Mendez, tongue in cheek, admitted he was stumped and asked Tribolet to come along and help find the thieves. Tribolet agreed, and accompanied the officers, little suspecting they were wise to him.

That evening, as he rode to visit his *querida,* the unsuspecting foreman was arrested and turned over to Captain Moldero for questioning. The captain's specialty was persuading close-mouthed prisoners to talk. His efficient, if not gentle, technique soon secured the foreman's willing, even anxious, cooperation, and he began to talk. He told the gang's entire sordid history, named his confederates in the stage robbery and put the finger on Tribolet. The mayor of Fronteras was named along with some 20 other gang members.

Speed was now essential and the major moved fast. One detail of his troopers found and arrested the two missing stage robbers in a roadside *cantina.* Another troop sped to Fronteras and collared the *alcalde.* With his remaining *caballeros,* Mendez, himself, hurried to Tribolet's ranch, late at night, to capture the rest of the gang. Expecting a gun battle, he deployed his men around the bunkhouses and closed in. But only a few innocent ranch hands answered his command to: "Come out with your hands up!"

The others had flown. But why worry about the small fry when he had the gang leaders in hand? He returned to headquarters and turned his attention to them. After reviewing the evidence, he was convinced of their guilt.

The major ordered a firing squad into position the morning of June 28th, 1895, twelve days after the stage holdup. The erstwhile *alcalde,* who had stormed, threatened and even appealed to his friend *El Presidente,* was shot first. The three stage robbers were then lined up and executed.

Tribolet had steadfastly resisted all questioning, and when informed he would be shot next, was dumbfounded. Stoutly maintaining his innocence, he offered Mendez $5,000 to give him 12 hours to prove it. Mendez scorned the bribe.

As one in a trance, the condemned man permitted himself to be led before his executioners. He stood erect for a moment, then apparently realizing his fate, cringed and turned sideways screaming:

"Oh, my God!" as the rifles belched, killing him instantly.

Meanwhile, Captain Moldero and a troop of cavalry had trailed the bandits escaping from Tribolet's ranch, and brought them to bay in an abandoned ranch house. When they refused to surrender a furious battle raged for several hours. Then the besieged men, out of bullets, suffering from thirst and wounds, surrendered. A few were shot later. The rest were forced into the army.

Upon hearing of the execution, one of Tribolet's brothers hastened to Mexico and angrily protested, but was silenced by Mexican authorities. He appealed to the U. S. Consul who, after investigating, reported that Tribolet had renounced his U. S. allegiance, had taken out Mexican citizenship papers and voted in the last elections. The Mexicans had acted within their rights. Nothing could be done. ●

WHEN POTATOES WERE BULLETS

(Continued from page 48)

scurvy. The question was not how soon the Indians would strike again. The enemy within the fort was the immediate danger.

The light from the East took over, and a distant rumbling brought every man to attention, every rifle to the ready. This was the hour that had brought the Indian attacks on the previous mornings. The rumble grew more distinct. The soldiers strained their eyes to see the attackers through the haze. But what they saw coming down the Bozeman Trail was not Blue Bear and his braves. It was something entirely different. They couldn't believe their eyes.

There, rumbling and jolting along at breakneck speed, was John Bozeman himself driving a wagonload of potatoes straight toward the fort. Impossible, but there it was.

Perched atop the load was Jim Morton, hanging on for dear life. It almost looked as though they were going to make it when out of nowhere came the Indians, whooping like the savages they were, and raining down arrows thicker than Mississippi mosquitoes in July. A groan went up from the watching soldiers as they saw the vanguard of fifty Indians closing in to the right of the wagon.

Jim Morton looked around. As casually as he would light a cigarette, he lit the stick of dynamite he held in his teeth, looked once at the short fuse, and tossed it into the midst of the oncoming savages. Indians, ponies and a good hunk of the prairie went up in one ear-splitting blast. Morton threw another sizzling stick to the left of the wagon. Another mighty roar followed.

"Go it, John!" he howled to the driver.

Bozeman whipped his horses onto the road leading to the big gate at the side of the fort. Morton threw a third stick of dynamite out behind them, but it exploded without ever touching a Sioux. Terrified of the "Big Noise that Kills," Blue Bear and his men had hightailed it for the hills. The gates of the fort swung open and Bozeman drove his team inside.

Inside the fort they were met with cheers, every soldier trying to be the first to shake their hands. The fearful gloom of the previous week had been immediately replaced by the relief and new hope shining from every face surrounding the wagonload of treasure.

"There's your potatoes, Colonel," Morton said.

"Thank God you made it," cried Colonel Brady. He knew that the raw potatoes meant life for his men and security to the fort.

"Now if you'll excuse us," said the scout, "me'n John here got a little poker game to tend to afore he has to git back."

With the scurvy under control, the soldiers of Fort C. F. Smith were able to withstand the one or two feeble attacks Blue Bear made on the fort before he gave up and returned to his hide-out in the hills.

Two weeks later reinforcements moved into the area from Virginia City, bringing with them special agents from Washington, D.C.

Agreeing to Red Cloud's demands, at least for the time being, the construction of Fort Kearney was suspended and the Bozeman Trail was closed to further migrations of white settlers.

This decision pacified the Indians, and they returned to their peaceful ways, making no more attacks in the area. Washington, however, acting in its usual manner, took this opportunity to move large numbers of troops into Montana. With this superior strength behind them, the white men felt safe enough to break their word to the Indian.

The Bozeman Trail was reopened. Red Cloud was arrested and the Sioux were routed from their home grounds to make way for the "progress" of the westward-moving settlers. ●

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BUFFALO FURY

(Continued from page 38)

than half a mile. For a short time my terror was indescribable. Alone, far from civilization, without a horse, in a hostile country, with my last bullet in my gun, a braver man than I might have despaired!

When the buffalo had come within about one hundred feet, those in front for a width of about forty or fifty feet saw my horse and attempted to halt, but in the twinkling of an eye they were overwhelmed by the pressure behind. I have never seen two railroad trains come together, but one who has seen the cars piled up after a wreck can imagine how the buffalo were heaped up in an immense pile by the pressure from behind. This did not in the least check the progress of the great host, but they swept by on each side of me like a torrent. It did, however, make an open space or lane for my horse. He, poor fellow, had stood shaking with fear, and perhaps shared with me the feeling of relief this fortunate occurrence gave. I could now enjoy a spectacle which I fancied neither white man nor Indian had ever seen before.

The front rank was as straight as a regiment of soldiers on dress parade. The regularity of their movements was admirable. It appeared as though they had been trained to keep step. If one slackened his speed in the least, he would have been run over.

While my gaze had been fixed on this magnificent scene, the open space had been growing narrower, and I was surprised to see how near the buffalo were getting to my horse. The cause was readily perceived. The buffalo were constantly dropping from the top of the pile into the open space, and though they were doing their best by crowding to keep at a respectful distance, their efforts availed but little and the lane was rapidly filling up. My situation had again become alarming. If the open space filled up, my horse would be lost.

I could now have whipped the buffalo on each side of me with a buggy whip, and the heap itself was slowly approaching me. The buffalo on top of it were higher than the fork of the tree in which I was. My fate depended on the number yet to pass! The open space must soon be filled, and I would soon be crushed if present conditions continued. It was a great relief to my anxiety when I observed that the roar had greatly lessened, and after 55 minutes of alternate terror and pleasure, the mighty host had passed. Numerous small bands followed in its wake.

MY THOUGHTS now turned to my companions, and how to attract their attention if they were within seeing distance. How better could this be done, I thought, than by chasing a band of buffalo along the high ground? This plan was immediately adopted.

As a small band, running in loose order at no great distance, came opposite me, I gave chase and was soon among them. There was no intention to shoot, since the one bullet in my gun must be reserved as a last resort. My horse appeared delighted with the sport, and must have laughed, if a horse can laugh, to see what fright he was giving the same kind of creatures that had, but a little while ago, put him in such terror. When a buffalo whose rump he nipped would turn his head as if to resent with his horns the indignity, the horse would dart out of the way without any guidance of the bridle.

A buffalo seems never to get tired of running, but will maintain his speed indefinitely. They had gained some distance on my horse, when, crossing the deep bed of a dry stream, I found them ranged in single file on the opposite bank at a distance of seven or eight steps, facing a point where they expected me to come up. My horse, not liking the appearance of so many horns, wheeled suddenly to the edge of the bank, and as a stiff breeze was blowing, my hat landed under the nose of a buffalo at about the center of the file.

Perhaps they took this as a challenge, for they all bowed their necks and began pawing the ground, filling the air with dust and acting as if about to make a dash at me, when a yell from me caused them to raise their heads and take another look. This performance was repeated so often that it was no longer funny to me. I wanted my hat!

At length they broke rank and one after another turned and walked slowly away, except one who kept guard over my hat and who seemed determined that I should not get possession of it, and threatened to gore me or demolish the hat, but each time this would be averted by a yell from me. After my patience was about exhausted, he, too, walked slowly away after his companions, and I got my hat, not in the least damaged.

As I had hoped, the chase had been seen by the doctor, whom I spied shortly afterward coming rapidly toward me. Our meeting was mutually agreeable. His reason for not returning in the morning was that he had been treed by wolves, but this I did not believe. More likely he had become bewildered and lost, but did not like to acknowledge it.

We immediately started in search of our companions, whom we found after a ride of several miles on the back trail, passing, in our search, one young buffalo badly crippled. I held him by the horns and the doctor ended his sufferings with his bowie knife. Our companions were in a panic. The old hunters declared that the Indians would soon be upon us, and to save ourselves we must make rapid flight. I gave them my opinion that no Indians were following the buffalo, and that we were in no greater danger than we had been in for several days. Since I had lost my bullets, I was ready to commence an immediate retreat, but I thought no unusual speed was necessary. No argument, however, had any influence with them. They were of the opinion that the Indians were close at hand.

It was now almost three o'clock P.M., and we rode rapidly till after sunset, when a halt was called for an hour, after which our flight was resumed at a moderate gait. I cannot remember that we halted during the night, but I think we traveled steadily till late in the forenoon, when we stopped and began preparations for our breakfast. We had eaten nothing since early in the morning of the previous day.

It was some time in April, perhaps the eighth, and I had not heard a word from my wife and two little boys since setting out on my long horseback journey from Crawfordsville, Indiana, in December. My love of adventure now fully satisfied, I determined to return by the speediest route, —via the Gulf and New Orleans. With this object in view, I decided to separate from my companions as soon as we reached a point where it appeared practicable for me to reach the home of the white man alone. When this point had been reached, I returned Long Tom to its owner, and bidding *adieu* to my kind companions, I turned my horse's head toward the Gulf, carrying a little roasted buffalo meat for food and the penknife as my only weapon of defense.

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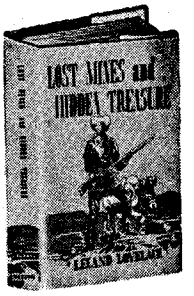

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ONE MORNING, while following a trail made plain by the passing and repassing of many buffalo, I fell asleep on my horse. Suddenly he stopped short, pitching me forward, but fortunately he threw up his head at the same instant and I lodged against his neck. Upon righting myself in the saddle I saw a sight that filled me with terror. In the trail just a few feet ahead of my horse and facing him, stood a monster buffalo bull, with his head higher than I had ever seen a buffalo raise his head, his eyes glaring, his shoulders and sides denuded of hair, his long wool in rolls hanging almost to the ground.

He was certainly a frightful looking creature. He had evidently just come off second best in a contest with a rival, and was now ready to try his fortune in another battle. I was completely in his power —one lunge forward of that huge animal and both rider and horse must go to the ground! Escape seemed impossible.

Many thoughts rushed to my mind, the most painful of which was that no word of my fate could ever reach my wife, whom I was hoping soon to meet. My horse realized the danger. He stood as motionless as a statue, with ears stuck forward and his eyes doubtless staring the buffalo in the face.

How long we stood there I do not know; to me it seemed an interminable time. The buffalo, however, after satisfying himself that I was an enemy too powerful for him to attack, lowered his head, wheeled, and dashed along the trail, the most frightened buffalo that ever scampered over the plains. He kept the trail and I watched him till he appeared as a speck in the distance.

How this unexpected meeting happened I cannot tell, for the horse and buffalo were equally astonished. I think, however, it can be accounted for on the part of the horse. He had ridden up to so many dead buffalo, which I had shot, that one lying on the ground, as I think this one must have been, he would have taken to be dead, and would have gone up to him without fear. His springing to his feet would have astonished the horse. I had ridden him as near as fifteen or twenty steps of buffalo lying down before they take flight, but how this fellow let my horse get so near him I cannot guess. In the space of an hour or more after this encounter, I came among buffalo so numerous that they impeded my progress. Occasionally I had to stop to let a band of them cross the trail before me.

Buffalo usually went in bands all sizes. When feeding, two, at least, always acted as sentinels to give notice of approaching danger. These sentinels were always in the rear of the band and always on the lookout. They were perhaps the bravest, since they were the last to fly when flight became necessary.

As I came opposite to a large band feeding at a short distance from the trail they moved slowly off, except the two large bulls that were keeping guard. They started toward me in a very hostile and excited manner I thought; but with what intent I did not stop to inquire, for, having been critically examined by a chief buffalo that morning I did not think another close inspection on the same day at all necessary. To avoid it, I raced my horse and passed them at a rapid gait. However, they came up to the trail at the point where they had expected to intercept me and stopped, and when last I looked back they were still standing there.

I journeyed on from day to day, toward the Gulf, with no incident of note until at the close of one day, darkness overtook me as I came to a dense forest, and so I decided to travel all night. It was so dark I could not see my horse's head, and fearing some projecting limb might strike me in the face and rob me of my hat, I gave the horse free reins to follow the trail without guidance, and with my hand before my face, clutching my hat lest I lose it, I rode on through the inky darkness, hour by hour. Once my ear caught a sound like the barking of dogs. Thinking it was a settlement I was approaching, I was tempted to turn my horse in the direction from whence it came, when the thought of the danger of entirely losing myself in that vastness without a path caused me to continue on the trail till morning. I was rewarded by reaching a house where needed food and rest for myself and horse was procured.

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On being asked which way I came, I said, "Through the woods." One of the slaves doubted my word.

"Then which way did I come?" said I.

He replied, "I dunno, suh, but you nebber come frum dem woods dis night."

Then they told me that the pack of wolves which infested the forest was why they thought it impossible for a human being to get through alive. I knew then what it was I heard that had so miraculously missed my trail. The wolves were probably chasing a defenseless deer when I heard them, and thus my life was spared.

As I traveled on eastward, wanting to lessen the distance to the Gulf with the utmost speed, again in the distance I saw timber land across my way. Two or three horsemen riding at a more leisurely gait than I, were approaching the same point toward it that my trail seemed to lead.

On penetrating the woodland the sound of splashing water greeted my ear, and I soon saw the men nearing the farther bank of a murky stream. From the other bank they turned to watch me cross. Thinking that I would get over as safely as they, I plunged in and on reaching midstream found my horse beyond his depth and unable to swim. The horses of the other men were much larger than mine, a fact I had not thought of before, and so they did not have to swim. The current was swift enough to wash my horse off his feet, and he made no attempt to right himself, but floated on his side, forcing me to draw myself over onto him to keep my saddle bags, in which I carried money, food, extra clothing and my diary, from floating away.

My perilous predicament can better be imagined than described. How I ever succeeded in guiding him towards shore was a miracle, but we did reach it quite a distance downstream. With superhuman strength I partially lifted the horse out of the water.

I shook like an aspen leaf with the cold, but I knew my only hope lay in reaching a habitation where I could dry my clothing and save my life. The men heartlessly stood on the bank and witnessed my peril, never offering assistance, or guiding me to a dwelling. The only place of refuge I found was an Indian hut, which I entered, made a fire and dried my clothing as best I could. I was obliged to remain there for a week because of illness caused by my icy bath, cared for only by native aborigines. They showed more sympathy and proved better friends than did the white men who saw my narrow escape from death in the stream, but cared nothing for what my future fate might be.

At times I despaired of ever seeing home and loved ones again, but the recuperative power of frail humanity is something wonderful. I finally pulled myself together and once more found myself in the saddle in joyous expectation. On reaching the Gulf, I sold my faithful horse and went by water from Galveston to New Orleans, then by boat up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Indiana, soon reaching Crawfordsville, where my family had been with relatives during my absence.

Shortly after my return, I located in Kokomo, Indiana, purchasing some land from the Government.

I left Indiana in 1853, starting for Iowa, which I reached in the spring of '54, making it my home until 1866, when I moved to Pleasant Hill, Missouri, for a few months. I went to Kansas in 1868. ●

KING OF COCKFIGHTING

(Continued from page 29)

Mr. Burkhead told this story. There was, for a time, a pit on a sandy lot in southeast El Paso near the railroad tracks. It was a two-bit deal compared to the big Juarez pits, but many of the local fans, men that is, gathered there to enjoy their favorite sport.

One avid fan was Dr. I. S. Bush, a prominent El Paso physician. His interest aroused the curiosity of his beautiful young wife, Catherine. (Miss Catherine Dunn, as Mrs. Bush is known professionally, still teaches music in El Paso though she is now close to 90 years old.) She decided that she must see a rooster fight. Mrs. Bush and her best friend convinced five other women, all the very social cream of the city, that it would be an exciting adventure to attend a real cockfight. They were making themselves targets for gossip in the small border town when they ventured into the neighborhood where the fights were held, but they figured there was safety in numbers. At the gate, however, they were told courteously, but very firmly:

"No ladies allowed!"

"Well, I declare!" the beautiful Mrs. Bush exclaimed. "They certainly are not gentlemen to slam the door in our faces!"

The indignant ladies conferred. Then, in a body, they swished around the corner of the high board enclosure. With frilly shirtwaists quivering and their elegant ground-sweeping skirts held high, they waded through the deep sand of the lot. They found what they sought along the back fence. There the lovely ladies squatted, knelt, stood and even lay on their corseted stomachs, as they peered intently through various sized knotholes at the bloody fights taking place inside. And the matches *were* bloody, according to Mrs.

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Bush, who had never even killed a chicken for her dinner table in all her sheltered Southern-belle life.

"I saw my husband there, with a big Mexican man beside him," Mrs. Bush recounts. "He told me that night that this was his friend, Pancho Villa. Later, when Villa became a famous general during the Mexican Revolution, Dr. Bush went to Mexico to become General Villa's official army surgeon."

"And did you ever see any more cockfights?"

"Indeed I didn't. It may be a sport to some, but it's too vicious for me. Dr. Bush told me that Pancho's roosters killed three cocks that day. They were very happy about it."

Mr. Burkhead smiles at Mrs. Bush's reaction.

"I guess it did look pretty brutal to a lady," he admits. "But those cocks are bred to fight. They enjoy it. They are the gamest, toughest fighters ever to enter any arena. Little chunks of dynamite all dressed up in brilliant feathers is the way I see them. In fact my friend Pancho Villa exhibited many qualities of the champion fighting cock, brilliantly, spectacularly slashing his way to victory, in the bloodiest, most brutal game of all, war." ●

DISAPPEARING GOVERNOR

(Continued from page 11)

the answer to this mystery. What is important are the answers to several decisive questions about the ghostlike figure that darted to the stern of the steamer and went overboard.

Only one person saw this white figure—Jim Freeman, the crewman on watch. His version isn't very clear because seeing the white figure move so rapidly toward the stern of the steamer was confusing and left an unclear picture.

Yet Freeman was certain that the figure didn't stop moving, which would indicate that nobody attacked that individual, as is claimed by those who say Meagher met with foul play on the ship.

There is another angle that can't be overlooked. That "swift, darting figure" could have been arranged as a blind to conceal what really happened to Meagher. He could have been killed in the cabin or somewhere off the boat, and the white figure going overboard might have been staged by the killer to deceive people into believing that General Meagher either jumped, or fell, overboard.

Presuming the man posing as Meagher swam ashore after his plunge into the water, the mystery of why no body was ever found is explained.

There were two other questions about that ghostly figure darting so swiftly and so silently across the deck. If Meagher was roaring drunk, as had been contended, would he have moved so quickly and soundlessly? Also, Meagher was an adventurer, who had faced death on land and sea; he could certainly swim. Assuming that he was drunk and fell overboard, wouldn't he have kept afloat to be rescued by the personnel on the boat, or swum to shore?

Then, too, there is the question of suicide. This, however, was never given credence as there was nothing in Meagher's actions or demeanor to indicate any desire to take his own life. On the contrary, he was much in love with life and loved battling its problems. Despite his drinking, and his stubbornness at times, he enjoyed great popularity in the Montana Territory and had many friends. Today there are monuments in several places in Montana to his memory and one county is named after him.

REWARDS were offered for the retrieval of the corpse by Governor Green Clay Smith ($1,000) and the citizens of Helena (another $1,000). The governor's proclamation, dated July 5, 1867, reads:

Montana Historical Society

General Thomas Francis Meagher.

"Information having been received by me that the body of General Thomas Francis Meagher has not been recovered from the Missouri River, and it being desirable that the same should be done, in order to insure proper and Christian burial; now therefore, I, Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, do offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars ($1,000) for the recovery of said body and its safe delivery to Fort Benton, St. Louis, or either of the military forts on the Missouri River, where it can be procured by friends.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereby set my hand and the great seal of the Territory . . ."

The reward offers accomplished nothing, except perhaps to keep up the search for the body for a longer time. Various inquiries got nowhere, and gradually the mystery of the death or disappearance of Thomas Francis Meagher faded into the background. He had fallen into the river, or he had been pushed, or he had been abducted and his body deposited some place where it wouldn't be found. At any rate, he had disappeared and while a few people still speculated about what had happened to him, it was a subject that gradually faded into history. But it wouldn't stay there.

In the summer of 1899, someone found something in the Missouri River below Fort Benton. It seemed to be the body of a man who had turned into stone. The man who found it hauled it 700 miles by wagon to Yellowstone National Park, and sold it to a Livingston business man named

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Arthur W. Miles. Miles promptly put it on display, at 25¢ a viewer, playing it up as "The Petrified Man." This, of course, started arguments. Was it a petrified man, or wasn't it?

According to one eyewitness: "Up in the Upper Geyser Basin is a petrified man. He is five feet seven inches in height and weighs 356 pounds. His owner takes 25¢ per head from all those who desire to look at the man of stone."

There was a hole, made by a bullet or arrow, in the head, showing how death occurred. Miles kept the body in Livingston for some time, making a small but pleasant profit, and then started shipping it around the country. It appeared at the annual Fruit Fair in Spokane in 1899, and then stayed on exhibition for some time in Butte. In November, Miles organized a stock company, evidently to provide capital for further exhibitions, then the showing of the petrified man started to work its way slowly east, stopping for a successful visit in Chicago and finally making its way to New York.

Somewhere en route it changed its character. It was not just a petrified man but the petrified body of General Meagher, showing up in a stony state 32 years after his disappearance. It's hard to say just when this story started, or how.

Possibly some onlooker, having paid his fee, put his two bits in, saying, "Maybe that's what happened to General Meagher," and the story spread.

Eventually, the newspapers took it up. The Temperance people helped spread the story, using it as an example of what happened to a man who drank. This, however, is not the origin of the word "stoned" for being drunk.

The idea that the petrified man was the body of the missing general undoubtedly filled a need. It somehow made the body more authentic and it put an end to the stories and rumors about his mysterious disappearance. Those who believed Meagher had been done in by the Vigilantes or other enemies, of course used the bullet (or arrow) hole in the head as proof of foul play.

At any rate, by the time the body reached New York, it was heralded as that of Meagher, and the old New York *World* ran quite a fanciful story about it in its Sunday magazine section December 31st, 1899. While the old *World* was quite factual in its news stories, it was also engaged in a running circulation battle with the Hearst papers, and its magazine feature articles were more apt to be sensational than the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But even this article, after relating who identified the stone man as Meagher, and recapping the career and end of the general, closed its story with the words, "—if it is indeed Meagher's body."

There is no proof that the petrified body's owner, Mr. Miles, did anything to spread the story, but there is no indication that he did anything to try to stop it. However, by the next year, Mr. Miles began to express doubts about the authenticity of the body itself. Petrified men were quite the rage for a time, and though they may be possible scientifically under certain conditions, a real one is most unlikely, particularly one that had ostensibly hardened in a little more than 30 years.

Mr. Miles said that he intended to send the body to the Smithsonian Institution to find out "once and for all whether or not it is General Meagher." Whether he actually did so or not is not known. The Institution has no record of having received such an item. The whole matter—the real petrified body of any man, much less that of General Meagher—seems to have dropped into an obscurity as murky as the waters into which General Meagher dove or fell. No more was heard about this particular phenomenon, and when Mr. Miles died, in 1933, there was no mention of his ownership and exploitation of a petrified man.

WHILE THE tale of the man of stone went out of circulation, stories about General Meagher's disappearance did not. The whole thing got back into the news 45 years after his end, in a most sensational fashion. By this time, a couple of generations had grown up, and only historians and the old timers remembered Meagher. To most residents of Montana at that time, Meagher was the name of a county, and a

Montana Historical Society

Isaac Baker, leading merchant.

vague historical figure. There were statues of him around, including a typically large equestrian one on the capitol grounds, paid for by public subscription.

In May 1913, eight years after the unveiling of the statue, an aging resident of the town of Plains, Frank Diamond, thinking he was near death, made a confession that made the front pages. He stated, simply and definitely, that he had killed General Meagher, and had been paid to do so

This confession was made in the back room of a saloon in Plains, in Sanders County. The man who confessed to the 45-year-old crime was a well-known old-time logger and roustabout named Pat Miller who had been going under the name of Frank Diamond for some years.

He appeared at Jack Thompson's Camas Saloon, obviously having been on a prolonged spree. Thompson tried to sober him up, and kept him on black coffee for some time, until Diamond swore he'd never take another drink, at which time, a local paper reported, "his swarthy face turned pallid and, clutching his hands to his breast, he fell on the floor."

Thompson, playing the Good Samaritan all the way through, carried Diamond to a cot and called a doctor. Present in the room were Dr. Coats; Frank Hammun, a well-known Plains resident; Thompson, and, of course, Diamond. Diamond, thinking he was dying and gasping for breath, asked for a pen and paper, and they were brought.

Turning to Thompson, he said, "Take this down, Jack."

What Jack took down were four sensational paragraphs:

"I killed Thomas Francis Meagher near Cow Island on the Missouri River. Meagher was Governor of Montana and the Vigilantes had to get rid of him, and Axel Potter gave me $8,000 for the job. I killed him on the steamboat and threw him in the river and swam ashore.

"I also killed George Mitchell in 1883 and threw him in the Willamette River.

"I also killed Bill Clarke near The Dalles, Oregon, in about 1874. Shot him.

"Big Nose George was hung in '82. I should have been hung instead for the crime, but George was a murdering ——— ———and deserved to be hung."

Diamond, having made his "deathbed" confession suddenly started to improve in health, and sent the Grim Reaper away for a while. In fact, he improved so much that the authorities decided to hold him in jail.

Although the confession was made in Sanders County and the alleged crime took place in Chouteau County, it was Sheriff W. L. Kelley of Missoula County who came down to make the arrest.

"A crime has been confessed," he said. "It is my duty to make the arrest and permit investigation."

Diamond, a tall man with one eye—he reportedly lost the other fighting Indians—was taken to Missoula and lodged in jail.

The next day, Diamond took back his confession: "All I know of Governor Meagher is what I have read. I never killed a man in my life and was never arrested even for fighting."

Diamond was identified as a man who had been telling tall tales in western Montana barrooms for many years. Nevertheless, despite Diamond's denial, the county attorney kept him in jail and continued to investigate. Attorney General Kelley asked for the papers in the case, thus bringing back the whole unsolved story of the colorful, Irish general.

People who had been aboard the steamer that night read about Diamond's confession in their hometown papers, and started to write about what happened as they remembered it.

Mrs. A. B. Nichols, of Westfield, New Jersey, wrote that she and her husband had been aboard the *G. S. Thompson* that night, and:

"His room (Meagher's) was on the river side. Between 9 and 10 o'clock I heard the deckhands cry, 'Man overboard.' All were excited when it was learned that the general's room was vacant. One of the deckhands saw him near the end of the boat. He was never seen again. I put the blame on his escort, who put the general to bed but did not lock the door."

A number of other persons spoke or wrote on the subject, and their stories were looked into. An early Montanan, John Maloney, said:

"One thing I did hear with my own ears: Governor Meagher was said to have been hated by many of the Vigilantes and this man, Diamond, was charged at the time of the murder but not arrested. The suspicion stuck to him, as well as I remember, for some time after, before people began to think maybe the governor was accidentally drowned.

"The general did take a drop or two too much sometimes, and on those occasions never took off his clothes, but slept in them. Now when he went over the side he was in his nightgown because all his other clothes were neatly folded in a locker in the cabin. So he was not drunk at the time as some claim."

A miner, Peter Coyle of Butte, who had been working in the vicinity in the summer of 1867, said:

"I am as positive as I ever was of anything that the Vigilantes put Meagher to death. He was not drowned by accident, and thousands of people living in the state

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at the time knew he was not."

However, various judges and other old timers who might be in a position to know took the opposite view, pointing out inconsistencies in Diamond's confession.

Judge Pemberton pointed out that James Daniels, the man who killed a gambler in Helena, had only received a one-year sentence, and the prevailing opinion was that even this was too much, so there wasn't too much of an outcry when Meagher pardoned him. A Helena man, a former Vigilante, said that the Vigilantes tried men before hanging them.

Judge Moody, of Missoula, said that he never heard a word breathed by any Vigilante against Meagher:

"In fact, I never heard anybody in Montana utter a word against him, not a whisper. Many deplored his taste for liquor, but as a man he stood as high as any in the country."

On June 9th, the county attorney ordered Diamond released from jail. The investigation had made no progress. When he ordered Diamond freed, County Attorney Heydron said:

"The State is not even able to prove Meagher is dead. No one saw him die. No one saw him fall. No one found his body. He simply disappeared."

So there is the mystery. Do you have a solution to the disappearance of Governor Meagher? ●

TERRORS OF THE FRONTIER

(Continued from page 24)

with the Yakimas and Walla Wallas.

"Mac," one of his friends said, "you've been friends with the Nisquallies for a long time. You even belong to their tribe. If anyone can change Leschi's mind, you can."

"I don't think they'll fight," McAllister replied.

Although he thought only of peace, McAllister accepted a commission as a lieutenant in the Puget Sound Volunteers composed of his farmer neighbors.

The volunteer company under the command of Lt. McAllister left to search the surrounding country for Chief Leschi. It was McAllister's hope that he could contact the Nisqualli and talk him out of joining forces with the other Indians. The farm was left in charge of the oldest McAllister boy, George, with Clipwalen to help him.

The Nisquallies were angered at their friend and tribal member for joining the volunteers. They felt that McAllister should remain neutral. McAllister, in turn, felt compelled to attempt some sort of peaceful negotiation with the Nisquallies.

Shortly before Leschi left for the Yakima country the McAllisters had moved into their new home. Now with her husband gone, Mrs. McAllister thought that the old house would be best from the standpoint of defense.

Mrs. McAllister did not feel right about her husband's departure. She had the strange, overpowering feeling that he was in dire danger. This feeling became so vivid that she summoned their faithful Indian servant.

"Clipwalen, I want you to take a horse and go after Mr. McAllister. Protect him with your life. Don't let anything happen to him," she admonished.

The two older McAllister boys went with Chipwalen to help their father and the volunteers in case they ran into trouble with the Indians.

Mrs. McAllister was left alone with the younger children, the eldest only twelve years old. Now was the time to move back to the fortified cabin, but for some strange reason the courageous ranch woman held off. Perhaps she felt that the Indians would not harm them.

Soon after the McAllister boys left, a band of Nisquallies, yelling and brandishing their weapons, rode into the yard. They shot the stock, chickens and pigs, leaving them where they fell. They rode around the house shooting their muskets into the air, but they didn't bother the persons in the house.

Mrs. McAllister calmly loaded the musket left at the house for protection. The Nisquallies quieted down after a further demonstration and proceeded to make camp in the yard, seemingly for a long stay.

The October skies, overcast and threatening rain, cast an ominous pall over the ranch as the besieged McAllister family waited word from the volunteers. Several days passed with no news.

Then one morning, at daybreak, the younger children, asleep upstairs, were awakened by a piercing scream. They ran into the sitting room where they saw Clipwalen and his two sisters lift their mother from the floor into a chair. The Indians bathed their mother's face. The children, clad only in their night clothes, thought their mother was dead.

Then they saw their mother cover her face with her hands and could tell that she was sobbing, although they could hear nothing, they saw her shoulders shake as her Indian friends tried to comfort her.

Suddenly, as though summoned by some Imp from Hell, the house was filled with Nisquallies, their faces painted hideously, naked, except for loin cloths. They brandished their muskets as they went from room to room looking into every corner, picking up and examining everything that caught their fancy.

The yard was also full of Indians, some milling about aimlessly while others were sitting on the ground. The painted Indians struck terror into the hearts of the children although they knew many of them as their friends.

The children heard the Indian women start the death wail. They all recognized it because they had heard that wail when some Indian friend had died or was accidentally killed. They wondered who had died.

Some of the Indian women came into the house. They went straight to Mrs. McAllister and tried to comfort her. The awful wailing went on outside.

Then Clipwalen and his sisters told the Indian men to leave the house. The two Indian servant girls took care of the children.

"You get dressed now," they told the little ones.

After the children dressed, the Indian girls told them to sit on the stairs. They did, even though they wanted to see their mother.

A big Indian, his face painted, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, came into the house. The children didn't know him. He went to the middle of the room, sat in their mother's rocking chair, put his war club beside him, and rocked back and forth looking everywhere about the room.

There was a commotion outside. The children heard the Indians shouting and calling to one another, but they couldn't

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understand what was being said. Above the babble of voices they heard their brother, George, call out to Clipwalen to come and help him get through the throng of Nisquallies around the house.

Clipwalen went outside. The children heard him argue with the Nisquallies to let George come into the house.

"This is your brother. He comes not as your enemy but to help his mother and sisters. You know they are your friends. Have the Nisquallies dropped so low that they do not honor their adopted brother?" Clipwalen asked in the Nisqualli dialect.

"He has joined the white soldiers in war against us!"

"No," Clipwalen told the angry braves, "he was only helping his father find our chief to seek peace between the whites and our people."

Gradually the Indians' tempers were placated enough to allow the two men to enter the house.

George went straight to his mother. The children saw him comfort her. They talked in low voices. The little ones couldn't hear what was being said.

THE McAllisters became prisoners in their own house. For two days and two nights they remained indoors with the Nisquallies camped in the yard; some two hundred braves with their women and children were there.

Then there was a commotion outside. The people inside heard the Indians shouting and shooting. Several bullets came crashing through the windows. The tinkle of broken glass was heard. Then the shooting and yelling died down as fast as it had started.

"They're afraid to attack us," George told his mother. "They know darned well some of their men will get killed if they do. We've got to get out of here somehow and go to the fort."

Toward the end of the second day the eldest McAllister daughter came to the ranch with her husband. They had heard how the Indians were surrounding the house and came to be with the family and offer what help they could. After much arguing and haranguing, Clipwalen got them through the pressing crowd of Indians outside the house. As soon as they were in the house they went straight to the children's mother, grief written on their faces.

Dr. Tolmie, the chief factor at the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Nisqually, sent word that the beleaguered family should come to the fort for protection. The McAllisters reasoned that if the Indians had allowed the messenger to get through they knew what Dr. Tolmie proposed. If they left for the fort they would be ambushed along the road, a favorite way of fighting for the Indians.

But could they stay in the house? How long would it be before the Nisquallies finally attacked the house? They could be massacred long before help came from Fort Steilacoom or the Puget Sound Volunteers.

"If we can get a team of horses rounded up we can hide them near the road to Fort Nisqually, but instead of going there we'll head over to Fort Eaton," George told his mother.

The two youngest boys slipped out of the house and somehow slipped past the Indians. They looked for a team of horses or oxen, but returned in a couple of hours with the sad news that all of the horses and oxen had either been shot or driven off.

"We've got to round up a team somewhere. It's our only chance," George told them.

Betts Collection

Marker at site of old Fort Eaton

The two boys slipped out again. This time they succeeded in rounding up a yoke of oxen out on the prairie. They found a wagon left in a small ravine where the boys had been cutting wood some distance from the ranch house. They left the oxen with the wagon and returned to the house, sneaking back in without the Indians knowing they had been gone.

George knew that the Nisquallies expected them to leave for the fort and that they probably had an ambush waiting for them. If they did, the Indians wouldn't molest them as they left the house.

"If we can get to the wagon we'll escape," George told the family. "God help us if they suspect our intentions."

It was on the third morning of their enforced imprisonment that the McAllisters prepared to leave the house, perhaps forever. They walked out as calmly as possible, hoping and praying that the Indians, crowded in the yard, would not notice how afraid they were.

The Indians, however, made no attempt to stop them or molest them in any way. But as soon as they were out of the yard the Nisquallies, with much whooping and hollering, went into the deserted house to steal the furnishings.

When the McAllisters were sure that they were not being followed, they turned south off the road and followed a cattle trail until they came to the oxen and wagon hidden in the ravine.

The boys had placed a heavy chain lengthwise in the wagon for the younger children to hang onto. The family got in the wagon, gripped the chain and prayed.

The older boys had been able to round up a couple of horses near the wagon, a piece of luck that would help them on their journey to Fort Eaton.

The oxen were wild. In order to guide them the boys put ropes around their horns and rode alongside the large beasts.

Then began one of the wildest rides in the annals of the West. When the oxen were goaded a little, they began running at breakneck speed out of the ravine and through the woods.

The wagon rolled and jumped, nearly overturning whenever the boys directed the oxen with their guide ropes. The younger children, the mother and older sister clung to the chain in desperation, fearful that they would be thrown to their death beneath the wagon at any moment.

The oxen ran until exhausted. Finally they slowed and stopped. Their sides heaved as though about to burst. When they had rested a few minutes they started again as fast as they could go.

At last the wagon came out of the woods. The prairie was somewhat easier going, but the wagon still rolled and tossed like a ship on a stormy sea. Everywhere the McAllisters looked they could see dead horses and cattle, the Indians had killed every animal.

AFTER what seemed a century of fear, fear that the Indians would discover them, fear that they would overturn and be crushed to death in their wild ride, the refugees saw Fort Eaton in the distance. This was only a cluster of farm buildings around which the ranchers of the area had hastily built a log wall and bastions, but it was a welcome sight to the weary McAllisters.

Again the tired-out oxen stopped to rest a short distance from the fort. The commander, seeing that it was not Indians but whites, sent a detachment of soldiers out to meet them.

When the leader of the contingent saw the McAllisters in the wagon he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"God bless you, madam," he said, "We thought you were all dead."

The children had gripped the chain so hard that the soldiers had to pry their hands from around the steel links. Their bodies were bruised and bleeding where they had been flung against the sides of the wagon. The soldiers gently lifted the little ones out and carried them to the fort.

It was at the fort that the younger ones were told of the events that caused their mother to awaken them with a scream that morning. Clipwalen had returned and informed her that Lt. McAllister had been ambushed and killed.

He and his company of volunteers had set out toward the mountains looking for Leschi. Their guide was Stahi, the brother of Chief Leschi. Stahi, although he professed friendship with the whites, was leading the company into an ambush.

Clipwalen and George McAllister, upon learning from some Indians that the traitorous Stahi was the guide for the white men, hurriedly set out to overtake the

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Harry was born on the Edom Ranch in Custer County, Nebraska, and has wrangled horses, and worked cattle as a youth. He was educated at Rochester (N. Y.) Institute of Technology in the publishing and printing field and at Denver University. He has edited newspapers and directed advertising in the West for more than 25 years. During WW II he served 3 years with the U. S. Army Infantry and Army News Service in the Pacific area.

Chrisman is the author of *Lost Trails of the Cimarron; The Ladder of Rivers, The Story of I. P. (Print) Olive;* and co-author of *Chariot of the Sun.* His latest work was editing the recent 2nd Edition of S. D. Butcher's *History of Custer County, Nebraska,* the famous Western photographer's early history of the sod house era of the Plains. In the mill at the present time, Harry informs us, are two more books about the West.

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party. The two men succeeded in meeting them at Vaughn's Prairie. Stahi was among them.

George called his father aside.

"Pa," he told him, "you've got to watch Stahi. He's leading you into an ambush."

"Yes, it's true, white brother," Clipwalen told the elder McAllister in Chinook, "the Nisquallies wish to murder you because they think you betrayed them."

"But I'm not here to fight the Nisquallies. I'm their friend, a member of their tribe. I only wish to talk to Leschi. Stahi knows that's my purpose. They won't harm me."

The two younger men argued but he would not listen to them. Leaving his son George with the volunteers at their camp, he took Lt. Connell and Clipwalen with him to search for some sign of Leschi, believed to be in the area.

The three men had not gone far when musket fire from a clump of trees near the edge of the prairie opened up on them. McAllister was killed instantly. Lt. Connell, turning his horse quickly, raced toward the woods but was killed before he could reach safety.

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Clipwalen saved himself by dashing into the forest. Then too, it may be that the Nisquallies, recognizing him as a fellow tribesman, spared his life. The faithful Indian servant hurried back to the white men's camp and told them the awful news.

The company tried to find the ambushers, but were unsuccessful. Young George went with the company while Clipwalen returned to the ranch to tell the widow the sad news.

The Indians had killed the man who had always been their friend. A man who, to the very last, hoped to bring peace to the whites and the Nisquallies.

The McAllisters remained at Fort Eaton until the war was over and then returned to their ranch on the Nisqually where they continued to live without their husband and father, the gentle Kentuckian who had loved the Indian as his brother. ●

THE AMAZING ESTHER MORRIS

(Continued from page 32)

WHEN ESTHER Morris decided that the women of Wyoming Territory should have a direct voice in the government of their area, she went about it with a characteristic combination of directness and guile (guile, today, would be called good, smart politics).

The directness came with the women getting together and deciding to make a public "protest" march to Esther Morris' Tea Party. The guile came in her choice of guests and the way she worked on them.

The men had heard stories and rumors about this march, enough so that they were lining the streets that late afternoon in early September. They were curious to see whether it would come off, which they didn't really expect. If it did, they planned to jeer at their wives', daughters' and girl friends' ineptness. But the women weren't inept. They marched well. They knew what they were doing.

When the marchers got to the plain wooden house the Morrises lived in, their tactics changed. John Morris was not home. He had definitely not been invited. As stated, there were only two men present, William Bright and Herman Nickerson, the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Legislature. Neither of these men knew why he had been invited, but it was an election year and they weren't missing any bets. Both men knew Esther Morris well and admired her.

Mrs. Morris left them in no doubt as to the purpose of their invitation. "We asked you here because we want you to introduce a bill and get a law passed that will give women the right to vote," she said.

The two men were incredulous. They couldn't take this outrageous request seriously. It had to be a joke of some kind.

"We are very serious," Esther Morris told the men. "The women's vote will come in time. You can be one of the leaders. You can get the glory of backing a great reform that is bound to come about sooner or later."

It was a good argument. The men listened politely as Esther Morris and the other women presented their case, on which they were well briefed. The two men were politicians. They could see the point and didn't want to appear to these nice women to be standing in the path of progress. They agreed, politely, that women ought to have the vote, but this was a serious matter and deserved a good deal of thought.

Esther Morris steered the conversation away from the subject by asking questions on other matters, using the old and never-failing technique of admiring the men's wisdom and knowledge. Col. Bright and Mr. Nickerson left, feeling that they had acquitted themselves well and had had a pleasant conversation with a group of intelligent, well-informed women.

The minute they left, Esther and her friends started making their plans.

"These men said they agreed," Esther Morris said. "But it doesn't mean anything. They won't do anything about it unless we force them to. At least they didn't laugh at us. They could see the point about gaining glory by introducing this bill. They're only partly sold, though, and they will conveniently forget about it after the election. We have to see that they don't."

The women's plans would have surprised the two politicians. They might have surprised Machiavelli as well. Their plans were to use methods completely different from those used by other suffragettes. There were to be no more marches, no parades, no stirring speeches. Their moves were to be quiet and under cover, as subtle and secret as those of any diplomat of a great power.

The election came and went. Colonel Bright won, and as predicted, forgot all

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about Esther Morris' Tea Party and the prospect of becoming a leading light by sponsoring votes for women. Esther Morris had counted on that, and had prepared her next step, which had been delayed until after the election. She got in touch as soon as possible with the Colonel's lady, Mrs. Bright.

"Your job," Mrs. Morris told her, "is to convince your husband that he should introduce the bill in the Legislature. We'll work on the other members. We'll try to convince them that this is a progressive move, that they'll gain fame for themselves and make Wyoming known throughout the world for this precedent-breaking move."

Mrs. Bright did her assigned job well. Col. Bright, who had been elected president of the Senate, began to sound out his co-workers on the subject of votes for women. This didn't take too long. There were only ten senators in the Territorial Congress, and fourteen members of the lower house. All twenty-four were Democrats. The governor, a fine man named John Campbell, was a Republican.

This was all part of Esther Morris' strategy. The solidly Democratic Legislature would be talked into voting for the controversial bill. The governor would surely veto it. The Democrats could then gain credit for having taken an enlightened and progressive stand only to be blocked by the governor.

Col. Bright could see the logic in this, but he had a hard time with some of his fellow senators. Most of them were against the bill in principle, but they could see the political sense in putting the governor on the hot seat and letting him take the blame. So, on November 9th, 1869, Col. Bright introduced a bill entitled: "An Act to Grant to the Women of Wyoming Territory the Right of Suffrage and to Hold Office."

The women had done their work better than Col. Bright had figured. To his surprise, and to the surprise even of some of the women, the bill passed, six to two, with two men not voting. The Lower House was tougher, and the women changed their tactics to meet the opposition. They continued to work on each individual member, but they also took their case to the newspapers, and to the surprise of most newspaper readers, they had the majority of the Territorial papers on their side.

Most men, in and out of the Legislature, had taken the whole thing as a joke. Now they were taking it seriously, and fighting. They were using all kinds of tricks to keep the bill from passing. The leader of the opposition was a legislator named Ben Sheek. He introduced a bill giving the vote to all women over 35, on the announced theory that no woman would admit to that age. This was voted down. Other amendments were offered that would make the bill, if passed, ludicrous. This "amendment game" went on for several weeks, during which time tempers grew short and the women stayed out of sight but kept up the pressure on the majority to make sure they'd stick with them. Finally, the unamended bill came to a vote. It was passed, six votes to four, with four abstentions.

Thus the bill went to Governor Campbell. Everyone, including many of the Democrats who had voted for it, was sure it would be vetoed. Everyone except Esther Morris.

As usual, she had done her homework well. She knew things about Governor John Campbell that no one else seemed to know or had bothered to check. Using nothing more devious than the mails, Esther Morris had discovered that Governor Campbell had come from Ohio and that he had been born in the little town of Salem. Salem, Ohio, had been the site of the first women's suffrage convention. John Campbell's mother had been a follower and admirer of Susan B. Anthony, the great suffragette leader.

The possession of inside information, which is often information anyone can get, can be a wonderful, or dangerous, weapon in capable hands. And no one, particularly in Wyoming, could say Esther Morris wasn't capable.

She went to work on the governor, much as she had on Col. Bright and Mr. Nickerson. This time she was able to bring in the man's background, his regard for his mother, and his mother's views on the subject. The governor had been won over, although this was not known even to the politicians close to him, before the bill reached his desk.

Gov. Campbell signed the bill! The women of Wyoming Territory had won the right to vote!

Wyoming State Historical Society Photo

Clarina Nichols gave women advice.

THE NEWS swept across the country and over the sea. It seemed unbelievable that women in America's wild-and-woolly Frontier West had been able to gain a victory that women in the East and in England had been fighting for unsuccessfully for years. But there it was, in black and white. Not a proposal now, but a bill!

It looked as though it was all over. But Esther Morris was too smart a leader to think that winning a battle meant winning a war. She knew that there was still a fight to come, and she kept her army of feminists in fighting shape. The first battle was over, but the war had to be won, step by step. The invasion of "men's country" had been a success. Now the position had to be held and consolidated. And the opposition was still there, stronger now that it had realized it could be beaten.

With the right to vote had come the right to hold office, and that meant that women, for the first time, would be sitting on juries. The jury system is one of the great contributions of law to the keeping of order. But, just as judges can be corrupted, juries can be cowed.

The great, costly and bitter War between the States had been over for a few years. The West was booming. It was growing at a phenomenal pace, and all the settlers weren't quiet, law-abiding people. In fact, very few of them were by the time they reached Wyoming. Some of the newcomers were there because they had to get away from crimes or records in the East. Some were ex-soldiers, brutalized by the bloodiest war we had known. A large number were Southerners, bitter and discouraged at finding what had happened to their jobs and property while they were away; discouraged by the South's post-war poverty. And many other, previously law-abiding citizens, lost their sense of morals and ethics after they got out of the relatively settled East and into the vastness and danger of the new and lonely West.

During the depression of the 1930's there was a saying: it took only two days without food, a bath and a shave to change a gentleman into a bum. During the boom days of emigration to the West, there was a similar saying: two days west of Independence and every man became on the outside what he'd always been and suppressed on the inside. In other words, if he was a good, gentle, and honorable man at heart, he would stay that way. But if he had been a seemingly good and peaceable man only because he was conforming to the laws and customs of the place he was in, his true nature soon showed.

Wyoming Territory was one of the last of the lawless places. The country was large. Much of it was inaccessible for the few troops available to keep order, as well as fight Indians. And the law was something a lot of these men thought they had left behind. As a result, arrests were few, trials were fewer, and convictions almost non-existent. One of the reasons for this, which accentuated the other two, was that too many men, sitting on a jury, were afraid to convict a guilty man for fear of vengeance by his friends and relatives. This, of course, brought on a "what's the use" attitude by the courts and enforcement officers. The women on the juries made a great and most useful change.

By the summer of 1870, law and order had just about disappeared in Wyoming Territory. The women asked for their place on the juries, as guaranteed by the law, and Governor Campbell backed their demands. News that women were sitting on juries brought more scorn, more reporters from the East, and a string of dirty stories as well as ridicule. There were cartoons again, as in the women's first fight for the vote, showing women sitting in jury boxes with their babies, paying no attention to the case they were hearing but only to the demands of their infants. There was a popular poem of the time, known to everyone and finally reprinted in the papers: "Baby, baby, don't get in a fury. Your Mama's gone to sit on a jury."

Six women were chosen to sit on the Grand Jury in Laramie, where hoodlums had taken over so completely it was impossible to send a murderer to the gallows. A school teacher named Eliza Dix Stewart was the first woman in America to be chosen for jury duty. With her five cohorts, this turned into one of those runaway Grand Juries that later generations of gangsters and corrupt politicians learned to fear. This jury indicted murderers, horse thieves and other undesirables. Before its work was finished this jury had cleaned up once-corrupt Laramie.

The next step was the vote. On September 7th, 1870, Louise Ann Swain, born in 1800, in Laramie, Wyoming Territory, became the first woman in America to cast a vote.

The election caused trouble, however. Two Republicans were elected to the Legislature in the first election in which women voted. The Democrats said the women were ungrateful to the Democrats for the support they'd been giving the suffrage

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issue. When the Legislature met the next fall, the Democrats were out to get their revenge.

Ben Sheek, an early opponent of women's suffrage, introduced a bill to repeal the Suffrage Act of 1869. He had a lot of support from Democrats who'd previously supported the act. A legislator named George Fellman made a speech in which he said:

"The morals of our homes have gone down to an alarming point since women started to vote. It has put them on the same level as men. Women sitting on a jury are a curse to all sense of fair play. They are emotional fools, being moved by all sorts of crazy little whims. Woman's place is in the home, with the children. God help us if this crazy law isn't repealed and the women again put in their place."

They were—almost. The 1869 law was repealed by quite a large margin.

By now, this was no longer a local matter. It was something for Wyoming to fight out. The first place that had granted women the right to vote was taking it back. Votes for women had become a national and international matter. One fighter for the cause, Clarina Irene Nichols, advised women to refuse to marry unless they were given the right to vote.

The setback in Wyoming had not come as a surprise to Esther Morris, however. She had felt it coming, as had many others, and instead of spending too much time trying to win back the legislators who had closed their minds, many feeling they had been double-crossed or outwitted, she spent most of her time working on Governor Campbell. And, as she had been earlier, she was successful.

Governor Campbell not only vetoed the new bill repealing the Suffrage Act, he did it with a stinging rebuke to the Legislature. Every newspaper in the country ran big stories about the governor's action.

This was a major victory for the cause. It brought suffragettes by the score to Wyoming. Susan B. Anthony and Ann Young came to see the miracle these truly pioneering Western women had brought about. They did not get a good reception, part of which was their own fault.

The West was new and crude in their eyes. It lacked comforts and what they thought of as civilized behaviour. What's more, they said so. In addition, they had not learned the lesson Esther Morris had: the power to grant votes to women was in the hands of men; convince them, don't anger them. The speeches the Eastern suffragettes made were filled with screaming invectives—men were monsters! The men booed the speeches vigorously, and to the Easterners' surprise, so did the women.

But most Western women followed the lead of Esther Morris and her cohorts. Colorado gave the women the vote, as did Idaho and Utah. In fact, the first twelve states and territories granting the right to vote to women were all located west of the Mississippi.

There was still one more big battle for the women of Wyoming. In 1889, after having had the vote for nearly a generation, there was a new problem. Wyoming wanted to become a state and had asked for admission to the union as such. Opposition to women's suffrage was still violent in Washington, and word was sent that no territory with women's suffrage had a chance for statehood in the United States Congress.

The women of Wyoming were so sure of their position by this time that they sent word that they'd give up their voting rights. Statehood was more important, and they were sure that once Wyoming had been admitted as a state, the men would restore their privileges.

But the men took a stronger stand. A wire was sent to Washington that Wyoming would have to be accepted, women's suffrage and all, or rejected.

The bill for statehood for Wyoming got through both the Senate and the House, but by the narrowest of margins.

One Wyoming official put the cap on Esther Morris' cause, after this victory, by making a public statement:

"It wasn't until we gave the women the vote that we began to have law and order in Wyoming. Women's suffrage has been a great success with us, and we wouldn't have it otherwise."

Granting the vote to women was one of the West's great contributions to American political life. But it wasn't until 1919 that this right to vote became universal for women in all the states. It took fifty years for Esther Morris' efforts to win out nationwide, by which time she was long dead, and pretty much forgotten. ●

GRANDFATHER AND THE LAW

(Continued from page 25)

ground where the Moffat Road now runs.

At one point they were confronted by an unsurmountable cliff and were obliged to make a detour to the west slope to pick their way along the rocky mountain side. My grandfather was in the lead, when suddenly he found himself being carried rapidly down the slope, accompanied by most of the snow above and around him. Fortunately he lodged against a ledge, while the avalanche of snow deepened and widened until it appeared to be about a quarter of a mile wide.

This was grandfather's first experience with snow slides. He had to climb about 150 feet to get back to where he started. Then they hurried along the ridge to the north until they found a place they could descend in safety to timber line. They built a fire, cooked supper and rolled up in their blankets for the night.

An early start was made next morning. They expected to make a good advance in their search, but the snow was soft and treacherous and their snowshoes were only makeshifts, being pieces of board about eight inches wide and thirty inches long, lashed on with cord. Threatened with snow blindness, they hastily melted snow, bathed their eyes, and were overjoyed to find it provided relief.

The following morning they were up early and started on their journey. The weather had changed during the night. Snow had fallen and softened the crust of the old snow, so that travel became extremely laborious. When they tried to walk, the crust would give way and down they would go to their armpits.

Grandfather and Crippen became exhausted and made camp. Grandfather climbed a tall tree. From the top he could look down upon the country a few miles distant. He saw that the terrain flattened out.

This renewed their courage, and the next morning they started with the intentions of

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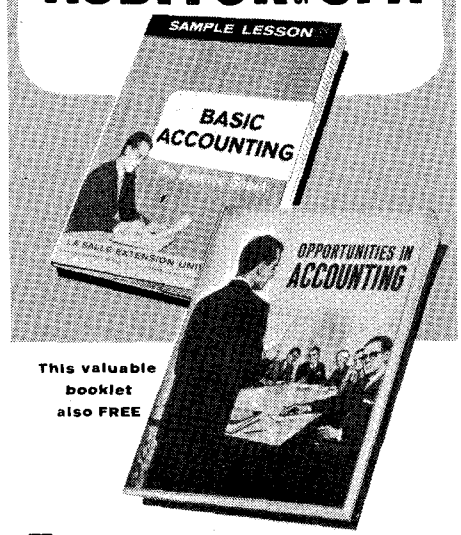

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reaching the open country that day. But their labors were brought to a conclusion much quicker than they dared hope.

Grandfather and Crippen had proceeded about a mile when they heard someone calling. Both men answered the call and fired their pistols several times, running as rapidly as possible toward the place from whence the sound came.

Grandfather called out, "Who are you?"

A voice answered, "My name is Tupper."

"Where is Rowley?" grandfather asked.

"He is only a short distance away," was the reply.

Tupper then stepped out from some undergrowth which had concealed him. In a few seconds he was joined by Rowley.

Grandfather said they were two of the most unsightly human beings he had ever seen.

They were unwashed, black with smoke and were veritable walking skeletons. It can be but faintly imagined with what intense emotions the rescuers grasped the hands of these poor fellows.

Each of them was given a small piece of bread, which was the first they had tasted in six weeks.

Tupper, who had spent his time hunting and caring for Rowley, had killed a few ducks and was fortunate enough to kill one wild goose. They had been reduced to such straits that for nearly three weeks they had subsisted on the carcasses and skins of groundhogs. This lack of food made Tupper so sick that he was unable to get around for a week.

WE'RE SORRY

But so many readers, who missed the first two issues of THE WEST—March and May—on the newsstands, have written in for these magazines that our supply has been exhausted

Together the men went to where the rescuers had spent the previous night. A fire was made and supper prepared. Each of the poor starving men was given tea, some bread and a small piece of bacon. In their starved condition, it would have been fatal to allow them to eat what they desired.

The four men sat around the camp fire and talked. Tupper and Rowley asked what had brought two strangers on this dangerous trip looking for them. When this was explained, the poor fellows broke down and cried like children, pledging, between sobs, everlasting friendship for Crippen and grandfather.

After several hours, rest they took up the trek to Gregory Diggings. The unwritten law had been obeyed. When Rowley and Tupper had been turned over to their friends, Crippen and grandfather were given a real pioneer celebration. ●

PREHISTORIC HUNTERS

(Continued from page 43)

The animals migrated because the climate was limiting their food supply.

As the great American ice cap receded, the weather became warmer. The dampness again encouraged heavy vegetation, which in turn created feed for animals. These ancient behemoths were herbivorous and needed large amounts of plants. Where there were a large number of vegetarians, there would be carnivorous animals following, to feed on them. And there would be man, who hunted both.

These early types of man in America had fire or the means of making fire. They hunted with short spears, hurled by a primitive spear-throwing device. They lured animals into marshes and bogs where they lost their mobility and were easily killed.

These brave characters were known as the Early Hunters, and were succeeded as the climate changed by the people known as the Foragers. The Foragers got their name because their society was based on hunting and gathering enough food, of any kind, to keep them alive.

There were occasional oases on the Plains, where nature dammed up waters from melting glaciers, and many of the mountain tops seemed to have both warmer weather and more moisture than we would expect to find today.

What little game remained, stayed in these spots, and some of the early Indians remained with them. Other Indians moved about in search of food and learned to live on berries, seeds and what plants and roots they could find or dig up. This is shown by the lack of animal bones, and by the stone grinding implements the archaeologists have found.

IN OUR West, the Indians hunted bison. Not the huge bison with 6-foot straight horns which were plentiful during prehistoric times, but still larger than the current ones. Archaeologists noticed that from the very early bison remains found, a whole animal could be reconstructed, except that, generally, the tail bones were missing. Indians of a much later period skinned the bison, taking off the tail with the hide. Lack of tail bones among the fossils seems to indicate that the earlier Indians were using, as later ones did, bison hides to make their tepees.

For the next 4,500 years or so, until about a century ago, buffalo herds increased until they roamed our great Plains in numberless millions. As the herds increased, so did the local early human population.

Throughout history there have been many primitive peoples who have lived in a "one-crop" society. Even today in many parts of the world people eat well or starve according to the rice crop, the wheat yield, the good and bad years for yams.

But no society that lasted for any length of time was as dependent on the continued proliferation of any one animal as our North American Indians on the Plains buffalo. As the herds increased the food needs, shelter and clothing of the Indian were met. There was even a surplus. In this period of comparative plenty, families increased and gradually grew into tribes.

The greatest change in Indian civilization took place somewhere along this time when some it was discovered, perhaps by accident, that the bison herds could be driven to the edges of cliffs, and often spooked, or stampeded over the cliffs, providing a fine supply of dead buffalo without the work and danger that went into an individual's hunting of an individual beast. This relatively easy method of getting a supply of dead bison more or less wiped out hunger and the threat of starvation for the Indian until the coming of the white man.

The Indian population, which by their standards were "fat and happy," increased even more. They were no longer bound together by the common bond of hunger; they started a certain amount of small-scale fighting among themselves. These fights were, as a rule, sporadic raids against small hunting parties, or a raid to kidnap some women from another tribe.

During the intervening generations, the unwieldly spear and early spear-throwing machines had been refined into stronger, thinner spears and smaller more efficient stone heads. The spear gradually turned into the arrow, the spear-thrower into a bow, which remained much the same until the white man came along. The later spearheads never approached in workmanship or efficiency the early Folsom Man's sharp, small, efficient ones, made thousands of years before. What made the Folsom Man's superior is not known and can only be guessed. Possibly the making of the fine weapons became a part of their religion, and certain "priests" were either chosen for their ability or were trained from an early age.

However, from all that can be learned, the Indians who began fighting among themselves, were not particularly vicious or blood-thirsty. When another tribe's raids became intolerable and challenged their "honor," the men would set forth to avenge the insult much like the knights of Europe. The men would go forth in a war party and be met by the warriors from the other tribe.

They were all following a yet unwritten military rule: when a better offensive weapon appears, better defense follows. Along with the development of arrows came the development of shields. And for this, we have, if not the remains of shields, paintings on cave walls, showing the warriors well protected behind them.

From what can be learned from these paintings and drawings on cave walls and protected rocks, the Indian war parties lined up facing each other, hurling volleys of arrows at their opponents, who had time to hide behind their huge, round shields. Only the unlucky, the unwise, and the recklessly daring were apt to be wounded or killed.

Their way of life continued for many centuries, with little change, as far as we can gather, except for periodic movements, as family clans developed into tribes and tribes moved or split up forming alliances with other tribes. There were good years and bad years, some warfare but no great conflicts that we know of. Life for the Plains Indians changed comparatively little until the Spaniards arrived in Latin America and introduced the horse.

In the first rush of the white man for the land and riches of the West, little attention was paid to the background or possible origin of the Indians. It has only been in recent times that much serious "digging" has been done, literally and figuratively, into their pasts. As the digging goes on, we find that the primitive ancestors of the Indians were here much longer than we had thought. After all, the so-called Folsom Man was discovered and named from implements found in New Mexico as recently as 1952, anthropologically speaking, hardly a moment ago. ●

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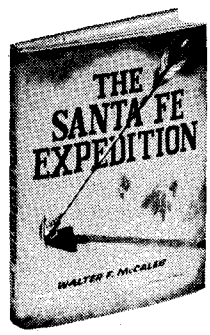

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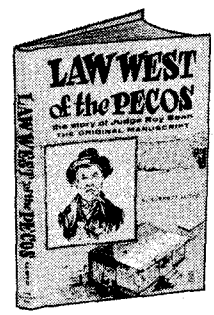

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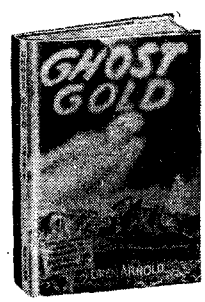

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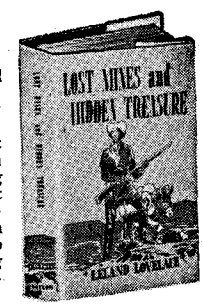

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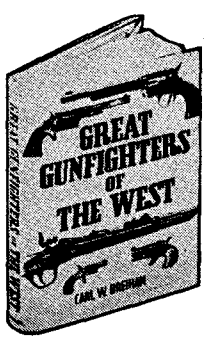

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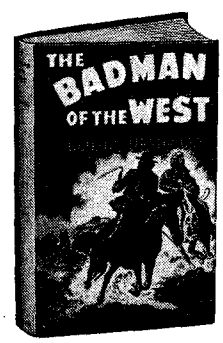

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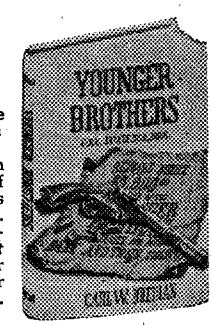

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LITTLE AUBRY'S RIDE

(Continued from page 39)

on the Arkansas, and other spots en route. He laid plans to lead extra horses along over certain portions of his way.

Before daylight on the morning of September 12th, Aubry was galloping full speed out of Santa Fe. For most of the way he gulped his meals while in the saddle and stopped only once to sleep for two hours before he reached Independence. Six horses died on him en route and six more broke down. After the first exhausting day he lashed himself in the saddle so he could sleep without falling off while traveling. Hard rain fell on him an entire day and high gale winds buffeted him almost constantly.

He charged into the town of San Miguel and changed horses. He swapped mounts again at the Rio Gallinas, (now known as Las Vegas) New Mexico. In the middle of the night he rode upon the camp of the drivers of a Mexican pack train. He knew the ramrod of the outfit and this man let him have a gray horse, noted for its endurance. It was not yet dawn when he rode whooping into a camp at the Point of Rocks and there, men whom he had dispatched ahead of him from Santa Fe the week previous, gave him coffee and another horse, a fine yellow mare called Dolly.

Aubry swallowed the scalding black liquid, jumped into the saddle and was off once more. It started to rain in torrents but Aubry did not slacken his pace. At Rabbit Ear Creek he thundered past Alexander Major's wagon train, at full speed, not even slowing down to inquire about the Indian situation ahead of him. At Willow Bar he unbridled the mare and let her blow briefly.

A hundred miles past the Point of Rocks Aubry had arranged for relay horses to be waiting for him, but when he reached that site there were no men and no horses. There was only blood upon the ground, mute testimony that the Indians had beaten him there. He must continue on the yellow mare even though she was on the point of exhaustion. Little Aubry continued on the great horse. In 26 hours the valiant Dolly carried her rider two hundred miles!

And still she pounded on, across the Cimarron. A few miles beyond that point Aubry left her in the care of a wagon master who let him have a fresh mount. The little rider spurred on until he reached a ford on the Arkansas. Fresh horses were concealed in the timber above the river. Aubry mounted one and led the remaining two. He was less than 400 miles out of Santa Fe and was not yet half way to Independence. The first of his fresh horses played out before he had traveled ten miles. The second met the same fate and the third proved to be a slow animal. Aubry climbed down and, carrying his bridle, resumed the race on foot. After trotting 24 miles he reached Fort Mann and there encountered one of his own wagon outfits. He slept for two hours and resumed the trip on a fresh mount.

Aubry passed Pawnee Rock and at Council Grove stopped to boil coffee, tied himself to another animal and moved on. He was still 150 miles from Independence. Just out of Council Grove it began to rain. Aubry sped on to Big Springs and there, by paying dearly, swapped with a trapper for a good horse.

He rode into Independence just 24 hours from the time he left Council Grove. The time was 10:00 P.M. The date was September 17. He reined up in front of the Nolan House. A great crowd of men poured out of the lobby to cheer him. They lifted his slight figure and bore him into the lobby. Aubry had bettered his own record and he had won his thousand dollar bet. After eating his first square meal since his departure from Santa Fe, he slept, first instructing the clerk to call him in three hours. The man waited six hours and Little Aubry, furious at his "kindness", told him angrily that he liked his rest in "broken doses". He made a run for the docks and caught a steamer to St. Louis just as it was getting ready to leave.

The next summer, Captain Randolph Marcy of the U.S. Army met Aubry in Santa Fe. The captain asked him to write an account of his fabulous ride.

"I made the trip," wrote the small French-Canadian, "traveling time only counted, in four days and twelve hours, though the time spent between Santa Fe and Independance was five days and sixteen hours. I made a portion of the trip at the rate of 250 miles to the 24 hours; made 200 miles on my yellow mare in 26 hours."

In 1852 Aubry, lured by the siren gold, headed for the Golconda of the Pacific, traveling a new route across the great Western deserts and the forbidding mountains. With him he carried two wagons of merchandise, a herd of 3,500 sheep and over 100 extra mules and horses. He rode the great yellow mare, Dolly. When he returned to Santa Fe the next year, he collected 14,000 sheep to drive back to the booming gold fields. Aubry kept accurate and detailed diaries of all his trips.

On August 3rd, 1853, west of the Little Colorado River he noted in his daily journal that his train was surrounded by hostile Indians and that some of his mules as well as his beloved Dolly had been wounded by arrows. He made mention of the great suffering of his beleaguered men from thirst. On August 16th, he recorded that his party was still on the desert held back by all the wounded men. They were all existing on short rations, and he had been wounded eight times. Sadly he made the entry that Dolly who had "so often saved him from death at the hands of the Indians" had given out due to her serious wound and that they were eating her flesh.

In 1854 the little French-Canadian was stabbed to death in a fight in Santa Fe. Although he was just 30 years of age, already he had become a legend throughout the West. In honor of his great rides a new steamboat on the Missouri River was christened the *F. X. Aubry* and the figure of a yellow mare was carved in the space between the great smoke stacks. ●

SAGA OF A GREAT SCOUT

(Continued from page 45)

the cavalry's one. Inevitably, the Indian fire began to chip away branches and parts of the trees, and several of the tied-up horses in the rear were hit. The braves shouted with pleasure each time they heard a horse scream, thinking each dead animal meant one more soldier was doomed to stay there to meet his fate.

The steady firing and sharpshooting of the cavalrymen was taking its toll, but in a battle of attrition, the sheer weight of numbers made the outcome obvious, even though no whites had been hit as yet.

Even Finerty, the newspaperman, got in his licks. During one exchange, the Chicagoan yelled: "I got one."

He had knocked over a young buck who had jumped up from his position to yell at Grouard, saying what he would do to him.

All during the exchange, the Sioux had been shouting at the scout taunting him, telling him what torture they had planned for him! Grouard only laughed—he knew what would happen to him if he ever got caught, and had stashed away one last emergency bullet so, if worse came to worse, he would never be taken alive.

TOWARD evening a sudden silence fell among the Indians in the clearing. The shooting stopped, and Grouard went up and down the line warning the soldiers to be ready for a new, fierce attack. During this brief lull, the verbal attacks on the scout didn't abate. If anything, the threats grew more vicious, more pointed, or perhaps it was just that they could all be heard clearer without the competition from the rifle fire.

The Sioux regarded Grouard as a traitor, a renegade, and saved their scorn for him, which was understandable in a way.

Frank Grouard had been born in what is now Hawaii, the son of a bi-racial family, part French, part Hawaiian. In 1855, at the age of fifteen, Frank had run away, shipping as a cabin boy on a four-master bound for San Francisco. San Francisco at that time was the liveliest city around, and its lure proved too much for Grouard.

For a few years, he worked at odd jobs, in the city and then in the gold fields. He picked up an education from a book-loving miner from the East who grew interested in the waif from the far Pacific, and taught him to read and write English.

When Grouard learned to ride, he developed into an expert horseman. Not a large man, he had the light and graceful bearing of many of the Islanders, along with the quick mind of the French. As a fine horseman, with his strong, lithe body and light weight, he was a natural "long rider." Once this was noticed, he got a regular job carrying dispatches from army posts in the Midwest to the West Coast. He became a one-man Pony Express before that famous but brief fast-mail service was started.

It was during his dispatch-riding days that he became enmeshed with the Sioux. Chief Crazy Horse was moving his village to a new camp. Some braves came across Grouard a little west of Cheyenne, captured him and took him back in triumph to their chief.

For some reason, possibly because he was a novelty, Crazy Horse seemed to like him and allowed him to live, as a member of the tribe. More important than that, Grouard was adopted by Chief Crazy Horse as his son.

For ten years, this transplanted Hawaiian lived the life of a Plains Indian. He might have continued to live this way indefinitely, and the U.S. Army would never have had one of its great scouts, if it hadn't been for two women.

Grouard married the daughter of a Dakota sub-chief, and settled down contentedly with his squaw and adopted brothers. One day, on a trading trip to Fort Laramie, he saw a pretty blonde girl, the daughter of a cavalry captain. He saw

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that she noticed him looking at her, and found a way to get to speak to her. It was an unimportant meeting, except that Grouard's Indian wife saw it.

She became violently jealous.

"This is what you do when you leave me to trade," she screamed at him. "Only this time I was along, and I saw."

Grouard reckoned without the primitive jealousy of an Indian. She quieted down verbally, became surly and uncommunicative. He thought the incident, which he regarded as minor, was blowing over. Then a young brave he had once saved from drowning and who had become a close friend came to him with the news that he should be careful.

"Why?" he asked.

"Your squaw's brothers are going to kill you. Your wife has persuaded them that the family honor has been lost, that you have disgraced them."

Not wanting to spend the rest of his life, which might be extremely short under the circumstances, worrying about a knife in the back, or a throat slit in his sleep, he slipped away that night.

A WEEK later, he got a job as a civilian scout for the Army. His nomadic life as a Sioux had given him an intimate knowledge of every part of the terrain, every hidden mountain path from Minnesota to the East, the British territory to the north, and the Arkansas River to the south and west. He had more than a clue to the workings of the Indian mind, their customs and habits.

The Sioux, of course, never forgave him. They had let him know they would never forget, and some day hoped to cut his heart out and feed it to the dogs.

So as the uneven battle between Lieutenant Sibley's men and the Sioux was halted for a time, the scout warned the cavalrymen of the new assault to come while the Indians continued to taunt him with their most vehement hatred.

The lull lasted less than a quarter of an hour. Suddenly, the Sioux sprang up from their places of concealment and charged forward. Ahead of them, leading the attack, ran a huge chief, an awe-inspiring sight in a magnificent war bonnet and snow-white buckskins.

"That's White Antelope, the Cheyenne,'" Grouard shouted to Lieutenant Sibley. "Get him. Direct your fire at him."

Twenty yards from the timber, the huge chief, running like the animal he was named for, stumbled and skidded forward on his face. His headdress tumbled off and he lay still. The wild charge stopped as though the Sioux had run into a stone wall, and the warriors turned back to their lines, taking the body of the dead chief with them. The Northern Cheyennes had joined the Sioux in the general uprising against the whites.

"We'll have a breathing spell of maybe an hour," Grouard said. "Then it will be dark."

He explained that there would be a pause while the Indians discussed the matter. Sometimes the death of a great chief in battle was seen as an omen that the Great Spirit was displeased, and they would withdraw completely. Usually, during the discussion, someone would spur them on to greater efforts, to avenge the death of a leader who had fallen honorably in battle.

The soldiers slumped at their positions with weariness and relief. They had, to a man, resigned themselves to death. They could see no way out! This was just a brief reprieve before the eventual end, but each man planned to take as many hostiles with him as possible.

As soon as the firing stopped, Grouard disappeared for a few minutes. He came back and spoke to Lieutenant Sibley.

"If this cease fire lasts until after dark, we may have a way out," he said. "I've found an opening we can slip through. It means leaving the animals behind and trying to make it on foot, but it's our only chance. If they hear the horses, they'll think we're still here with them. And I've noticed the grass is as dry as tinder. Sooner or later, rather than rush us again, they'll try to burn us out."

The men grumbled a bit at leaving their mounts, but anything was better than the certain death of staying. They had ridden 65 miles the day before, with only a couple of hours' sleep. Once they started walking, following single file behind Grouard, leaving everything behind them but their rifles and ammunition, they started to feel better. A 55 mile hike would be an ordeal, but it was a chance.

They climbed, they crawled and they scrambled after the scout. An icy branch of the Tongue River had to be waded, waist-deep. Finally, a sheer canyon wall loomed ahead of them. By the time they had gained its rim, they were too exhausted to move. Grouard let them sleep there for an hour.

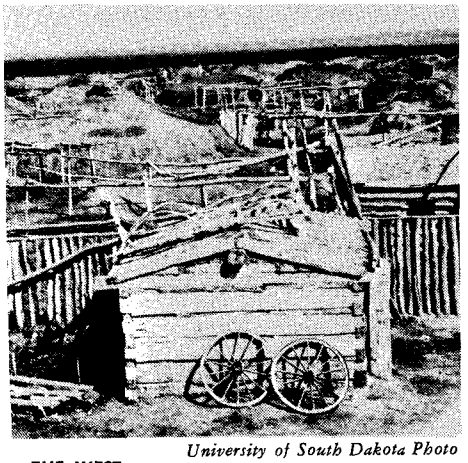
Far behind them, a sudden glare lighted the low-lying mountain clouds. The Sioux had started a fire to flush them out, as predicted. The men woke in time to see it and be glad they had left that spot. To add to their troubles, a violent storm broke, pelting them with rain and hailstones, whipped on by a bitter cold north wind. This was almost too much, even for hardened Indian fighters. But the storm passed as quickly as it had come, and Grouard got them up, knowing the only way they could get warm again was to march on.

The rest of the night and the next day were sheer torture. Their boots had been shredded by the rough shale. There wasn't a man whose feet weren't bleeding. They lay still, all their fight gone, as a passing Indian war party from another tribe made its way down a small valley they had just crossed.

"Only 25 miles more," Grouard said, pointing to Cloud Peak, glowing in the setting sun. He let the exhausted men sleep for three hours before starting up again shortly after midnight.

By three in the morning, they came to Big Goose Creek, at flood level because of the storm. There was no way of crossing it without swimming, and the exhausted, starving men couldn't make it without some rest so they slept for a while. At

Grouard lived with Indians in this village.



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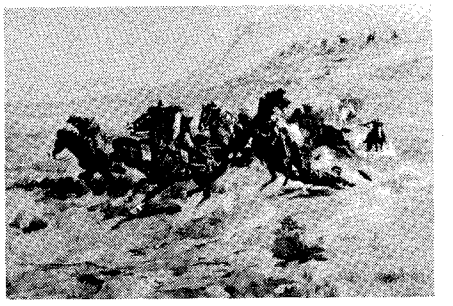

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seven in the morning they started again. Two of the men couldn't swim and were more afraid of the water than the possibility of Indians still being on their trail, so they received permission to stay behind until help could come for them. The others crossed, and on level plains were only able to stumble forward four miles in the next four hours.

Then luck, as it sometimes does, came to the rescue of these brave men. They stumbled onto a pair of cavalrymen who were out hunting. The two hurried to the main camp for horses and food. Some time later, a chow wagon came up, and the starving, exhausted men got their first nourishment, while other fresh soldiers went to rescue the two men who remained on the far side of Goose Creek. By nightfall they were all in General Crook's camp, being welcomed with cheers and amazement. They had been given up for lost.

The next day, the Crow scout, Curly, rode into the camp with news of the annihilation of Custer's cavalry on the Little Big Horn. This was the first knowledge General Crook had of the disaster.

Within a week, Lieut. Sibley's men had recovered, and took the trail northward to pursue the Sioux to the Canadian border. In the meantime, word of the Sibley expedition and Grouard's exploit had been forwarded to Washington.

President Grant's Secretary of War, James Donald Cameron, called Grouard's feat "one of the most remarkable recoveries in the entire annals of the United States Army."

A special letter of commendation from the War Department was sent to Grouard, whose skill, knowledge, strength and courage had kept so many good men from premature graves. He had gotten them out of a hopeless situation with not one man lost to the enemy or wounded, the only damage being cuts and bruises caused by nature.

The Sioux never did cut out Grouard's heart. He remained an honored army scout for another dozen years or more.

By 1890, the Indian wars were about over, and at the age of 50 he had no occupation and no place to go. Like many of the scouts, mountain men and early settlers, Frank Grouard was unable to adjust himself to the new "civilized" conditions. There was no provision for even a small pension for civilian scouts, and he wandered from one place to another, looking for work, unable to find anything that would keep him in one place for any length of time.

Finally, he took to alcohol and ended his life in obscurity, regarded as a drunkard who would tell any kind of fanciful tale about his past for a free drink.

Frank Grouard was the right man in the right place at the right time, and then the times passed him by, leaving a strong man with a good mind a useless wreck. But he had lived, and because of him, so had a number of others. ●

TRUTH ABOUT DORA HAND

(Continued from page 19)

Thompson. All the members of this troupe are up in their parts and considerably above the average in ability."

So Dora, or Fannie as she was known to patrons of the theater, must have been a very good entertainer to have been in the same troupe with Eddie Foy, for Foy was probably the best and most popular actor who ever appeared in Dodge.

In the 1960 story about Dora Hand mentioned earlier, it was said that although her background was clouded with mystery, there was a feeling in Dodge that Major James H. Kelley (better known as "Dog" Kelley) knew Dora and was responsible for her appearance in Dodge. There is no evidence that Kelley knew the entertainer before she came to the city and there is no evidence that she came for any reason other than to play in the theaters. Another story had Dora engaged to Kelley and killed on the eve of her marriage, clad in her bridal gown. Again there is no evidence that she was ever Kelley's girl.

Two weeks after Dora Hand played at the Comique she appeared at Ham Bell's. The Dodge City *Times*, August 10th, 1878, chronicled the fact that she and an actress by the name of Hattie Smith were to play a benefit at Ham Bell's Varieties on August 14th. The *Times* mentioned that the two girls were general favorites in Dodge and that they were sure to play to a full house.

Upon her arrival in Dodge, Dora took up residence at a house in which her friend, Fannie Garrettson, a variety performer, had a room.

Evidently Dora did not rejoin the troupe at the Comique after appearing in the benefit at Bell's because there is no mention of her doing so in the *Globe*. Whether she remained at Bell's is not known. It was not reported in the Dodge City papers if she did. In fact her name did not show up again in the papers until October 5th, 1878, when her murder was reported.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of October 4th, 1878, Dora was killed instantly by a bullet from a .44-caliber pistol believed to have been fired by a man on horseback outside the house. The worst part of her death was that Dora was not the intended victim. The murderer was out to gun down Mayor "Dog" Kelley.

A few days previous to the tragedy, Mayor Kelley had occupied the room in which Dora met her death, but he had become ill and entered the hospital at Fort Dodge. Unknown to the murderer, Dora had moved to his room.

One fanciful story about Dora had it that her murderer, who turned out to be the spoiled son of Texas' richest cattle man, was in love with her and killed Dora, mistaking her shadow on a window shade for that of Kelley, whom he regarded as a rival for her affections. Since the man who killed Dora Hand did not even know her he couldn't have been in love with the girl.

The reports of the murder in the Dodge City papers gave nothing of Dora's past life, other than that she had been employed by Esher's Varieties in St. Louis for the past two years and that she had been married to Theodore Hand from whom she had recently obtained a divorce in Indiana. The St. Louis *Daily Journal* gave her age as 34 and mentioned that she had played in every variety theater in the South.

The *Journal* also printed a letter which Fannie Garrettson wrote to Mr. Esher describing the tragedy in detail. Fannie reported that she occupied the front room of the house and that Dora was sleeping in the room directly in back of her's. Both of their beds were in the same position and her's (Fannie Garrettson's) was on a higher level than Dora's.

She wrote that four shots in all were fired, two went into the air and two went through her room. One shot was fired very low, hitting the floor of the front room where Fannie was sleeping and cutting the floor covering. The fatal bullet which hit Dora Hand went through Fannie Garrettson's room and through the thin wall between the two rooms. It struck Dora on the left side under her arm, killing her instantly.

THE SHERIFF of Dodge at that time was the famous Bat Masterson. He was summoned to the scene immediately after the murder. Masterson theorized from the position of the bullets that the killer had been on horseback and quite close to the house when he fired the shots. He also suspected that the bullet which had ended Dora's life had been intended for Mayor Kelley since it was not generally known that Kelley was in the hospital.

Masterson believed he had a good idea as to the identity of the murderer. It was well known in Dodge that James Kennedy, son of M. Kennedy, co-owner of the King ranch in Texas, held a grudge against the mayor.

Upon investigation, Masterson learned that Kennedy and a companion had been in a saloon which was open late, and that Kennedy had left alone shortly before the shooting.

After the arrival of the sheriff at the murder scene Kennedy had mounted his horse in front of the saloon and galloped off in the direction of Fort Dodge.

Masterson took another man into custody whom he believed had some knowledge of the shooting. This man told officers that he believed Kennedy had committed the murder.

An inquest was held and it was the opinion of the coroner's jury that James Kennedy was the guilty man. Immediately

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of THE WEST are pleased with the large number of contributions received each month. Keep up the good work! However, one thing would help. You realize that wherever possible we require actual photographs of people and places to illustrate our factual stories. Many writers include these pictures with the submitted manuscript. When this is not done, it would facilitate matters greatly if contributors would tell us, in the letter accompanying their contribution, whether or not photographs can be obtained by them and listing this art. Please remember, also, that a self-addressed, stamped envelope is necessary for the return of unsolicited manuscripts in case of rejection.

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after the inquest a posse was formed to hunt down the murderer. The pursuit started at 2 P.M. Friday. Some of the most famous law men of the Old West were in the posse: Sheriff Masterson, Marshal Bassett, Assistant Marshal Wyatt Earp, Deputy Duffy and William (Big Bill) Tilghman. They began the search on the river road and stopped briefly at a ranch below Fort Dodge. From there they rode south, covering 75 miles that day. The next day they were delayed by a violent rainstorm, but the following morning was clear, so the officers rode on. They halted at a ranch near Meade City, 35 miles south of Dodge, in the afternoon. Kennedy had stopped longer during the storm and the posse was ahead of him at Meade City. The officers made camp there, unsaddled their horses and put them out to graze to help disguise their purpose. They knew that they were in front of their quarry and patiently waited for him to ride into the trap.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon they saw a lone rider appear on the plain and proceed toward their camp. The lawmen had warned all people along the trail not to let the suspect know they were waiting for him. Kennedy had made inquiries along the route, but had been assured that no officer was in the vicinity. He approached the officers' camp cautiously and halted just before he reached it.

The possemen ordered him to throw up his hands. When Kennedy raised one arm as if to strike his horse with his quirt several shots blasted away at him. One bullet struck Kennedy in the arm, wounding him seriously. Three bullets struck his horse and the animal fell dead beneath him. Kennedy submitted to arrest. Found to be armed with a carbine, two pistols and a knife, he was jailed in Dodge.

Kennedy's shoulder wound required medical attention. His condition was described as critical, by the Dodge City *Times*.

Kennedy's trial was held two weeks later. His rich father had arrived in Dodge City with a battery of highly paid lawyers.

The October 29th, 1878, issue of the *Globe* reported that the suspect was tried before Judge R. G. Cook and acquitted of the murder charge. The trial was held in the office of the sheriff which was too small to admit spectators. The evidence given was not disclosed, nor was it made public on what grounds Kennedy won his acquittal. The *Globe* reported only that he was a free man.

Before young Kennedy could return to Texas it was necessary to have a serious operation performed on his shoulder. On December 17th, the *Globe* described the surgery. The paper reported that he was taken to the hospital in Fort Dodge. Dr. B. E. Fryer of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was brought to Fort Dodge to perform the operation. Assisted by Doctors Tremaine and T. L. McCarty, the surgeon removed several shattered bones from Kennedy's shoulder. The doctors experienced great difficulty in stemming the flow of blood, and Kennedy was in shock and weakened by the loss of blood. The *Globe* reported that the boy's life was "hanging by a very slender thread," immediately after the operation.

But young Kennedy lived to return to Texas. Two years later, in 1880, rumor had it that he had killed Wyatt Earp on Sand Creek in Colorado. Of course this was another fabrication. Wyatt Earp died in his bed in Los Angeles in 1929. ●

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REMEMBER the next issue of THE WEST will be the September issue.

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FORT RICHARDSON

(Continued from page 27)

Fort Richardson in honor of Major General Israel B. Richardson who died of wounds received in the Battle of Antietam during the Civil War.

Construction on the fort continued until 1871. By St. Patrick's Day, 1868, the command at the garrison had been increased to six companies, totaling 500 men. During the summer and fall of 1868 over 150 civilian employees worked on the construction of Fort Richardson. Wages were very high for that time, with carpenters and stone masons earning from three to five dollars a day. Troopers who worked on the project drew forty cents a day in addition to their army pay.

Medical supplies came from New Orleans. They were shipped to Galveston via water, then by rail to Calvert, 202 miles from Jacksboro and from there were freighted by wagons to the fort.

Two mails came in weekly via Waco. Two mails from the north via Fort Smith, Arkansas, were received at Fort Richardson weekly. The latter line which came by way of Fort Concho at San Angelo, Texas, was often attacked by Indians. Several of the mail employees were killed by the savages during the time the garrison was active.

Fort Richardson was almost continuously a regimental headquarters beginning with the arrival of General James Oakes during the summer of 1868. General Ranald Mackenzie was in command from 1871 to 1873 and then Colonel Wood and Colonel Buell of the Eleventh Infantry followed.

ALMOST as soon as the construction of the post began in 1867, characters who always followed in the wake of the army began to converge on Jacksboro. Saloons and groceries sprang up along the creek bank as near to the garrison as the authorities would allow. Jacksboro began to boom. McConnell mentioned in his book that "The sounds of the six-shooter and the fiddle were heard all night." Once or twice a year, all the contractors in Texas convened in Jacksboro to bid for corn, hay, fuel, transportation and flour contracts. Also from time to time, merchants from Sherman, McKinny, Dallas, Jefferson, Weatherford, and Waco came to purchase condemned horses, old wagons or clothing sold at auction by the government.

There was always a scouting party or escort on duty out of the fort. The troopers often guarded the great trail herds which wound their way through Texas, across Red River into Indian Territory and on to Kansas railheads. These military escorts played an important role in checking the activity of the Indians along the route.

The major conflict between the Sixth Cavalry and the Indians during the Fort Richardson era took place on July 12th, 1870. The redskins were under the command of Kicking Bird of the Kiowas. The Indians were of the opinion that their leader was too friendly with the whites at Fort Sill and charged him with cowardice. Anxious to regain "face" with the Kiowas, Kicking Bird organized an expedition against the whites, the object being to bring about a fight. The braves rode their best ponies and bedecked themselves with war paint.

Although Kicking Bird had given orders that there was to be no plundering, several braves deserted the party and robbed a mail coach at Rock Station near Jermyn, about fifteen miles west of Jacksboro. As soon as the news reached Fort Richardson, Captain Curwen B. McClellan set out with 53 troopers and one civilian scout to hunt down the culprits.

The captain left the fort on July 7th and sighted the war party on the 12th near the south fork of the Little Wichita River, some sixty miles from Jacksboro. There were over 200 Indians. McClellan was outnumbered four to one. Nevertheless an attack was made. Soon McClellan was on the defensive. His men dismounted and every fourth trooper held the horses while the other three were on the firing line. Slowly McClellan began to retreat to a creek, leaving behind two dead troopers. This rear action fighting went on for eight hours. It was dark by the time the company reached the creek. Eleven men were wounded, and eighteen wounded horses were abandoned as were some of the pack mules. After dark McClellan sent a messenger to Fort Richardson to request medical aid and ambulances. During the night the Indians quietly rode away and did not return with daylight. Evidently Kicking Bird was satisfied, believing he had regained his "lost face."

Some of the Indians in the party had carried breech-loading rifles, in some instances superior to the arms of the cavalrymen. It was a credit to McClellan's military skill that his entire company was not annihilated.

On March 20th, 1871, the regimental headquarters of the Sixth U.S. Cavalry and six companies were moved from Fort Richardson to Fort Harker, Kansas. The rest of the command was left with orders to follow when relieved by the Fourth Cavalry. On April 20th, these companies left the post after being relieved by General Ranald Mackenzie and five companies of the Fourth Cavalry.

Six weeks later General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman arrived in Texas to inspect the frontier defense posts. When the general's business at Fort Griffin was completed, he rode on to Fort Richardson.

After supper on his first night in Jacksboro, a group of citizens called on the "War is Hell" general and made complaints about the Indian depredations in the vicinity. Sherman privately deemed the reports incredulous but promised to investigate the rumors that the red men were receiving arms and ammunition at the agencies and that they were allowed to bring stolen livestock into their camps.

Soon after midnight a wounded civilian, Thomas Brazeal, painfully made his way to the post and was admitted to the hospital. He had been shot in the foot. Sherman immediately visited him to hear his report. Brazeal related that seven of his friends had been slain by Indians the day before, three miles west of Cox Mountain. Brazeal had escaped along with four others. A wagon train loaded with corn and owned by Warren & DuBose, government contractors, had been attacked on the road between Fort Belknap and Fort Richardson by 150 Indians armed with carbines and pistols. The train was composed of ten wagons, a wagon master, ten teamsters and a watchman. Just as the party was preparing to make camp, Indians were seen advancing upon it.

Nathan S. Long, the wagon master, had hastily formed the vehicles in a circle. The Indians swooped down and the wagon master and four teamsters were killed. When the Indians prepared for another charge the remaining men ran for the woods. The Indians pursued, killed two more teamsters and wounded three. When the white men disappeared into the woods the savages turned back to loot the train.

As soon as Sherman heard the story, he ordered General Mackenzie to take a strong force of cavalry and ride to the scene of the massacre and investigate.

The general found that the wagon train had been the victim (or, prey) of a Kiowa raiding party. After being confined by inclement weather all winter, the Kiowas on the reservation in Oklahoma had planned a raid in Texas. More than one hundred chiefs and braves volunteered to participate. The leaders of the party were three chiefs, Big Tree, Satank and Satanta. The medicine man and advisor was Maman-ti, the Owl Prophet. The war party rode out of the reservation and crossed into Texas. On the military road at the halfway point between Forts Belknap and Richardson, the red party concealed itself behind a hill which afforded a view for miles in every direction. That night the Owl Prophet talked with "the spirits". After the seance he advised the Indians that two parties would pass down the road the next day, that the first would be small and must not be molested but that the second would be larger. It could be attacked.

THE NEXT day the warriors saw a mule-drawn buckboard, escorted by a squad of soldiers, wheel in view. The bucks wanted to attack but the Owl Prophet forbade it. After a while, the long Warren & DuBose wagon train plodded down the road. The Owl Prophet gave the sign to attack.

General Mackenzie found the wagons in ashes. The bodies of the wagon master and teamsters had been mutilated. One teamster's burned corpse was lashed to a wagon wheel.

After having the bodies buried, Mackenzie started on the trail of the Indians which lead toward Fort Sill. A heavy rain caught him and it was fifteen days before he reached his destination on June 4th.

General Sherman had arrived at Fort Sill before Mackenzie and immediately questioned the Indian agent, Lawrie Tatum, about his charges, the Kiowas.

The afternoon of Sherman's arrival, May 23rd, the Kiowas came to Tatum's quarters for their rations. Tatum asked them whether they had taken part in the raid in Texas. Satanta stood up and proudly acknowledged leading the war party. The other chiefs cautioned him to be quiet, but he went on to name Chiefs Big Tree, Satank, Eagle Heart, Big Bow and Fast Bear as his accomplices. He then gave details of the massacre.

When Sherman was notified of Satanta's confession, he and Colonel Grierson, commander of Fort Sill, called a council of the Indians and instructed the red men to convene on the front porch of Grierson's quarters. Armed soldiers were stationed behind the walls of the post and a squad of armed troopers stood in Grierson's front room ready for immediate action.

Grimly, Sherman advised the Indians that Satanta, Satank and Big Tree would be returned to Texas to stand trial for murder in the white man's court. Satanta went into a rage, threw back his blanket and reached for his pistol. The shutters of the windows were flung open and several soldiers appeared with carbines trained on Satanta who suddenly yelled, "Don't shoot!"

The three chiefs were arrested and confined in a cell in the southwestern corner of the Fort Sill parade ground.

It is highly probable that General Sherman realized that the Indian menace in Texas was quite real, for he had been in the mule-drawn buckboard that had been allowed to pass unharmed while the Indians were waiting for the larger wagon train.

Sherman left Fort Sill May 30th for

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Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, after ordering Mackenzie to take the prisoners to Texas. They were to be tried in the Criminal Court at Jacksboro.

On June 8th Mackenzie set out with his prisoners who were handcuffed and hobbled with chains. Big Tree and Satanta were together in one wagon and Satank, who refused to talk to the others, was alone in another. As the wagons started rolling toward Texas, Satank broke into the death chant of the Kiowas.

When the vehicles reached the spot where the present Fort Sill railway station stands, Satank grappled with a guard and was killed.

After the prisoners reached Fort Richardson, they were confined in the post hospital morgue. Their trials began on July 5th, 1871. Both Indians had defense attorneys. It has been said that this was the first time an Indian was ever tried in a white man's civil court. The trial attracted the attention of the nation's newspapers.

The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree in the cases against Big Tree and Satanta and fixed the penalty as death. Sentence was passed on July 8th, and September 1st, 1871, was set as the day of execution for both. Agent Tatum made an appeal for their sentences to be changed to life imprisonment. Pressure from Washington was put upon Governor Davis of Texas. Finally Davis commuted the sentences of Satanta and Big Tree to imprisonment for life. Troopers escorted the two Indians to the state prison at Huntsville.

Then came pressure from tribal leaders upon the governor to free the chiefs. On

Daily Oklahoman Library Photo

Indian chiefs caused trouble.

August 19th, 1873, Big Tree and Satanta were given their freedom.

In 1874 Satanta was again arrested and returned to prison. The Kiowa chief who had once said, "When I roam the prairies I feel free and happy, but when I sit down I grow pale and die", threw himself from a second-story window of the prison on Oct. 11th, 1878, killing himself. Big Tree was never arrested again and lived at his home near Mountain View, Oklahoma, until he died on November 13th, 1929. In his later years he became a Christian and taught Sunday School in the Rainy Mountain Baptist Church.

By 1878 Fort Richardson was no longer needed to defend the frontier. The Indians remained on the reservations. Orders came that year to abandon the post, so one day the flag was raised and saluted, then lowered, folded and put away. The troopers left the picturesque old garrison never to return.

After the troopers left the post and the fort was officially closed, the reservation reverted to the original land owners. The buildings were rented and used for residences, barns, stables and warehouses. Time and the weather rotted most of the picket buildings away. In 1923 the Texas National Guard leased what is the present reservation and did considerable repair work while occupying the premises.

In 1936 the Centennial Commission of Texas allocated $12,800, and the city of Jacksboro donated $300 for the purchase of the 40 acre site of old Fort Richardson and for the repair of the bakery, officers' quarters, morgue and hospital building. The old post was condemned, bought and turned over to the city of Jacksboro to be maintained as a historical monument.

In 1963 Fort Richardson was approved as a Registered National Historic Landmark.

The old hospital is a museum now.

A visit to the site today will bring back the frontier days of long ago when Indians roamed the land and buffalo blackened the prairies. By using a little imagination one can easily open the door into the last century when blue clad troopers galloped out into the wilderness to fight the marauding redskins. Truly Fort Richardson preserves for all time some of the rapidly vanishing grandeur of the romantic Old West. ●

MASTER CON MAN OF GOLDFIELD

(Continued from page 17)

Rice took it. With that deal done, the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company was on its way. The Vermilyea Lease was another capstone for the company but a curious combination of events pulled the string on Rice.

SULLIVAN began to believe that he was as big an operator as Rice kept telling him he was. While taking a group of investors to examine a property, he became expansive concerning the broad extent of the company's holdings and the development work going on at the time.

"Why even at this minute," Shanghai Larry said, "I've got a whole carload of winzes coming in to rush development work on at least a dozen properties."

While the egregious errors may not be readily apparent, it should be explained that a "winze" is a mining shaft dug from a lower mine level instead of the surface and certainly not a piece of machinery as Sullivan implied. Needless to say, confidence in the Sullivan Trust Company sagged, but Rice was equal to the situation. He was still riding high as a stork on a still, when a heavy snow blocked the Nevada trails in and out of Goldfield. Mail deliveries stopped and checks that had been floating and kiting, slowly settled down to the accounts where they were drawn. Rice had been manipulating funds so fast that probably he didn't know for sure what had happened. He did know he was now flatter than a salted snail. The L. M. Sullivan Trust Company went broke, taking several fine banking institutions down with it.

But George Graham Rice was as smart as he was unscrupulous. He managed to con the public into believing that he had gone broke trying to protect his investors. He was probably broke, but it was from draping some dolls with diamonds rather than any altruistic motives for protecting the public.

Rice's past was revealed, exposing him as an ex-convict and a swindler. Nevertheless, he organized *The Nevada Mining News* and resumed operations again, being careful now to remain discreetly in the background.

Though he had been stripped bare, Rice's fantastic luck threw a blanket around him again.

A flagging spirit had overtaken Goldfield when most of the mines had been merged into the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, squeezing out the small investors, controlling high-grading and puncturing most of the stock kiting schemes. Then came Rawhide, the last mad camp of that mad decade around the turn of the century.

"THIS CHURCH IS CLOSED. GOD HAS GONE TO RAWHIDE."

So read the legend that "Tex" Rickard had spread across the front of an abandoned church as Goldfield picked up its hind end and waddled across the desert, 100 miles northwest of Tonopah, to the new boom camp. Everyone was glad to go, though it is unlikely the four Grutt Brothers who located the Rawhide strike were equally glad to have them come. Some came because of the 1907 panic; others because new excitement and new money beckoned; others simply because they were tired of Goldfield and had no more roots than a tumbleweed anyway.

Tex Rickard, on his way to million dollar fight gates; Riley Grannan, one of the West's greatest gamblers; Zab Kendall, a prospector whose gold pan had often raised the wraith of gold; Nat Goodwin, the noted comedian; and, of course, George Graham Rice, all were there.

Rice moved behind the scenes again, using Goodwin as his front for promotion of the Rawhide Queen, the Rawhide Coalition and the Black Eagle mining properties. Nat not only enthused about the stocks and convinced others to buy, but he committed the con man's cardinal sin and bought some himself! It did lend an aura of confidence to the stocks "so good that Nat Goodwin bought some hisself" but it didn't add a peso to their values.

RICE DRAGGED out the very largest type in trumpeting his stocks and let out the gussets when Elinor Glyn, the *"Sex and the Single Girl"* authoress of that unenlightened age, came for a visit. Surely she would want to see the fallen angels, habitués of the bawdy Stingaree Gulch, the raw life of Rawhide.

A 21 Champagne cork salute was given Mrs. Glyn when she arrived in Rawhide after a 38 hour journey by railroad and auto from San Francisco.

Rice immediately took Elinor in tow and suggested after dinner they view a real game of stud poker as played in the Wild West. Rice's verbatim account follows.

They entered a room. Six players were seated around a table. The men were coatless and grimy. Their unshaven faces, rough as nutmeg graters, were twisted into strange grimaces. All of them appeared the worse for liquor. Before each man was piled a mound of ivory chips of various hues, and alongside rested a six-shooter. Another gun protruded from the rear trousers' pocket of every player. Each man wore a belt filled with cartridges. Although

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an impromptu sort of game, it was well staged.

A man with bloodshot eyes shuffled and riffled the cards. Then he dealt a hand to each player.

"Bet you $10,000," loudly declared the first player.

"Call that and go you $15,000 better," shouted the second as he pushed a stack of yellows toward the center.

"Raise you!" cried two others, almost in unison.

Before the pot was complete $300,000 in chips had found its way to the center of the table and four men were standing up in their seats in a frenzy of bravado with the muzzles of their guns viciously pointed at one another. There was enough of the lurking devil in the eyes of the belligerents to give the onlookers a nervous shiver.

When the gunplay started, Mrs. Glyn (and her companions) cleared out.

As the door closed, the gamblers fired into the ceiling, several of them emitting desperate groans, accompanied by scuffling and scraping all designed to impress Mrs. Glyn with the fact that a desperate struggle was in progress.

Fifteen minutes later two "dead" gamblers were carried out and taken to the undertaker's shop. Mrs. Glyn, with head bowed, witnessed the dismal spectacle.

The murder and the high stake game which preceded it in the presence of the famous authoress made fine front page copy and Rawhide got reams of valuable publicity which couldn't have been purchased for any price.

The next night, Elinor Glyn, having sufficiently recovered from the shock of the murders, was escorted through Stingaree Gulch, a half-mile long street lined on both sides with cribs and brothels of every sort.

Rice didn't overlook a bet. He arranged a fake hold-up with masked men brandishing their guns and demanding the contents of the safe, a huge, steel box sporting what seemed to be polished handles. But that gag backfired twice. In the ensuing scuffle for the riches supposedly held in the safe one of the men fell against the side of the box and it caved in.

Someone had carefully fashioned the strong box of *papier mâché* to simulate a safe, which was about typical of Rawhide generally and Rice specifically. The badmen came back later and stole all the real cash on hand, which made it an expensive joke.

WHILE RICE was conducting Mrs. Glyn on a tour of the town, a pair of conspirators were sloshing down some shacks with kerosene, getting ready to put the torch whenever Rice gave the signal.

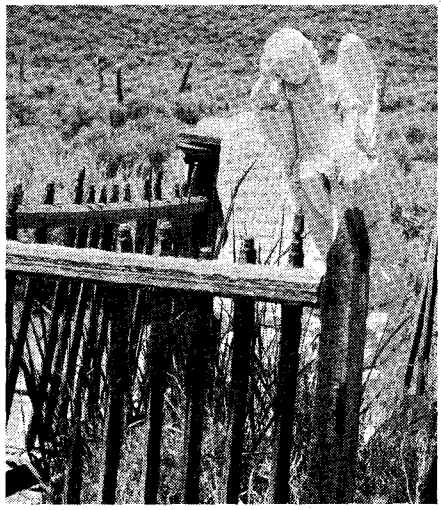
"Get back," Ken Wagner said as he threw a match toward the doused buildings. There was little need for the inflammable liquid since the buildings, long dried in the desert, were tinder anyway. The fire roared up, then a vagrant desert zephyr caught the blaze and it began to roar through other buildings. The fire department responded in the true tradition of the firemen of the early West, but it was apparent that the staged fire was now out of control.

"You boys outdid yourselves in this one," Rice said. "She's moving like a tidal wave."

The scene was soon crowded with all of the miners, riffraff and idlers as the fire raced without check. Water in that dry camp was too expensive for a fire.

The fire embraced all of the desert shacks and waste lumber at the foothills of one of the mines. The liberal use of kerosene and the brisk wind sent flames hundreds of feet into the air.

Author's Photo



Cemetery on the outskirts of Goldfield.

"Round up all the beer you can find," Rice shouted, once he saw how bad things really were.

"This ain't no time to celebrate, George," someone said.

"Celebrate, hell," Rice roared. "We'll use the beer to drown out the fire. It's cheaper than water and just as good."

Firemen, miners and other idlers rushed off to the near-by saloons and rolled back barrels of beer. After knocking in the heads of the casks and taking a draught or two for themselves they began ladling it off into the fire, and wetting down the other shacks in the path of the conflagration. It didn't seem to do much good, but everyone was having a great time.

"My girl. My Betsey's in thar," a wild-eyed miner shouted, as he broke through the crowd. "I gotta save her."

"No, no, it is certain death," Rice said sadly. "There is nothing that can be done."

But the man pushed away the restraining hands, and yelled, "Then it is better to die." With that, he rushed into the flames and was engulfed immediately.

Rice was anguished and tried to enter the flames but was driven back. "There's no way to help," he said. "No braver man than that ever lived."

Sadly, they watched the flames move along. In a few minutes, the miner reappeared, as miraculously as a phoenix, this time carrying a girl, carefully wrapped in wet clothing and coats. He laid her gently on the ground, then stood back.

"There, I think she'll survive," he said proudly. Others immediately whisked her away.

Like everything else Rice displayed, this was phony, too. Three feet past the blazing door of the shack into which the man had jumped, was a secret passage leading to shelter within a tunnel of an adjoining mine. The girl had waited, cool and prepared for the brief trip back through the flames with the miner. He had been carefully wetted down both ways, though Mrs. Glyn hadn't observed that.

"It was an act of daring heroism," she agreed breathlessly.

All the while Rice was pumping out great pieces of publicity, within which were plugs for the Rawhide enterprises and other blue-sky issues he was pushing. Needless to say, the world gobbled up the copy, along with Rice's stocks.

The Rawhide operation is considered by authorities to be one of the greatest publicity stunts in the entire annals of wildcat mining promotions. George Graham Rice was its prophet. He was to go on to other promotions, some in other parts of Nevada, Idaho, and other mining ventures, mostly in Eastern operations. He died in New York, broke, under ironic circumstances and with words which seemed to typify all of his life in Rawhide and other areas.

But before he died, Rice, through the agency of Nat Goodwin & Company, handled millions in stock ventures, some of the money rubbing off on his own sticky hands.

When Tex Rickard promoted the Nelson-Gans fight, Sullivan was pushed in ostensibly as one of the moving figures in the championship match. The fight, which ended after 41 rounds when Nelson fouled Gans, was the start of Rickard's fabulous career and came near the end of Rice's Nevada adventures. Sullivan contributed to the lack of confidence in Rice's future promotions by his public appearance and acting like an idiot incarnate.

Rawhide, Rice's schemes and Riley Grannan, the famed gambler, were all, in a manner of speaking, to occupy a common grave.

Rawhide, though a lusty infant, died as a youngster. The funeral eulogy which was said over Riley Grannan after he had died from a brief siege with black pneumonia, might have more properly been delivered over Rice's and Goodwin's company, and the town of Rawhide itself. For the body of Grannan had not yet turned to earth again when the town itself returned to the earth—ashes to scatter at the will of the desert winds.

Grannan was a creature of his times; a gambler known in every gambling house or race track across the nation. Though he moved mostly in the nether world of gamblers, women of easy virtue, and men of no virtue, Grannan was the open-handed type who was a normal part of the mining camps. It was natural that all of Rawhide paused to honor the dead gambler. Rice couldn't resist hamming it up when such a large audience was available. He located a defrocked preacher named W. H. Knickerbocker, gave him a double sawbuck to sing his best oration, then thoughtfully hired a court reporter to record every word for posterity. (The oration was printed and the pamphlet has gone through innumerable editions and is still available).

Old Knick cleared his throat and began:

"He was born in Paris, Kentucky, and he died in Rawhide, Nevada. . .

"He was a dead game sport. I say it not irreverently, but fill the phrase as full of human philosophy as it will hold, and I believe that when you say a man is a 'dead game sport' you have reached the climax of human philosophy. . .

"And now the time has come to say goodbye. The word farewell is the saddest in our language. And yet there are sentiments that sometimes refuse to be confined in that word. I will say, 'Goodbye Old Man.' We will try to exemplify the spirit manifested in your life in bearing the grief at our parting. Words fail me here. Let these flowers, Riley, with their petalled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance the sentiments that are too tender for words.

"Goodbye, Grannan."

Many years later, Rice echoed Riley Grannan's last words at his own death, when he recalled the adventures with other people's money and took it lightheartedly even as death offered the final cup.

"It don't matter," he sighed. "It's all a joke anyway." ●

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THE HAPPY CAPTIVE

(Continued from page 33)

supposedly secret, night march, they surrounded and attacked a village that turned out to be totally deserted except for a couple of aged squaws. When they finally located Bear Hunter's band, a few miles up Cache Valley, McGarry's boys made so much noise and their horses threw up so much dust that they never saw the Shoshones' flag of truce. After a two-hour skirmish that appears to have been more like shadowboxing on the cavalry's part than a battle in an Indian war, a local farmer made his way to Major McGarry and informed him that Chief Bear Hunter had been shouting to him that he didn't want to fight any more. (Also, presumably the farmer was tired of watching the cavalry do so much damage to his nicely planted fields.)

The Indians seemed to have gathered calmly under their white flag watching the blue-coated boys run around scaring one another in the cloud of dust their horses had kicked up. McGarry later admitted he had seen Bear Hunter appear on a hilltop with a white flag, but the poor, confused major is quoted as saying:

"I took it at the time to be a warlike demonstration . . ." At the cavalry school he attended, McGarry must have spent so much time learning important things like how to shoot Indians that he just never got around to finding out the meaning of a white flag in a battle.

The confusion was finally brought to an end and Chief Bear Hunter and his warriors were taken prisoner by the cavalry. Reuban Van Orman was not with them, fortunately for him; the cavalry had no chance to kill him by mistake before he could be rescued.

The youth was brought from another Indian camp the next day.

"He was dressed and bedaubed with paint like an Indian," wrote his puzzled Uncle Zach, "and acted like a regular little savage when given into our possession, fighting, kicking and scratching when the paint was washed from him. . . ."

Poor little Reuban Van Orman. That's the end of his tale.

On the other hand, maybe it isn't. The clincher is, that after all the ruckus about rescuing him, nobody even knows what became of the boy. His Uncle Zach went back to Douglas County, Oregon, and later turned up in Chico, California. Perhaps Reuban was with him. Maybe not. He could have been lucky enough to get back to his Indians—the Shoshones are a fine people—and live his life as he clearly wanted to. ●

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

RED CLOUD'S PICTURE

Dear Sir:

Hey, you grub line riders loused up once again. I'm referring to "Blood in the Hay Field" by Gene Jones, page ten of the May issue of THE WEST.

You have printed a fine photo of a Northern Plains pony boy captioned "Red Cloud, one of the greatest Sioux Chiefs." You should face West, raise your ink stained paws to "HOPAQ" Spirit of the Northern White Cloud People, and request forgiveness. Your pony boy is Jack Red Cloud, the son of old Red Cloud.

Proof? Take a look through the *"American Heritage Book of Indians"*. You will see Red Cloud, front, profile, standing and sitting. More proof? Look on page 166, *"Fifty Years on the Old Frontier,"* by James H. Cook. The photo shows Red Cloud very old and not long away from death, his son's wife and her daughter, and Jack Red Cloud, *your pony boy*. Then turn the page, notice the different chin, lips, and cheek bones.

Don't cry, if you didn't pull any booboos we would have nothing to needle you on, in order to keep you on your toes. A fine magazine, booboos and all.

Respectfully,
Gordon W. Leavitt
905 California Ave.
Santa Monica, Calif.

BILL'S MOTHER

Dear Sir:

Just finished reading the story of Cherokee Bill in your May issue.

Some of his people still live in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and there was one incident you left out at his hanging. His mother started to embrace him on the scaffold and he tried to bite her ear off. Why don't you do some research around Ft. Gibson and Muskogee as there are a lot of people there who are relatives of Henry Starr. You could come up with a true story of him and his doings in the Territory. Henry Starr was the only man that ever got a break from the hanging judge, as he told the judge if he hung him he wouldn't live 24 hours.

A little more research on the hanging judge would give you the true story of his life as the judge made his choice to clean up the Territory.

Bud Ledlutter's history could also make a good story. Milo Willie and some others as well.

There was also another man, a cousin of my grandfather who was almost eight feet tall and known as the strongest man in Missouri. He played a big part in the past.

With research in Oklahoma you can come up with some real stories of people that most people never heard of. They accomplished a lot in the early history of the Indian Territory. People like Sue McCracken and some of her women friends of the days gone by.

Jim "Rags" Ragsdale
2141 Wisconsin
Eugene, Oregon

FUNERAL ORATION

Dear Sir:

In your April 1965, Volume 2, Number 5 issue, in the story "Tex Rickard, The West's Incredible Promoter," by Julian R. Green on page 62, mention is made of "Riley Grannan's Oration," that it was copyrighted, published and could be purchased. I read this a great number of years ago when it was published by the Nevada State Printing Office and have wanted to secure another copy for years, would you please advise me where it can be purchased.

We are regular readers of your magazine and think highly of it.

Edward A. Ducker
451 Granite Creek Road
Santa Cruz, California

The answer here is get in touch with the Nevada Historical Society.

JACK McCALL'S HANGING

Dear Sir:

I wish to correct a statement made by someone in regard to Mrs. Fred Montclair's question about the hanging of Jack McCall for the killing of Wild Bill.

The true reply: Jack McCall was hanged March 1st, 1877, not at Custer City in the Black Hills, as stated, but at Yankton, capital of Dakota Territory, in the east end of the state. He was taken there for trial and there he was hanged and now is buried there.

Joe Koller
P. O. Box 469
Belle Fourche,
South Dakota

EZRA HAMILTON

Gentlemen:

While reading Bob Young's story on Skidoo, I glanced at the photo captioned "Death Valley was known for its characters," There stood Ezra Hamilton. To set the record straight, Ezra Hamilton is an important figure in local history.

The photo shown was taken at the north end of Antelope Valley, California. He had just discovered gold on what is now called Tropico Hill. His other accomplishments include the building of Willow Springs, a health resort, and the construction of a hotel in Rosemond.

He had the first car in our valley also (a 1919 St. Louis). I know of no time when Ezra Hamilton did any prospecting in Death Valley. The photograph came from the collection of Mr. Glen Settle, the owner of "Burton's Tropico Gold Mine."

Today, the hill is used as a museum, containing many historic buildings moved to the location. A fine indoor museum contains hundreds of interesting mining relics, plus photos of local history.

Your magazine is delightful, and I am sure that it will remain so. I am looking forward to more informative essays.

Reid Worthington
35255 Red Rover Road
Saugus, California

KNOW THIS WOMAN?

Dear Mr. Milt Grayson:

In your April 1965 issue of THE WEST is a story titled "How Men Died at Whisky Flat" by Henry N. Moran. During the early days of the town called Havilah my folks lived there. They had many pictures of it.

One of the pictures in the April magazine shows three ladies and a man, two ladies standing, a lady sitting down, and the man sitting down. I'm very sure the lady sitting down is my mother. This picture is shown on page 38. Is there any way I can find out who has this picture, or if I may have their address, so I can write to them to find out if they know the names of the people pictured?

Thank you so much for your consideration. I shall be anxiously awaiting a reply.

Mrs. Florence (Wood) Smith
15 South Wenatchee Avenue
Wenatchee, Washington

Here's a chance to help Mrs. Smith. Does any reader have the answer to her question? ●

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YOU TOO CAN MAKE $1,000 EVERY MONTH!

ALFRED W. WALTER, Florida

HOW THIS COUPON LED TO $6,345 BUSINESS IN LESS THAN 2 MONTHS!

Read this Secret of Selling, Then CASH IN FOR YOURSELF

Alfred W. Walter mailed this coupon. In *Less than 2 months*, he re-ordered over 500 dozen units of VX-6, made more money in a month than many men make in a year. Without any knowledge or experience in cars, his FREE palm-sized Electrical Demonstration Unit closed sales in 30 seconds flat.

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"I tried VX-6 first in my own Oldsmobile. Results were so amazing that I ordered a trial shipment of 3 dozen units, started selling friends, then found that it was just as easy to sell volume users such as farmers, taxis, used car dealers, local governments, boat owners, service stations, department stores and industrial users.

"My palm-sized Electronic Demonstrator does my selling for me. The most fantastic, convincing selling device I have ever seen — easily worth $20,000 a year to me in sales and profits."

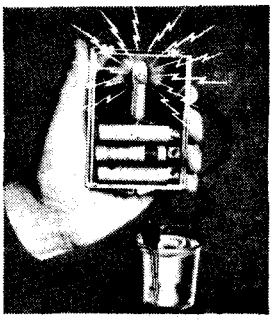
64 Million Reasons Why You Should Answer This Ad

There are over 67 million cars on the road. Over 3 million already use VX-6, leaving you a fantastic and responsive market. One application at only $2.98 is all that is needed for the life of the car.

Your story is as simple as that, and these facts are something that can't be resisted by any motorist with a battery in his car and a brain in his head.

FREE! *Scientific* NEW *Electronic* DEMONSTRATOR!

Engineered exclusively by National Dynamics, this mighty midget sales-maker nestles in the palm of your hand . . . works a small miracle before the prospect's eyes! Put the prongs in any glass of water . . . nothing will happen! Then add VX-6 (instantly creating electronic conductivity through the water.) THE BULB LIGHTS UP.



IN JUST 30 SECONDS

you have presented PROOF POSITIVE that VX-6 WORKS . . . yet it WILL NOT HARM battery! You get this palm-size wonder-worker FREE with your first order!

When The Bulb Lights, The Sale Is Made!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

"Yes, one actual demonstration beats a mouth-ful of words." You can PROVE how VX-6 works, right before your very eyes. If your battery won't even hold a charge, put one unit of VX-6 into it as directed, THEN TORTURE TEST the battery like this. Turn on lights, step on starter, BUT DO NOT TURN ON IGNITION.

Run the battery down completely until it is so weak the lights barely glow. Now turn off the light switch. Wait 3 minutes. Switch on the ignition and turn (or step) on the starter. The battery with VX-6 in it will start the car with a surge of power IT REGAINED IN THOSE FEW MINUTES.

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THEY'RE DOING IT EVERY DAY

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John Bort, Idaho	$1,554.00	In Only One Week
Vernon Culver, Texas	$7,079.00	6 Months
S. Lester, Mass.	$53,139.28	
B. Ray, Virginia	$23,894.55	
S. J. Lahe, New York	$15,890.30	In One Year Only
Peter Janzen, Illinois	$2,955.84	6 Mos. Part Time Selling
C. Strombuck, Ohio	$1,659.52	3 Months Part Time

Carl Roberts
Calif

John Bort
Idaho

NASCAR Champion
LEE PETTY

Lee Petty, racing champion and winner of Daytona "500 Mile" uses VX-6 in his racing cars, personal car and even in his farm equipment "I wouldn't drive without VX-6, and I'm glad to testify to this fact to the motorists of America."

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Every car of any kind, any year, model or condition needs VX-6 protection. One application is all that is needed for the life of the car, and immediately old batteries spring back to life. Even new batteries are kept free of sulphation so that they start at their peak of performance always. Sell friends, neighbors, delivery trucks, fleet cabs, company cars and local governments. A single call can mean multiple sales that pay off in hundreds of dollars.

Sales Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Yes, this is the offer that National Dynamics makes you! Send coupon below for the free, complete VX-6 Sales Kit, big earnings plan, illustrated literature—everything you need to get started at once making good money in your area PLUS INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR FREE ELECTRONIC DEMONSTRATOR.

NATIONAL DYNAMICS,
Dept. TW-8, P. O. Box 399, Merrick, N.Y. 11566

Send me free information on how to get started making big money with VX-6 right away, plus the NEW 1965 National Dynamics Sales Kit.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

NATIONAL DYNAMICS

Dept. TW-8, P. O. Box 399, Merrick, N.Y. 11566

IN CANADA: 675 King Street, W, Dept. D2D, TORONTO, ONTARIO

IN EUROPE: Euro Dynamics, Ltd., 5 Bathurst St., Hyde Park, London W. 2, England

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Schedule the Orders while Your Servicemen Bring You $18 an hour gross profit

Yes, that is your hourly gross profit from the work of only three servicemen . . . at "national-price-guide" rates. And this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service they themselves render. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a **clear net profit** to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job

We furnish all the equipment . . . and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . have a fast growing income . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable . . . the electric Foamovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . easy to start . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . **before** someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods.**

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have 5 **other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

•

Your Services Are Endorsed by McCall's Magazine, Amer. Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

•

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could".

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as $120 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was $2,416. Total expenses $814.

Gerald Weihrauch: Three persons called me saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was $186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Hoak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Smith: Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed $1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased $17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.

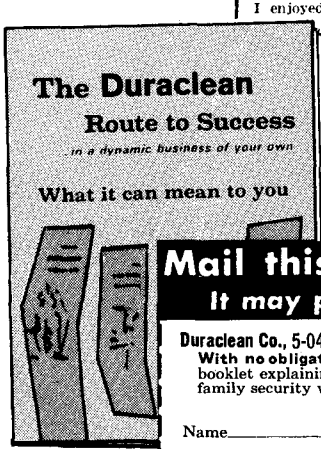
FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location should be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today.**

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 5-048 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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NOW! FOR THE READERS OF THE WEST • GOLDEN WEST

$14,760 AT AGE 30 LIFE INSURANCE FOR ONLY $4.50 PER MONTH

SEE EXACT AMOUNT FOR YOUR AGE ON THIS CHART

- SOLD ONLY BY MAIL
- NO SALESMEN WILL CALL
- NO MEDICAL EXAM, EXCEPT IN RARE CASES
- YOU ARE FULLY PROTECTED BY OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE COMPANY
- SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
- COMPANY CANNOT CANCEL YOUR POLICY
- GUARANTEED RENEWABLE

YEARLY PREMIUM STAYS LEVEL

Age	Amount of Insurance	Age	Amount of Insurance	Age	Amount of Insurance
18	$17,709	36	11,892	54	3,069
19	17,406	37	11,246	55	2,810
20	17,110	38	10,573	56	2,579
21	16,822	39	9,904	57	2,374
22	16,546	40	9,270	58	2,190
23	16,282	41	8,665	59	2,024
24	16,030	42	8,068	60	1,870
25	15,790	43	7,488	61	1,734
26	15,585	44	6,936	62	1,619
27	15,418	45	6,420	63	1,516
28	15,248	46	5,944	64	1,419
29	15,041	47	5,502	65	1,320
30	14,760	48	5,088	66	1,218
31	14,399	49	4,699	67	1,120
32	13,983	50	4,330	68	1,024
33	13,519	51	3,980	69	930
34	13,016	52	3,653	70	840
35	12,480	53	3,349		

EXAMPLE: An applicant takes out a policy at age 30. His first year protection is $14,760. As the policy is continued in force, the protection decreases while the premium requirement remains constant at $50 per year. On the policy anniversary nearest 71, the policy terminates. **If you wish, premiums can also be paid semi-annually, $26.00 every six months, or quarterly, $13.25 every three months, or $4.50 each month.**

Now you can have massive life insurance protection for your family, or to cover your business obligations for only 14¢ a day. Now you can enjoy the same insurance protection at the same low rates held by hundreds of top traffic executives of the country's largest railroads, motor carriers, and airlines. You can add a sizeable amount to your insurance estate for a low cost. The Associated Traffic Clubs Insurance Company has no salesmen. You deal only by mail. This is an old line legal reserve company founded by the members of the Associated Traffic Clubs. No medical examination is required except in rare cases. See chart at left for amount of insurance available for your age. Amount varies with your age—premiums stay level each year.

30 DAY LOOK-IT-OVER GUARANTEE

You must be satisfied. Look your policy over for 30 days. If, FOR ANY REASON, you don't like it, your money will be refunded upon request. ATC policies are crisp and clear. There are no ifs, ands or buts. The company guarantees to renew your policy–you cannot be disqualified in the future. And, once accepted, the company cannot cancel your policy while it's in force except for non-payment of premium.

WHO ARE ASSOCIATED TRAFFIC CLUBS?

The Associated Traffic Clubs have 83,000 members in local chapters across the country. It's the largest trade organization of its kind. Members are traffic managers and traffic officials in airlines, railroads, motor carriers, and large industrial companies. The club founded its own insurance company to provide members increased benefits and lower premiums. The Board of Directors has agreed to accept wider participation at exactly the same rates and benefits enjoyed by regular members.

APPLICATION TO ASSOCIATED TRAFFIC CLUBS INSURANCE CORP.

Dept. TW-8, 207 Pine Street, Seaford, Del.

(PLEASE PRINT ANSWERS)

Proposed Insured_____ ☐ Male ☐ Female
(Print full name, including middle name)

Residence Address_____
(No., Street, City, State, Zip #)

Date of Birth_____ Place of Birth_____
(Month, Day, Year) (City, State)

POLICY APPLIED FOR: 1-Year Renewable Term—Amount $_____ (See Table) Amount Sent with application $_____

Premium Plan $50 Annual ☐ $26 Semi-Annual ☐ $13.25 Quarterly ☐ $4.50 Monthly ☐

Beneficiary_____ Relationship to Proposed Insured_____
(Print full name)

Present Occupation_____ Duties_____

Life Insurance in force on your life $_____ Height_____ (In Shoes) Weight_____ (In Ordinary Clothing)

Has any life insurance company ever offered you a policy at higher than standard rates, or refused to insure you? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you ever had or been treated for heart trouble or high blood pressure, cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, epilepsy or nervous disorder, stomach trouble, or any ailment of the kidneys, gall bladder or liver?..... ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you been examined or treated by a doctor during the past two years?..... ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please explain fully any "yes" answer. Include date, reason and doctor's name and address where applicable.

_____

_____

_____

IT IS REPRESENTED THAT the statements and answers in this application and to the questions in any medical examination which may be required are full, complete and true and IT IS AGREED THAT all such statements and answers shall form the basis for and be part of the proposed policy of insurance.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED THAT: (1) No person, except an Executive Officer (President, a Vice President or Secretary), shall have authority to determine whether a policy shall be issued on this application or to bind the Company by any statement or promise pertaining to any policy issued thereon; (2) That the insurance applied for will not become effective until a policy has been delivered to me and the full first premium has been paid within 30 days following the mailing, or delivery otherwise, of the policy to me with no change in my health; (3) That I expressly waive all statutory rights governing disclosure and medical treatment to me; (4) Any change in amount, classification, plan of insurance or benefits shall require my written consent.

Date_____ 19____ Signature of Applicant_____

SEP-3 FORM NO. 11

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